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SHAM EDUCATION.

But when shall we lay
The Ghost of the Brute that is walking, and haunting us yet, and be free?
In a hundred, a thousand winters?

TENNYSON.

BY PROFESSOR J. P. MAHAFFY.

THERE is so much talked and written about education nowadays that any man who dislikes being a bore is almost afraid to say a word upon the subject. Not only do the vulgar who affect the title of being refined, the *dilettanti* who desire to pose as authorities, ventilate theories on this topic; a large number of honest and decent people, who would never trouble themselves or their children with more than the ordinary traditions, are now compelled to spend anxious hours reflecting upon its difficulties and possibilities. Practically, not one in a hundred thinks anything deeper under the term than cramming in the maximum quantity of stuff into his wretched children's minds; but in the few leisure hours which such people

can devote to speculation on the question, they are dazzled and awed with the prospects boldly put forward by those who profess to be advanced thinkers and leaders of public opinion.

And what do these sanguine people promise the rising generation? Those whom I have met, being generally "philosophical Radicals," have in the first place insisted with Plato (though they had probably never read a line of his dialogues) that vice is ignorance, that all the crimes committed by the masses are the direct result of ignorance, and of the poverty which is the usual concomitant of ignorance. They point triumphantly to the fact that since the establishment of Board schools in England the official cata-

logues of crime have sensibly diminished, and they promise us that this is only the beginning of a greater change, when the masses shall all be instructed in the sciences as well as in politics, and when enlightened public opinion will stamp out individual misconduct. For the same panacea will tend to reduce indefinitely the concomitant cause—poverty—which they cannot but admit to be sometimes the cause of crime, even in well-disposed people. When education is extended to all, and there is no privileged class in this respect, then all places of emolument will be open to all, and if any man remain poor he will have only himself to blame. An enlightened man will not suffer this self-reproach, and will cure it by turning his knowledge to account, and obtaining the good things attainable by public competition. Behind all this lurks their greatest hope, though they do not speak it out with the same assurance as the rest. Education will in due time destroy the hateful distinction of ranks which accentuates the difference of rich and poor by the fact that hitherto the rich, as a rule, become cultivated, and the poor do not. When the pauper becomes as educated as the peer, and the only plain distinction between them is one of inherited wealth, when the latter can only put the vague and unsubstantial influence of ancient traditions into the scale against a majority of votes, then all aristocracy will soon be abolished; even the privileges of ancient seats of learning will disappear, and if the hated word “aristocracy” remain at all in the language, it will be applied only to the superior in intellect and character. Education therefore will cause crime to disappear, will open countless avenues to escape from poverty, and will ultimately reassert the equality of men, so long obscured by monopolies and privileges.

This is the theory in its most consistent—or shall I say its most relentless?—form. The majority of believers in it may not venture beyond the confident assertion that education *tends* to do all these things. But let the reader remember that, if at the same time men proclaim the indefinite progress of our race; if, instead of predicting cycles of growth and of decay, like the ancients, they look forward to irreversible conquests over the ills and weaknesses of men, then the statement that any cause tends to a great effect is a

mere modest postponement of what is really inevitable. I propose now to review the practical steps actually taken for the realization of this theory, and to estimate the actual gains or losses which these measures have entailed. We shall then be in a position to revert to the theory, and consider how far it is sound, and, if sound, how far it is likely to meet with irreducible obstacles.

The last twenty years have been marked not only by the progressive nations of the Continent, but among the careless and dilatory English, who hate new theories, by great new systems of instruction, organized by the State, and imposed upon its citizens with little regard to that liberty of the subject which was once thought the goal of all civilization. In the larger part of Europe compulsory schools have been imposed upon the people, taxes are levied to raise funds, and parents are coerced to send their children to be taught. The old Roman theory of the absolute right of parents to do what they will with their offspring has given way to a theory akin to Plato's, that all children, as possible citizens, are the wards of the State; and so we have come to this strange condition of things, that while the law is still very shy about interfering with physical cruelty in parents, the moral cruelty of having their children ignorant is promptly punished. Nor is this compulsory instruction confined to the mere elements of knowledge: there are grades and standards; handbooks and compendiums of science which, if learned off by heart, will earn rewards for both pupil and teacher, and astonish the parents at home with the wonders of modern knowledge. In Ireland these primary schools are supplemented by the great Intermediate system, wherein the masses are prepared for higher instruction by examinations, prizes, and result fees, which, instead of coercing, now coax the growing child with bribes, and soothe any remaining qualms about overwork in the parent by exhibiting pecuniary returns, instead of outlays, as the result of acquiring knowledge. The edifice is crowned by the creation, not only of University Extension Lectures, which are supposed to bring all the benefits of the highest culture to the common man's door, but by the endowment and chartering of new bodies, called indeed universities, but only imitating the ancient seats

of learning in that they give examinations, and confer the titles of learning on those who have learned some books, and can answer part of what they are asked about them. All this is now done for such small fees as make it possible for the poorest classes to call themselves Masters and Doctors, and consider themselves on an equality with the literary classes of a less enlightened generation.

But all this elaborate multiplication of examining bodies, these cheap titles and degrees, these reductions of the requirements in money, time, and residence, are as nothing in comparison with the opening of almost the whole civil and military service to competition, so that the old selection of young men of breeding or of influence has passed away, and our armies, offices, provinces—in fact, almost our whole public interests—are managed by young men of all sorts and conditions, chosen with little reference to good traditions, or fine physique, or attractive manners, but simply from the reports of examiners who have often not even seen the candidates, but who have labored through their examination-papers.

These things are so familiar to us all that any detailed description is unnecessary. We may pass on at once to review the practical good attained by these great changes, as well as the reservations which may be necessary in our commendation. And, first of all, let us consider what seems the most obviously desirable of all, the compulsion laid upon parents to send their children to school. This is supposed to apply only to the very poor and ignorant. I can assure the reader that the law, if impartially applied, will punish a great number of people, calling themselves gentry, in Ireland, who allow their children to grow up to the age of twelve or fourteen without any instruction except, perhaps, learning to read. Even this and ordinary writing have to be taught in numerous cases to boys of fourteen, sent at last, after many postponements, delays, and haggling about school fees, to Irish schoolmasters, who are severely criticised because these boys are found raw and ignorant when they attempt to enter colleges or professional schools at the age of seventeen. It is with the intellect as it is with the land of Ireland. A great part of both is lying waste for want of diligence and decent thrift. When both are fairly cul-

tivated the wealth of the country will be astonishing.* When parents of the quasi-upper classes behave in this way, it is high time for the law to interfere, and teach them that they have duties toward their children.

But I greatly fear that, in Ireland at least, the stringency of the law will be shown to the very poor, and the police will hesitate to enforce school attendance upon the squireen, while they diligently coerce the peasant, to whom schools bring far less palpable advantages. For to the very poor in Ireland, and I suppose in England too, compulsory attendance upon schools often brings great hardships both on parents who send and children who go. I remember attending a Social Science Conference in Dublin some years ago, when I went into a debate in the Education section to advocate compulsory schooling for the poor. Before the debate was over I was persuaded that I was mistaken. The very poor in Ireland are often scattered thinly over large areas; their children are badly fed and clad; even the youngest of them can help their parents at home. The herding of cattle or goats, which must be kept from trespassing on unfenced crops, occupies many from the age of four years old. Unless, therefore, schools are within easy distance, unless the weather is fair, unless the children have a good breakfast before starting, there may be great sustained cruelty in such coercion, and in many cases the children only obtain the teaching of some older child, who knows nothing thoroughly, so that several years are spent in learning, and in the end neither reading nor writing has been acquired.†

And when the instruction is successful, to what does it lead? To the reading of the lowest and worst forms of ephemeral literature. I mean that which is distinctly

* A very experienced Englishman, and, moreover, what we call a thorough Saxon, with no Irish sympathies, who was head of a large Dublin school for some years, assured me that while in any ordinary English class ten out of twelve boys were stupid and hard to teach, the same proportion in an Irish class were distinctly clever. He added, that as soon as the parents learned to begin soon enough, and the boys and their masters learned method, they would win all the competitions in the empire.

† I state this from cases under my own observation.

intended to be inflammatory, to rouse passions, of which the political, which are bad enough, are, perhaps, the least reprehensible. Compulsory teaching of the poor is therefore less than a half-measure, if we do not provide the natural sequel—a good supply of reading. Local libraries should be attached to every school, and every poor child should be brought within reach of at least some of the books which make it worth while to learn to read. We shall consider the modern Intermediate systems in connection with the competitive system generally, and pass on to the vulgarization of universities and their titles by extensions and new foundations.

There is not a single passage in this whole discussion where the old and trite distinction between Education and Instruction must not be kept in mind.* In the case of Extension schemes there is, indeed, some teaching, but neither systematic nor general. There can be no attempt made to mould the pupil's mind and character; nor is this teaching much more than a prelude to the local examinations in which the pupils are to acquire certificates and titles. But the truly typical instances of instruction setting up for education are the examining bodies which assume the title of university, though lacking every single distinctive feature connoted by that ancient and once unambiguous term. Examinations are not essential to a university, nor are even competitions; but rather the prolonged and thorough teaching of the great subjects of knowledge concurrently, to pupils under moral discipline, leading a common life, and having their characters moulded by subtle forces which operate perpetually upon that common life. Even now when the old universities are violating their trust, when they are allowing examinations to usurp a more than subordinate place; even when they are relaxing those general requirements which constitute their only idea, for the pursuit of single subjects—even now the education of a university differs *toto cælo* from instruction

induced by the tests of an examining body. The so-called graduates of such a concern come from the four winds of heaven, are not required to have any common life, nay even ordinary acquaintance; they have no common traditions, intellectual or otherwise; no solidarity, even in sentiment.

Why, then, is this monstrous birth of our century so prosperous? Why are its ubiquitous examinations crowded with candidates? Because it gives for very little money, and in return for a very small outlay, all the titles once reserved for those who have spent treasure in money and time to acquire them. These titles, however acquired, are the passports to many professions; as they once used to mark those who had leisure and means to be educated, so now they are still supposed to suggest the same distinction. But the B. A. is like the commission in the army, which used to mark the officer and the gentleman, and which is therefore still very attractive to those whose claim to be the latter is doubtful. Such attainments are now no longer the marks of better breeding or culture, but of success in passing an examination. How long the old associations will cling about either title is not a pleasant topic to discuss. What I am here more immediately concerned with is the effect which cheap university degrees will have upon the lower classes, or masses, who obtain them.

If the knowledge obtained by this instruction—I mean the preparation for the examinations—were to be utilized in the sphere of life occupied by the graduate, very good results might sometimes ensue. Here and there may also be found a dormant genius, whose energies are awakened by this stimulus, and who starts from mere examination work into independent thinking. I have never yet heard of such a case, but we must suppose it possible. The great danger, which is not theoretical or threatening, but practical and pressing, is that these titles conferred upon the poor and ambitious will set them to despise their own sphere, and seek the occupations of what are called gentlemen. Take the case of modern Greece. Here the Government gave free university education to any pauper who could support himself by the most menial occupations at Athens. This system crowded the country with graduates and licentiates, all qualified for

* It is worth pointing out that, while the French, who understand the use of language, call their director of this department the Minister of *Public Instruction*, the English, with greater ignorance (or is it greater assurance?), call him the President of the Board of *Education*—in fact, Minister of Education, though such a thing as real education is seldom dreamed of in the whole department.

the learned professions. What is the result? Fields, even in Attica, are lying fallow; every young graduate despises the plough and the counter; he must be a man of letters, an advocate, a politician, one of the intellectual classes. And so the cafés are political clubs; the daily press inundates the public; the professions are ruined with crowding, while the actual resources of the country in agriculture, mining, and the like are lying undeveloped.*

The case of Ireland is likely to be very similar. An examining body, styled the Royal University, established by the side of the old and real University of Dublin, gives all the degrees required for professions for a few examinations and a few pounds† I need hardly tell any one, even superficially acquainted with the country, that its farmers are so slovenly and ignorant, its business men so idle and slack, that we may safely aver not one-half the natural produce of the island is realized. Of course there are exceptions—admirably cultivated spots in the country, and energetic people in the towns; but they are exceptions, and what I say is strictly, if not universally, true. If the new spread of instruction were producing its expected results, these faults should be rapidly disappearing. I cannot see any such gradual improvement, but I can see very plainly that all the professions, including those of politics and of the press, are being crowded with second-rate persons. The old traditions of the Church, the Bar, the Hospital are vanishing; amid the throng of inferior men real eminence is disappearing; profits are becoming so small and precarious as to impair the liberty, and with it the dignity, of the professional man. The change of tone in these classes is even still more marked, and more regrettable.

We are told on the other side that it is a splendid thing for every poor boy to

have his chance; that now the highest posts are within his reach. The reply is that for centuries back the highest posts have been within the reach of any real genius. There have been, at all the old universities, free places or scholarships open to the very poor. We can point with pride to some of the greatest Irishmen who began life as sizars in Trinity College, Dublin. But so rare are these intellects, that we may safely assert the free places for the brilliant poor to have always been far more than sufficient. Let us rather consider the poor boy of average smartness and ambition. Is it a splendid thing for him to leave his sphere, and become an ordinary member of the professional classes? Is it a good thing for society to have him there? Is he likely to be happier and more content? Is he likely to do more good? Or are we nursing up a large body of malcontents, who will disturb society, and seek to destroy those more refined classes that refuse to take them at their own estimate? Surely what we want is not an additional crowd of shoddy graduates, but a larger number of earnest farmers, and artisans, and shopkeepers, and men of ordinary business, whose thrift and honesty will shame and reform the idle and the dishonest. Is our Examination Board with its titles and credentials helping us to that?

The case, then, of the advocates of university examinations for the masses is very weak indeed. It is, of course, supported by those who desire to seize the endowments of rich seats of learning, and who think the form and scope of the highest education is to be determined by mere counting of heads. Speaking seriously, the masses have no interest in, and no claim to, this kind of training. If it were suited to them, it would not be fit for that select class, whose place in their country is to cultivate their intellects, and contribute the element of learning and literature to the general fund.*

* While I am writing these words I hear that the present Prime Minister, the wise and enlightened M. Tricoupis, has established University charges at Athens, and has so driven away a hungry crowd, which would not, or could not, afford even nominal fees.

† I know very well that a section of this establishment consists of the old Queen's Colleges, which are genuine teaching bodies. They were forced into the new system against their will, and are even now only a fraction of the crowd that comes up for examinations.

* I was charged lately with having said on a platform that the Irish Roman Catholics had no claim to university education. What I did say was that paupers had no such claim, and that the device of agitators to get them all to affix their marks to petitions for this object was either a stupid or a dishonest device. What I said applied strictly to Protestant or sceptical paupers, and distinctly set aside the question of religion as irrelevant. But as the argument, if admitted, would disallow the

But, after all, as the years spent in obtaining the title, still more in obtaining the real culture, of a university degree are a very roundabout way of securing the money-profits of successful learning, the case of the advocates of the new system rests with much more confidence on the more direct prizes offered to open competition—the military and civil appointments which the State now gives to the successful candidates at public trials in learning. By this system, theoretically at least, any boy out of the street can walk in and obtain an India Civil Service appointment which will presently secure him not only a large income, but a position of authority and responsibility in governing our great empire.

The intellectual and moral difficulties in the way of this system have so often been under discussion, and thoughtful men are so unanimous about it, that I need only summarize the arguments here. They contend that the candidate is likely to be injured, both physically and mentally, by the strain put upon him in early years. The teachers who prepare him for these struggles live merely by their success, as shown by the results of the competition, and have no further care or interest in the well-being of the pupil. It is also contended that the people over whom he wins control will not be better governed, but worse, by a man who has spent all his early years in the fatigues of cramming and competing. There are many who think that Wellington's officers, taking all things into account, were as well fitted for their work as Lord Wolseley's. I saw an official report of the leading medical men of the province of Elsass a few years ago, in which they deliberately state that the hospital student of their earlier days, who came ignorant but fresh to his work, was distinctly a better clinical student—more observant, more intelligent, more handy—than the anæmic, myopic, worn creature who comes to them a new kind of Strasbourg goose. All this is now commonplace. It is less usual to add a word concerning the anxieties and disappointments inflicted upon parents and guardians. Their troubles seem to count for nothing, even among those who advocate the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Yet

claims of an ambitious clergy, who paraded the disabilities of their religion as a grievance, it was worth being distorted.

surely this competitive system has ingeniously devised a system of torture for the majority. It torments teachers, parents, examiners, candidates—in fact, all but the small minority of successful candidates, with their elated parents and result-paid teachers.

I will only endorse these criticisms, and turn to another aspect of the problem. The new system professes to be established for the benefit of the masses, to substitute merit for patronage, and give to the small the same chance as to the great.

Is this really true, or have the public been gulled, as is usual, by specious pretences? Is it true that the poor have gained these great advantages? I say no. The development of the new system has made open competition the most expensive method yet discovered for entering a profession. A commission in the army could be obtained in the old days by purchase for less money than it now costs to train an average lad to obtain it. Between the preliminary schooling, the actual cramming, the training at Woolwich or Sandhurst, or in the Militia, there is far more spent now on commissions than ever was spent before. There may, indeed, be a few boys of genius who can do all this for themselves. Though I have never known such a case, it is possible. But I do not think that under any system such a personage would ever have failed. He would certainly have commanded patronage, or he would have risen from the ranks, as for example Captain Cook did, under the most exclusive of systems. The recent change has not, then, thrown open these emoluments to the poor, but has substituted mere wealth for wealth with high traditions. It is the *nouveau riche* who really profits by it. The poor, whether aristocratic or plebeian, are put under a heavy tax, without any effective counterbalance of advantages. The same evil has invaded the competitions for scholarships at the public schools. They are theoretically open; they fall, as a rule, to the sons of men who can afford £200 a year for the preliminary training. And so all the proprieties of things are violated; rich men are not ashamed to secure the prizes once reserved to the poor. Not long ago a Master of the Queen's Buckhounds at Windsor had his son on the Charity Foundation at Eton. I do not even know that most colleges have preserved in the case

of equal, or nearly equal, merit the old humane rule—*ratio paupertatis habeatur*. It is applied in Trinity College, Dublin, and there may be other colleges where such instructions of the Founders are still respected. But, as a rule, the demon of Competition has cast out all better spirits. The boy's looks, his manners, his antecedents—all this is either wholly neglected or considered *pro formâ*. The marks he can score, no matter how or whence his knowledge comes, or what it has cost—this is what decides the struggle. And so we have numbers of persons with none of the quality of good breeding set to command young men. They may be able to teach them out of books, though not even this very well; but will they ever lead the men under them?

All these evils are perfectly understood by those who are competent to think the matter out; they have often been set forth in print, and the arguments have never been answered but by the one brutal answer: We now have this system, and have arranged all our public services under it; to change back to the old would be wrong; to establish another very difficult, because men could not agree upon it, and because powerful interests defend the present system. After all, it is urged, do not clever boys generally succeed under the present system? The democracy, though gulled and deceived into it as a levelling of all classes, now acquiesces in it. And when I say that powerful interests defend it I mean, firstly, the *vis inertiae* of the public mind, which, when once trained up on a shibboleth like *Free Trade* or *Open Competition*, comes to think that because a proposition is very familiar, therefore it cannot be wrong. That crowd of the Irish people who have Home Rule perpetually upon their lips come to believe in its prospective efficacy and justice owing to the same sort of vague and slovenly half-thinking. Secondly, I mean the great coaching profession, which lives by it, and which has influence to defend it in the public press.

These forces not only keep the system going and counteract the arguments of those who complain; they are even creating constant new developments of it which seem to me more and more efficacious of evil. Thus the whole body of the Intermediate or grammar schools in Ireland has now been brought into a year-

ly open competition, with this new feature, that it is not only a contest among individual boys and girls, but a contest among schools. All these schools are now rated, not according to the character of the Head-Master, the daily discipline, the moral tone of the boys, but according to a definite money test. How many prizes, or passes, or result fees, can any one of them secure at the yearly competition?

What, it may be asked, were the promoting causes of this great change which has revolutionized the higher schools in Ireland? If the real object had been to prove the efficacy of the schools, the obvious method, and that which has many precedents, was to appoint Government inspectors, and invite or require the schools to submit to their periodical criticism. Such inspectors need not have bound down the masters to any formal rule, but could have reported on any peculiarities which able men thought fit to introduce into their management of boys. There would still have remained the independence of the masters, and the chance that another Thomas Arnold or Edward Thring might infuse new life into his own school, and by its example into those of others. The promoters of the new scheme cared nothing about the efficiency of the school; they were not educators, and so far as I know did not even consult educators. They were politicians who wanted to allay a cry raised by the Irish Roman Catholics for endowment, and at the same time to avoid awakening that terrible political policeman, the Nonconformist conscience. For to do that was to lose the Nonconformist vote. By making the new competition a small and narrow test, which average boys, taught by average teachers, could satisfy; by giving a large sum of money in prizes and result fees; by appointing paid examiners, not because of their merit, but to balance creeds—a system was devised by which indirectly the Roman Catholics have secured what they ought to have honestly and openly been granted—considerable school and college endowments. And they seem quite content with the courses and methods of the examination, which was framed to suit their views.

But in so doing the higher kinds of schools, and all ideals of teaching which inspired real schoolmasters, have been

irreparably ruined. No master has any longer the smallest choice what he will teach. The courses for four classes are laid before him by the competition; he must put all his boys into these; he must urge on, or keep back, not according to the development and character, but according to the age, of his pupils, that they may observe the limits set down by the system, and secure the greatest quantity of prize or result-money for the school. If a great number of subjects pays better than proficiency in a few, a great number must be taught. Subjects that pay by results are preferred to the great subjects recognized by centuries of human wisdom as the proper studies of youth. Moreover, in Ireland, where Government money is generally thought a thing to plunder, and where not only rival schools, but rival religions, are competing, there are grievous suspicions that those who think it no robbery to filch from the public purse, and a paramount duty to promote their faith, do not come into the competition with that perfect fairness which characterizes the English mind. Violations of this kind of honesty are not reprobated among the Celtic races, as they are among the Teutonic. This is a grievous thing to say, but one man must say what many feel, if it were only to manifest that mutual distrust among creeds which makes any joint board or joint system utterly destructive to the true interests of learning.

These evils are not as yet fully apparent. Of course, apart from cheating, under any system the ablest boys will come to the front, and when they pass on to a real university, they will still distinguish themselves, either because they find their way more quickly into the better system, or because all their rivals, inferior in abilities, labor under the same disadvantages. When they encounter the pupils of a better training, we often find them worsted by far inferior minds, properly educated. But what about the average boy? After such a large system has been working through several generations of boys and girls, it is sufficient condemnation to show that it has worked no distinct improvement. To say that education is even stationary is to condemn it as a failure.

Be it remembered, when I set down here my deliberate convictions, that it is not as an amateur or a mere theorist, but as one that for nearly thirty years has been

constantly occupied in teaching and examining youths from the higher and better schools in England and Ireland. What the effect of the modern competition among Irish Intermediate schools may be upon the lowest and worst schools is beyond my direct experience. It is affirmed by those who know, that in many of them, where nothing was taught, and no system observed, there is now at least this gain, that they must show yearly some pupils able to pass at the public examination, and that thus not only teachers but pupils who never would have worked otherwise have learned some diligence and method. This statement I believe; the worst kind of grammar schools, especially those conducted by the clergy, who are under no supervision, are probably frightened into some kind of efficiency. But as regards the pupils of the higher schools in Ireland, it is not only my conviction, but that of many of my colleagues, that their average scholarship was higher twenty years ago than it now is. As regards classics, we are agreed that not only is the writing of verses—an excellent test of elegance—becoming almost extinct, but that prose-writing is far more slovenly and inaccurate. In mathematics our new difficulty is to keep alive even an interest in its higher branches, in this, our famous Mathematical university.

It will be urged that the modern boy cannot know these great subjects as a former generation did, because so much time is taken from them for other and more practical studies. I can only answer this apology, as regards the Irish system, by citing three of these once extra subjects, which have become either compulsory or nearly so. I speak of French, German, and Music. In all three I know from frequent examination of the boys who have passed State examinations with credit that their knowledge is a perfect sham.* Whatever time has been taken from other subjects to promote these has been wholly thrown away. When I examined the schools ten years ago, there

* The French taught at the English public schools is almost as idle. Boys who come there with some knowledge of the spoken tongue are discouraged and degraded in class because they cannot answer in grammar, and the masters seem to imagine that to learn the grammar of a living language is to learn the language.

was not one in 500 who could understand a sentence of either French or German read out to him by a native, or speak one sentence to make himself understood. They had learned to translate a text-book which they could not read, and to repeat grammatical rules which they could not apply. In music they had learned barren theory, without any reference to practice. The apology of the slave-driven teachers, who were hardly to blame, was this, that *on paper* pronunciation or practical knowledge was of no avail. There is no *viva voce* possible in this wholesale business. And yet it is for this disgraceful pretence of learning living languages or music that the great and fruitful study of those which can be tested without speaking has been curtailed, and a general habit of slovenly incompleteness introduced! But it is good enough to encourage poor boys, and bad scholars, to push on to a cheap modern degree, and go out into the world with the stamp of a higher education, whereas the reality is a mere vainish of very bad instruction.

There is another fashionable modern subject, which cartails the hours of other studies, and which cannot result in mere ignorance, as those just mentioned, but which nevertheless seems an unwise addition to the burdens of our boys. It is the subject of English Literature. It is very easy to say that no educated young man ought to be ignorant of the great masters of his language; that to send forth boys who know not a word of Shakespeare and Milton is scandalous, and so forth. I am quite accustomed to this argument from the *dilettanti* members of education boards. They think it a scandal for an education pretending to be complete to omit any topic which is in itself important. I have heard it urged with equal force concerning chemistry, botany, physics, what not! These people seem to be perfectly ignorant of the fact that no instruction of boys can be nearly complete, and that education consists in learning how to learn, not in learning all that has to be known.

Moreover, in the particular case of our own great literature, there is surely something to be said for reserving some one sanctum from the prying of competition, some department of intellectual recreation for our leisure. Is it not likely that those who have been plagued with learning the minutiae of an author for a purpose not

only irrelevant to, but at variance with, their enjoyment, will henceforth associate that author with their pains and not with their pleasures? So far as my own experience goes, the boys trained of recent years in English read less of the great poets, and think less about them, than those who have only read them for pleasure. It seems to be the first instinct of every boy to get rid of all his Examination work as soon as the struggle is over. If this extends to his English poets, are we wise to associate them with the bitter draughts he is forced to take for his competitive training? At all events, it is not so serious for a boy to hate Latin prose and Euclid, provided he has mastered them, as it is for him to hate Spenser or Milton, because he was forced to know them in a scholastic way.

To expose human imperfections and prophesy human misfortunes may well be called an easy, and withal a profitless, task. Why, then, turn from the duty of increasing human knowledge to brand human folly and presumption? Merely because to men of the study is apportioned the duty both of making theories and of criticising them. The public is in the end led by the judgment of the learned, just as it has often been fatally misled by adopting too quickly their speculations. The theory of the millennium of happiness to be produced by the spread of education can fortunately be discussed, partly at least, on practical grounds, for the incipient stages must indicate what the future is likely to bring us. Hence it was that I proposed, at the opening of this paper, to review the actual results of the modern movement, before we reverted to the criticism of the theory, first as a working plan, secondly, as a philosophical hypothesis.

The results, as stated above, seem to point with certainty to this conclusion: that the progress of the race, though real, has not at all kept pace with the outlay of the treasure and toil in public instruction and competition. Our youth is not more vigorous or more perfect, though it may be taught many more things. The quantity of teaching, both in hours and subjects, is damaging the quality; instruction is impeding education. In fact, the main feature of the modern system is hurry, and hurry is fatal to all good training.

No human excellence in any subject, except it be in the case of some stray heaven-born genius, is attained without prolonged and deliberate attention. When the prizes of life had to be attained before the age of fourteen, or nineteen, or at most twenty-two, and in a large number of courses of learning, it is obvious what the mischief must be. Fatigue of mind and of body engenders either physical failure, or that apathy of mind which precludes all further mental progress. The spread of instruction appears to mean not so much the extension of it to the once excluded classes, as the multiplying of the subjects taught to all that partake of it. Governing boards, "Education" departments, and commissions, generally composed, not of educators, but of men selected because they are peers, or judges, or even because they are members of Parliament, sit in council, and seem to determine that any subject suggested as useful in after life is forthwith to be thrust into teaching programmes. Thus, for example, French or chemistry is ordered to be taught, without considering whether the hours are not already excessive, and yet not sufficient for the proper study of the great primary subjects, or of more than three or four subjects. The framers of our codes are not well informed, or not careful in these things, and therefore the present system is doing so much harm, that the good is impaired or even counteracted. Human nature can only be improved at a very slow pace, and we are trying to force that pace.

So far, then, the theory, as put into practice, is not verifying the loud promises of the theorists, and there is even a possibility, which some would call a hope, that human nature will some day rebel against this terribly-increasing burden of our youth, and abolish it as our Government has abolished the fêtes of Juggernaut in India. It remains for us to consider whether these defects are not corrigible, and whether, if the instructors are themselves properly instructed, and coerced to moderation, a better, slower, and more deliberate system will not justify the highest expectations of the optimists.

It is strange how these serious, world-sad moderns contrast with the joyous, fresh ancients in their prophecies. The modern thinks there will be no limit to the world's progress; that, as knowledge advances by steps, strides, bounds, so

material comfort and moral worth will pervade our race. The ancient thought that, however perfect the structure of the commonwealth; however complete the system of education, all social and political, like all physical, organisms must have their period of growth, perfection, and decay: that you might as well expect a man of perfect health, beauty, and virtue to last forever, as to suppose it of a State, even were it the ideally perfect Republic of Plato. Which of these theories is the more probable? Which of them shows the deepest insight into the possibilities of the future?

It is hardly necessary to remind the modern reader of the prophecies made by astronomers and by geologists concerning the extinction of life on our globe. As the moon is now a burned-out cinder with no atmosphere or moisture, so the day will come when this planet will no longer be fit for human life. Great changes in temperature, whether to cold or to heat, will some day change all animal life; and, long before that catastrophe, will affect human society. We cannot even be certain that a conflagration similar to those observed in some of the fixed stars may not befall our sun, and cause us suddenly to melt with fervent heat, and pass away into vapor. But changes far short of these, either in distance or in violence, will be enough to mar that delicate growth called civilization, and ruin all our boasted progress. If the coal of the earth fails in two or three centuries—a very possible misfortune, against which we are making no provision—are we sure that any scientific discovery will find means to replace it? Would any sane man trust to the most complete education as a safeguard against such a catastrophe? Nor need we even go as far as this into the future. Have we any certainty that a slight deterioration in the seasons may not make our now temperate zones so unproductive as to be unable to support their vast population? May not another epidemic like the Black Death so prostrate us with its horrors, that the progress of the world will be stayed, and that the survivors will be forced to begin again the edifice which has collapsed under the breath of the destroying angel? In short, so many great physical changes are possible, which are colossal in their effects upon man, that such an engine as higher education, much

as it may help man to overcome nature, may be entirely helpless to avert destruction. And in no case does the verdict of the highest physical science allow us to assume that, even without sudden catastrophes, our globe will retain forever its present conditions of sustaining animal life. The ancients, therefore, without the aid of modern science, had surmised the truth, and spoken with more insight than the modern Optimist.

But Plato and his fellows were not thinking of these great physical cataclysms. They were thinking of human nature. They were persuaded that no purification devised by man could eradicate certain lawless or irrational elements in our nature—disturbing forces in our very constitution, which were sure in the long run to assert themselves, and overthrow any society, however wisely founded and carefully protected. They did not believe in the perfectibility of the masses, or of the lower races of man. The follies and the vices which reside in each individual, and which no human power can eradicate, are also in societies, and will affect them with fits of wickedness or of madness. A residuum of the "ape and tiger" is there, and may any day assert itself. Be it remembered that in forming this view the ancients were at no disadvantage as regards the help of science: they had human nature before them to analyze, and they had the long and varied experience of many centuries of civilized societies. They lived not in the youth of the world, but in its old age. Hundreds of political and social experiments had been tried, many with great success, all without absolute permanence. So they based their induction on large and solid grounds.

Is there any likelihood that they were wrong, and that we have discovered the elixir of social life, which will make age into youth and weakness into vigor? Alas! no. If any new force arose able to work this miracle, it was the advent of Christianity. Yet, even as its Founder prophesied that it would battle with its foes till the end of the world, and only attain its millennium by Divine and miraculous interference, so its historian can record that it has never yet mastered the beast-residuum in any society. It has as yet failed even to convince the majority of the world. It has also failed to eradicate

from those who profess it the crimes and follies ingrained in every one of us, handed down to us in our very blood, weighing down our efforts with their grossness and their stubborn unreason. When therefore this great appeal in education and morals has found so partial and incomplete a response, is it likely that any system of secular training will be more successful? Is it conceivable that any society, however carefully educated, will free itself from vice and crime? The forms and types of lawlessness may change, the vices of the fashionable world—and they are not a few—may replace those of the slums; there will be at times a perceptible and cheering improvement; but then will come the fatal moment when some disaster, the sword, the pestilence, or the famine, may break down the barriers so laboriously constructed against wrong, and show us scenes of injustice, violence, cruelty, in the most civilized communities of the world.

These considerations are not directed against education—far from it. They do not even afford an argument against public instruction, which is only the first starting-point for education. What they do suggest is that we should not overrate this means of reducing human vice and misery, or set it up as a cure for all the evils of modern society. The most frequent criminals are probably the ignorant; the greatest criminals are generally those who have had their intelligence sharpened by some exercise. There is no panacea for human ills; certainly not this—the favorite one with modern theorists.

The second point established by the foregoing argument is this: that if we make haste with our instruction we are sure, not only to spoil it, but to destroy the education which it ought to convey; moreover, we create a new crop of physical and mental evils to take the place of those we are striving to remove. Take the clearest case. Is it a good bargain to have a boy or a girl highly instructed and eminently successful in the competition of life, but shattered in health, and resulting in a splendid failure? Let it be remembered that there may be innumerable cases not so signal, and yet of the same kind— young people damaged in sight, still more damaged in insight, entering the world weary and dull of mind, with all their vigor and elasticity gone. They may get their school scholarships at fourteen, their

college scholarships at nineteen, a brilliant degree at twenty-two; and then they sink into the rank of some profession, having gained no useful habit but to dudge at books.

Is this the way to build up the great English race, called to direct the fortunes of a world-empire? Is this the way to preserve that splendid type which foreigners criticise and ridicule, only because

they envy it? Or do we indeed desire the next generation to pose as second-hand Germans? God forbid! We all think ourselves very jealous of our liberty; are we not in real danger of losing it? Is it not being filched away from year to year by those pestilent theorists who are enslaving our youth under the false pretence of intellectual discipline?—*Nineteenth Century*.

THE MEDIEVAL COUNTRY-HOUSE.

BY MARY DARMESTETER.

I.

ONE of my friends, by race a Persian, a native of the Russian Caucasus, calls on me sometimes on his home-sick days, and talks about the castle he has left at home. It is a great, strong castle, with stone towers and wooden balconies, and a vast hall within where the lord sits in state by the cavernous hearth and listens to the wandering minstrels, who sing long ballads to their instruments. Not only singers come there, but itinerant peddlers, the acrobats of the fair, pilgrims to some distant shrine, travellers of many sorts who bring to the high-perched castle views of the outer world. If the lord should wish to see that world at closer quarters, in the nearest city he has his "hostel" in some wealthy burgher's house, and thither sometimes he repairs during the dead weeks of the winter. But with the first bud or sprout on the topmost sprig, he is back in the castle. For now the real life of the noble begins—the season of the chase! My lord is more or less of a scholar, and in the wintertime he fingers amorously his rare collection of illuminated manuscripts (we possess one, for which his nephew offers us a village in Karabag!), brought together at an infinite expense and trouble. But how far he prefers the summer morning, when, hawk in hand, the noble hunters troop forth on their gay-caparisoned horses to chase eagle or heron on the mountain heights! Deep down in the dungeon underground perchance some penitent wonders if the spring will ever come—for there are dungeons still in the castles of Karabag, though the lords have no longer right of life and

death. Here the nobles live a merry life, united among themselves and seeing few who are not of their order, save the Emperor's hated tax-collector or the Jew doctor who comes upon his rounds, an infinite number of little powders sewn into the sash about his waist. Who knows, if we could be spirited to Karabag, but we should find there the Middle Ages in flesh and blood, alive!

Who knows? Yet we who wish to visit the mediæval country-house, we will take a humbler way. We will mount pillion behind some solid, clerky person: Maistre Jehan Froissart or Maistre Eustache Deschamps, sure of his road and garrulous about his masters. Thus we will jog along, gossiping, from place to place, alighting here and there at some stately castle, where the lord, like that Count of Foix who sent for Froissart from his inn—"est le seigneur du monde qui plus volontiers voit estrangers pour ouyr nouvelles;" or we will turn in at some pleasant manor, such as that Manor of Cachant, dear to Master Eustace, where there are gardens sweet with rose, gladiolus, and mint—where there are meadows, vineyards, and "a noble willow wood," with baths of all kinds to refresh the weary traveller: "bains et estuves et le ruissel courant."

If the countryside afford a good granite rock surmounting a hill or mound of any height, that situation has generally been chosen for the castle, encircled by its protecting precipice. But in Central France at all events, such sites are few; and, contrasted with the German or Italian fortress on the hill, we find more frequently the manor "emmy estangs," so often sung of old poets—the castle built like Rochester,

or Melun on the brink or island of a river, isolated by moats and defended by encircling towers. Such was, for example, the Castle of Bièvre, commended by Deschamps in his 454th Ballad.

"La place est forte et de noble cloison.

Emmy l'estang où le donjon se lance

Trois tours y a de pierre et de moellon."

Each tower is three stories high, and each stands well in advance of the castle wall, the entry defended by a "puissant pont-levis." By the fourteenth century, the castles were no longer built with a sole view to refuge and defence; the nobles no longer dwelt there as a last resort in war time, living in the guard-room with their garrison, and directing the defence amid the treasure. The castles of that time of transition were very habitable palaces; and Master Eustace passes from the military architecture to beland the "noble aqueduct," which carried water into the interior of the castle, the rich device of the halls and chambers, the excellent *vivarium*, the well-stocked preserves of game, the baths, the gardens, the rowing boats, the shady park. "'Tis," he finishes, "the pleasantest house I know—*pour demourer la nouvelle saison*."

This is not the strain in which a thirteenth-century minstrel would have sung the praise of Coucy—the castle has become a country-house. The great square tower, flanked with turrets at the angles, which has succeeded to the round tower of defence, is spacious enough for luxurious habitation. Every story contains a large hall, a moderate-sized room and a smaller one, beside the four cabinets in the corner turrets. Generally, the gallery, the chapel, the dining-hall, and the lord's private room or "retrait" occupied the first story; above came my lady's chamber, her tiring-room, her oratory, and the "garde-robe," where her dresses lay folded in spice and lavender, and where her maidens sewed by day and slept by night. The upper stories were occupied by the children and by the guests; and the castle was crowned by several tiers of "machicoulis," or crenellated battlements, pierced by loopholes and communicating by a "chemin de ronde."

The ground floor was still dark and difficult of access, lighted only by a few rare lancet-windows, and given over to store-rooms, bath-rooms, ice-houses, and such-like uses. It communicated, by means of

trap-doors, with the cellars and dungeons underneath. Philippe de Vignettes, in his chronicle, has left us an unforgettable account of his imprisonment, well on in the fifteenth century, in a dungeon of this kind. There were no kitchens within the house, for the cooking was done in a round high-roofed building, like a baptistry, in an outer court, near the servants' quarters; but sometimes the sick-chambers were situate on this dark, quiet, unfrequented ground floor, which preserved the tradition of its inaccessibility by the absence of any entrance on a level with the ground. A broad double flight of marble steps led from the court to the portal on the first floor. In any London suburb we still see modest villas thus entered by a flight of steps raised above a high basement, all unconscious of their direct descent from the keep of the twelfth century, entered only by a ladder reared against the front, or by knotted ropes let down from the first-floor window! By the 14th century the *Perron* of the country-house was, however, an object of great architectural dignity. It generally opened into a long gallery or *loggia*, occupying all one side of the keep: a sort of first-floor cloister, with clustered ogival windows looking on the court below. Here the squires and dames used to loiter, "regardant bas en la cour les joueurs de paume jouer." Half the action of the novel of John of Saintré passes "ès galeries;" and no portion of the castle is more frequently cited by early poets. The Count of Foix received Master Jehan Froissart as he was walking after dinner in his gallery. In fact, the chief use of these *loggia*, *loges*, or *laube*, appears to have been as a promenade or loitering-place when it was too hot or too wet to meet in the orchard just beyond the walls. A very beautiful gallery of the Middle Ages is still preserved in the castle of Wartburg.

In the larger castles this gallery or *loggia* was sometimes distinct from the keep. Together with the great dining-hall ("sänger saal" or "mandement") where the lord sat in justice and received his guests, it formed a lower church-like building, in style much like an Oxford chapel, placed beside the keep and less strongly fortified. These separate halls were only used in time of peace. They were already well known in the thirteenth century, for in the palace of Percival—

"La sale fu devant la tour
Et les loges devant la sale ;"

and we read in the *Lai de Laustic*—

"Prochaines eurent leurs maisons
Et leurs sales et leurs donjons."

But for all that the sole square tower with its corner turrets remains, even in the fourteenth century, the type of the castle keep. The château of Vincennes, built by Charles V., is an admirable example of the kind.

II.

It was not easy to enter the castle keep, encircled by a strongly fortified enclosure, isolated by moat or precipice, and defended by outworks of palisading, protected by a barbican and several smaller towers. Having run the gauntlet of all this, having passed down the narrow winding path between the palisades, the visitor arrived at the moat, and blew a horn hung there for the purpose. After parley with porter and watchman, the drawbridge was let down; and after further parley, perchance, the great gate swung back on its hinges, and the stranger found himself in a long hollow archway, defended by a series of portcullises, with a perforated roof, through which boiling pitch, molten lead, Greek fire, or simple scalding water could be poured down from an upper chamber. In time of peace, however, he passes easily through the gate into a vast courtyard enclosed by huge battlemented walls or towers; a courtyard that is almost a village, and contains the church, the knights' quarters, the squire's house, the lodgings for pages and servants, the barracks, the cottages of the artisans and laborers on the estate, the bakehouse, the kitchen, the walled and gated fish-pond, the fountain, the washing-place, the stables, the barns, etc. A second gate, a second portcullis, leads to a second smaller court, where—huge, swart, and sombre—towers the keep. It is immense, it is impregnable, and always opposite the weakest point of the defence, with a postern of its own leading to the orchard, and a subterranean way into the open country. Those who have admired the black majesty of Loches will admit the grandeur of the mediæval keep.

Built against the castle's outer wall, looking from its upper windows across the open country, the keep sometimes has pleasant views. An island castle, defend-

ed by a wide expanse of water, or lifted high above the plain upon a granite needle, could afford the luxury of light and air, could indulge in large windows, grouped three or four together in a space of dead wall, on which they make a lacework of pointed arch and separating columns. But the huge moated castle of the plain was less fortunate. The windows were rare, narrow, far apart. The walls, ten feet thick, made a deep and dark recess for the long lancet holes, more often closed with oiled and painted linen than with glass, and placed very high for the sake of safety. Sometimes they were as much as five feet above the floor. A few years ago in Florence, at the Palazzo Alessandri, I remember seeing windows of this sort, high-perched recesses, the size and shape of an opera-box, reached by a staircase cut in the stone of the wall. On the granite window-benches heap embroidered cushions, lay a Saracen carpet on the floor; and set in this narrow shrine some fair young woman, lily-slender in her tight brocaded gown. She is playing chess with a squire still younger than herself. Or perhaps she is alone, singing to her lute some ballad of the Round Table:

"La reine chante doucement,
La voix accorde à l'estrement,
Les mains sont belles, li laiz bons,
Douce la voix et bas li tons."

III.

Even nobles of some pretensions used in their daily life little more than the great hall of justice, where the movable trestle-tables were brought in at dinner-time, the gallery which answers to our modern drawing-room, the chapel, the chamber, and the garde-robe, where the young maids-of-honor learned to embroider amid their waiting-women.

These halls and chambers were furnished with some splendor. The walls were no longer ornamented with the mere stencil pattern in white and yellow ochre, which sufficed for the princely keep of Coucy. There is a frieze painted with knights and goddesses, with "Vénus la Dieuesse d'Amour," or else adorned in fresco or mosaic by "generations of Christians and Saracens painted in battle," such as the Seigneur de Caumont admired on the walls of Mazières.* Lower down the walls

* "Voyage du Seigneur de Caumont," quoted by Viollet-le-Duc, *op. cit.* t. v. p. 83.

were often wainscotted like that—

"Rice sale à lambres
Et d'or musique painturée
Et de fin or tout listée,"

where Percival found the Damosel. If the walls were left bare, they were furnished just below the frieze with an iron rod, whence depended tapestry hangings. Every castle possessed several sets for each apartment, and the noble on his travels had at least one set of chamber-hangings strapped among his baggage. Nothing was easier than to suspend these stuffs, already provided with their hooks, to the rod prepared to hold them. "One thousand hooks for tapestry" is a common item in fourteenth century accounts.*

The hangings were of plain serge, of worked silk, cloth of gold, or "tapisserie de haute lisse," according to the wealth of the noble or the splendor of the occasion they adorned. In times of mourning the hangings were all black. Such a "chamber," consisting of wall-hangings, bed-furniture, chair-coveings, cushions, etc., in striped serge, with cord and fringe to match, was supplied to the Lady de la Trémoille in 1396, at a cost of fifty-nine livres. As the appearance of the hall could be changed at an hour's notice in preparation for mourning or festivities, even the greatest castles had plainer hangings for common use. King Charles V. possessed no less than sixty-four "chambers," or complete sets of hangings, in silk, velvet, cloth of silver, leather, embroidery, etc.† When Valentine Visconti, Duchess of Orleans, prepared to leave Paris in 1408, a few months before her death, a few months after her husband's murder, she caused her chamberlain to draw up a list of her furniture, which still exists in the Bibliothèque Nationale. This document (pathetically marked by faded crosses against the names of those objects which Valentine desired to carry with her to Touraine) enumerates more than sixty sets of hangings. Some of the designs appear astonishingly modern, and indicate a complete mastery of the human figure on the part of the designers. As few persons, we believe, have had the privilege of reading this unpublished manuscript, communicated to us by Comte

Albert de Circourt, we proceed to quote a few of the more interesting descriptions :

"2. Bed-furniture of green ; the baldaquin is worked with a design of angels ; the long curtain depending from the tester behind the pillows represents shepherds and shepherdesses feasting on cherries and walnuts ; the counterpane, a shepherd and a shepherdess within a park ; the whole embroidered with gold thread and with colored wools. Item, wall hangings to match. Item, curtains for the walls, without gold, and three smaller curtains of green serge.

"3. Item, a 'chamber' * in gold, silk, and wool, with a device of little children on a river bank, with birds flying overhead. There are three hangings to match, bed furniture and sofa cover. The counterpane is embroidered with a group of children, their heads meeting in the middle. Item, three other hangings, with a cherry tree, and a dame and a squire gathering cherries in a basket—which go with the aforesaid chamber-hangings to make up (*pour fournir*).

"4. Item, another 'chamber,' of a brownish green, *sans* gold, with a lady holding a harp ; and there are six hangings to match, with bed-furniture, and a quilt for the couch.

"17. Item, a great tapestry, with the history of the destruction of Troy the Great.

"Item, two wall hangings, with the victories of Theseus.

"Item, a green velvet cover for a couch, and a long cushion covered with green velvet, and two chair cushions, also of green velvet.

"19. Item, a white 'chamber,' sown with gladiolus ; bed-furniture, quilt for couch, and four rugs.

"20. Item, a set of green tapestries de haute lisse, with the Fountain of Youth and several personages ; with bed-hangings, counterpanes, sofa-covers, and six wall-hangings, all worked with gold, without guards (linen coverings).

"Item, a 'chamber,' representing a lady playing with a knight at the game of chess.

"Item, a set of hangings of cloth of gold, including bed-curtains, counterpane, and two large cushions."

These tapestries must have been as marvellous as those exquisite rose-gray hangings which still adorn the upper gallery of the Musée Cluny. The smaller curtains were stretched over screens of wicker, or served to drape the great roofed and cushioned settle near the fire, while cloths of gold and silver curtained the throne-like *fauteuil* reserved for the master of the house. Mats of plaited rushes were laid in winter on the floors under the delicate rugs of wool, imitated from the industry

* See, for instance, Douët d'Arceq, "Comptes de l'Hotel des Rois de France."

† Labarte, "Mobilier de Charles V."

of the East; but in summer a strew of fresh rushes, mint, and gladiolus, that flower so dear to mediæval eyes, covered the pavement with cool fragrance, while a bough of some green tree or flowering bush filled the hearth.* Great soft cushions, "carreaux" or "couettes," were placed, sometimes on the chairs and benches, sometimes on the floor itself, according to their size. They served, like the tabourets of Saint Simon, for people of lesser dignity, seated on occasions of ceremony, in presence of their lord. There were also *bankers*, or stuffed backless benches placed against the wall; *dossiers*, a sort of short sofa with a back and cushions; and armchairs provided with *pavillons*, or tester and curtains to keep off the draughts. There were always carpets in rich halls or chambers; long, narrow ones in front of the bankers and the settle, and larger thicker "tapis velus" in the middle of the room. Rugs of embroidered Hungarian leather, and skins of leopard or tiger were laid upon the hearth.†

IV.

All these cushions, curtains, carpets, did not suffice to keep the cold from the great deep halls of our fore-runners. A shiver runs through the literature of the age.

"Telz froid y fait en yver que c'est raige!"

says Eustache Deschamps in his 805th Ballad, describing the Castle of Compiègne. Even in the house one must arm one's self with good furry hose, furred pourpoints, warm fur-lined cloaks and hoods. In winter, men and women alike wore a long tunic of fur, sewn between two pieces of stuff, underneath their outer garments. But to be slender was the ideal, the supreme elegance of the later Middle Ages. In vain the Knight of La Tour warns his daughters of the fate of sundry very comely maidens, who, wishing to appear in their true slimness before their lovers, discarded their furred tunics despite the blast of winter, and turned the young men's hearts against them by the

chicken-flesh of their cheeks and the blueness of their noses! In vain he draws a salutary picture of lovers, at last united, dying of cold in the arms of one another, victims of the too chilly elegance of their figures! The furred tunic was all very well for gouty Master Eustace and the elderly knight: young beauties and trim gallants often preferred the risk of mortal illness, and let them grumble.

"Sy est cy bon exemple comment l'en ne se doit mie si lingement ne sy joliettement vestir, pour soy greslir et faire le beau corps en temps d'yver, que l'on en perde sa manière et sa couleur."*

"Do not be shaved," goes on Master Eustace, who must decidedly have been an ill-dressed, slovenly old poet, "neither have your hair cut, nor take a bath this bitter weather." The young people might reply that the "Roman de la Rose" prescribes the hot bath as a sovereign remedy against winter. The bath-room, with its warm pipes, its great wooden tubs with the carved gilt garlands round them, its lounges for cooling, its little tables spread with a dainty supper, still preserved a *souvenir* of Roman luxury. People used to bathe in company, sometimes men and women together (as we still do at the seaside), their heads beautifully dressed and adorned with flowers, their bodies hidden up to the neck in their great cask-like baths, where the water was often thickened with scented bran or strewn with a dust of salutary herbs.

"Quand viendrait la froide saison,"

sings Maistre Jehan de Meung—

"Quand l'air verroient forcenez
Et jeter pierres et tempestes
Que tuassent es champs les bestes
Et grands fleuves prendre et glacer. . . .

"On feroient chaudes estuves
S'y pourroient tuit nuz demourer
Se baignant entr'eus es cuves."

In a German poem, "Der nakte Bote," quoted by Heir Alwin Schulz, a messenger arrives at a distant castle, and proceeds, as was the custom, to strip and take a bath after his dusty journey before presenting himself before the lord of the castle. What was his surprise on opening the door of the bath-room to behold my lord, my lady, and all the olive-branches dis-

* The Knight of La Tour makes a mock of certain eccentric "Galois" who strew their floors and deck their hearths, in winter, "comme en esté," with herbs and holly.—p. 242.

† Labarte, "Mobilier de Charles V."

* "Le Livre du Chevalier de La Tour Landry."

porting themselves in steaming tubs ! It was, they explained, the only way they could keep themselves from freezing.

Master Eustace prefers a warm chamber, "nattée sus et jus," with all the windows shut, a fur-lined dressing-gown, a bowl of old Beaune :

"Le chaud civet et bonne espicerie."

Contest of youth and age ! But which, Master Eustace, would be better for your gout ?

V.

The hearth none the less was deep and ample. Sometimes several fireplaces, grouped together on a raised dais, occupied all the upper end of the hall with their blazing hearths and shadowy overmantels. A magnificent example still exists at Bourges. In houses of less pretension the hall could boast but one chimney, but that at least was vast. A whole tree could be laid across the gigantic fire-dogs, whence the great blaze radiated warmth and light into the church-like frigidity of the hall. Those who know the Salle de Garde at Langeais, with its beautiful chimney-piece representing the crenellated chemin-de-ronde, carved with mimic soldiers and watchers stooping over the battlements to look at the blaze below, will agree that few objects are more statelily than the monumental fourteenth century fireplace. If the heat did not penetrate very far, if the humbler fry in the lower hall were grateful for their furs—under the huge overmantel, where the curtained settles stood, there was a cosy ingle-nook for the master of the house, his wife, his children, his guests, his chief retainers.

In houses that could not boast a resident physician, a master of requests, a staff of notaries and secretaries, there was, at least, invariably, a chaplain. Immediately below the reverend clerk came the seneschal, who was constable, governor, or simple steward, according to the standing of the castle. When no separate dispenser was employed the seneschal was dispenser, master of the household, and governor of the pages. Next to him came the butler ; the chamberlain, to whom were entrusted the jewels, art treasures, and furniture of the castle ; the marshal, or master of the horse, and the head falconer. All these were persons of impor-

tance, to be treated with a certain ceremony ; they were frequently of noble blood ; they accompanied their master on many of his journeys, and were rather his ministers than his servants. Next to them in order of rank stood the housekeeper or governess, often a beguine or Tertiary nun, who supervised the ordering of the house, engaged and controlled the servants, and governed the young girls of noble family serving in the castle as maids of honor. Under her came a swarm of chambermaids and housemaids, cooks and tailors, page-boys and varlets. Let us not forget from the list of our retainers that person of consideration, the fool : the ancestor of the modern diner-out. Fools and dwarfs were not to be found under every noble roof. The smaller country-houses were sometimes condemned to a distressing sanity, and depended for their amusement on wandering minstrels and the acrobats of the fair.

We have not counted in our list the knights and squires of the castle, nor yet the garrison with its captain, nor the artisans and laborers on the estate. For the moment we are occupied merely with the interior of the keep. And the chief thing that strikes us in it is the abundance of young people—the troops of boys and girls.

VI.

Every castle was in fact a school—a seminary of polite education. From the king to the pettiest baron every noble received at his court the children of his principal vassals ; and thus every noble child was educated to the standard of the sphere immediately above his own. In their homes, from the age of seven, boys and girls alike had learned to spell, to ride, to know that they were Christians. At twelve they were generally sent to court. Here they learned, above all, the duties and behavior of gentlepeople.

Great care was taken that they should be well-bred, chivalrous, courteous, neatly clad, and clean. Along with this the boys learned to fence, shoot, fight with sword and shield, joust, play quintalæ, tennis, palm-play, chess, draughts, and tric-trac. They were taught to ride, climb, leap, swim, and to perform all these feats in heavy armor and handicapped by difficult conditions. In a word, they were trained to amuse themselves, to exert them-

selves, and to endure. The "*Livre des Faiz de Jean Bouciquaut*" shows the great stress laid upon physical education; but it also shows that physical education was not all. Boys who would grow into knights, and pass through many courts and countries, had to learn several languages. French of a sort was taught in all European countries—often, no doubt, it was of the kind of Stratford-atte-Bowe—for French then, as now, was the *Vola-pük* of the polite. And some lads then, as now, acquired a little Greek and Latin; but so much learning was rarely encouraged save in the future Churchmen. All noble children, boys and girls, learned to read and write, though frequently in after-life the warrior's remembrance of these arts was no more precise than the knowledge our average squire possesses of the Homer he used to parse at school. The women kept up their accomplishments: most noble women of all countries could read, play some musical instrument, embroider, speak a little French, bind a wound and tend a fever, if comparatively few could wield the pen.

At twelve years old the page was sent to court. Here he was to finish his education, to win, if possible, his suzerain's favor, and to lay the beginnings of his fortune. But at first he saw little of his lord. He was entirely under the control of the seneschal, the chamberlain, and the first equerry, for, as the name denotes, the young squire's quarters were situate in the *écuries*. After a few years' apprenticeship his opportunity might come. A chance might make him page-messenger, and so he might earn the confidence of his master. He might, by his good manners and courtesy, awaken the attention of some noble dame. He might even accompany his suzerain to some superior court, attract the notice of the over-lord, and be adopted to that higher sphere. Thus the little Jehan de Saintré, a young lad in the household of his father's suzerain in Touraine, was taken by that gallant knight to Paris, where the king took a fancy to the child—"tellement que il le voulut avoir en sa cour à estre son page pour après lui chevaucher et au surplus servir en salle comme ses autres pages et enfans d'honneur." But the natural course of things was for the lad to remain a page among his fellow-pages till the age of fifteen or sixteen, when he was ripe for the

office of messenger or carver at the lord's table. These offices entailed squireship. In this state he remained until about the age of twenty, when, generally on the occasion of some princely wedding, some outbreak of war, some tournament or other great occasion, he was dubbed knight, and set out on his adventures.

While all these lads from twelve to twenty were fencing, riding, or playing palm-play in the court, their sisters were employed in my lady's company. They seldom came together with the men of the castle save on holidays and feast-days. Other whiles they spent their time in my lady's chamber or tiring-room, or walked with her in the country, for it was held unseemly that ladies of noble birth should be met walking alone. They were, in fact, much in the position of "girls still in the schoolroom" in a modern country-house. They learned their lessons with their governess, practised their lute, went to church every morning, embroidered chasubles and altar-cloths, and worked wonderful hangings for the cold stone walls. And there were from seventy to a hundred yards of needlework in a set of hangings! They could also spin fine silk and linen, and ornament with needlework their feast-day veils and dresses. (The less interesting forms of sewing were left to the army of tire-women and waiting-women who attended on the noble maidens and their lady.) They all knew how to ride and fly a hawk, to make wreaths and posies, to sing, to play, to beguile the long hours with chess, tric-trac, draughts, and the youngest of them began to deal and shuffle the new-invented "*naypes*," or "*naibi*": the first playing-cards. They could pluck or brew virtuous simples, bind a broken limb, or nurse a fever. They could amuse the convalescent with endless tales of the Round Table, with the legends of Charlemagne, and with lives of the saints no less interesting and romantic. Most of them could read aloud some novel of Cleomades or Mélusine. They must, I think, have been blithe, charming, capable companions in the long winter of a lonely country-house. On the whole, with its constant undercurrent of chivalry and religion, theirs was an education which left its women delightful, tender of heart, and generous, if, alas! with little moral strength to resist the more seductive errors of the heart.

VII.

From December till the end of March, life in the castle was perforce an idle one. War was rarely made in winter; there were no tourneys in the bitter weather, too cold for combatant or spectator; and in heavy snow time there was perforce a truce to hunting of the more vigorous kind. It would have been extravagant to rise before candlelight, so that it was after seven when knights and ladies left their curtained beds, washed their hands and face in rose-water, heard the Mass, and took their morning broth. Dinner, which in the summer was sometimes as early as nine, was sometimes put as late as noon. And after dinner there was the siesta—the apparently inevitable siesta, sensible enough in summer heats after a morning already seven or eight hours old, but inexplicable during the best part of a winter's day. Still, in all the novels and chronicles of the fourteenth century I am bound to admit that, at all seasons of the year, after the principal meal, both men and women retire to sleep for at least a couple of hours. It is true the meal was long and heavy, highly spiced, and not conducive to post-prandial energy. Still, in our visions of mediæval heroes we cannot, without an effort, imagine Charlemagne Homerically nodding every day after dinner, despite the assurance of Philippe Mouskes “that he always undressed himself and slept for two hours after the mid-day meal, holding the practice for a very wholesome one.”* We do not conjure up Knight Percival and his companions sleeping all the afternoon. Yet

“après le disner
Se couchièrent. . . à dormir
Jusqu'al vespre sans nul espir.
* * * *

Endroit vespre sont reveillé
Le souper ont appareillié.”†

Joinville mentions, as the most natural thing in the world, that St. Louis went to bed every day after the midday dinner until vespers; while the child Jehan de Saintré, Damp Abbez, the Dame des Belles Cousines, Pero Niño, the Dame de Sérifontaines, the Lady of Fayel, the

Chastelain de Coucy, all the brood of fourteenth-century heroes and heroines, follow, in this respect, the example of their elders.

Between three and four o'clock our dames and knights aroused themselves, took a slender meal of bread dipped in wine, or hypocras and preserved fruits, and then set out to vespers. We still are faithful to the afternoon-tea, but we have dropped the daily church service. After vespers the winter evening had closed in, the fourteenth-century evening ill-lit by flaring torches. It was fortunate if peddler or pilgrim, minstrel or acrobat, knocked at the castle gate and demanded hospitality. Otherwise, despite the well-worn *facetiæ* of Master Hausselicoq, the fool, the evening was apt to prove a trifle long.

The accounts of fourteenth-century barons abound in mention of minstrels, acrobats, “jouers d'espertise,” “jouers de la corde,” “chanteurs et chanteresses,” and all the motley crew.* Every castle was glad to extend its hospitality to wayfarers of every kind, for they brought news and amusement, and renewed the worn-out stock of gossip. Two little pictures of people of this sort occur to me as I am writing. One is a sketch of the Welsh or Breton harper, from the poem of Renart. When Renart, disguised as a jongleur, offered to sing to Isegrin his lays of the Round Table, he put on a strange jargon, and proceeded to tell his story in almost unintelligible French.

“Je fot saver bon lai Breton
Et di Merlin et di Foucon
Del Roi Artu et de Tristan
Del Chievrefoil, et Saint Brandan.’ . .
‘Et sais-tu le Lai Dan Iset?’ . . .
‘Ya-ia!’ dit il. ‘Godistouët!’ (God is to wit?)

Wrapped in their weather-beaten mantle, shaggy, ridiculous, singing much as sings Hans Breitmann to-day, it is thus (according to M. Joseph Bédier†) that we must picture the minstrels who sang of Tristan and Yseult. Probably they used their strange, absurd prose merely as a medium to explain the story to their hearers in much such a *chante-fable* as “Au-

* “Après mengier al miédi, et lors tout nuz il se couçoit, dormir deux heures, puis levoit.” Philippe Mouskes: *Chronique*.

† Quoted by Herr Alwin Schultz, *op. cit.* i. 362.

* See, for instance, the “Comptes de la Trémoille,” and the “Comptes de l'Hotel des Rois.”

† “Les Lais de France,” par J. Bédier: *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15 Oct., 1891.

cassin et Nicolette," while they sang their lyrics in their Celtic tongue to the music of their harps. And if the voice is sweet, after all, the language is of little consequence.

Our other tiny idyl is drawn from the arrival of the peddler at the castle of the Lady of Fayel. That hapless and guilty lady, desirous at all risks to meet her noble lover, bids the Chastelain de Coucy don the peddler's garb in order to approach her. He puts on rough laced boots and a coat of coarse cloth, on his head a torn and battered hat, a stick in his hand, a pack upon his back. He comes to the castle and undoes his wares :

"car mercier
Porte en tous liens son panier
Et en salles et en maisons
S'ebate en toutes saisons."

The lady and her maidens stand round and pick and choose, praise this, bargain for that, choose and discard in true feminine fashion.

"Ont maintes choses barguigné
Et li aucuns ont acheté
Ce que leur vint à volonté."

But when the pack is strapped again, the peddler murmurs that it is late. "And it rains !" cries the Dame de Fayel. So the packman stays all night at the castle, and my lady finds means to get speech with her lover.

In the summer, when there were tournaments and weddings and other festivities in the country side, not only packmen passed and minstrels, but acrobats, conjurers who swallowed knives and lighted candles, keepers of learned pigs and clever dogs, owners of puppet shows, dancers and jongleurs in plenty. They travelled from place to place, lodging in the castle or the village inn, always welcome guests in the monotony of country life. But all these were rarer birds in winter. Then the long days were passed in chess-playing and tric-trac ; heavy bets were laid and taken, and in the cumber of their idleness many a knight was ruined out of sheer ennui.

Gambling was the curse of the noble, as it has always been the curse of every class trained to win and to desire, but with scant outlet for its energies. The knights in winter gambled pretty nearly all day long. We remember how the Servitor of Milun, entering a castle in the morning, finds in the great hall two knights playing

chess, so absorbed that they do not see him. . . . "When Easter comes," say the knights to Milun, "we will recommence our tournaments," but until Easter there is no rival to their games of chance, except the eternal game of love. Chess was the baccarat, the poker of the Middle Ages. In vain the king forbade it in 1369, in 1393, and both before and after, with every game of hazard. But who was to enter the snowed-up country castle to tell tales of knights and ladies playing the forbidden game? The women were almost as bad as the men. "Never play chess, save for love," says the Knight de la Tour to his daughters : "ne soyez jamais grant jouaresses de tables." And he proceeds to tell them melancholy tales of land, of money, and of women's honor spent over the too enticing board. But, alas, good knight, the days are ill to pass in winter time !

VIII.

So there was great joy when the trees began to reddens :

"Betweene Mersh and Averil
When spray beginth to spring."

The poets of the Middle Ages, all intoxicated with May-dew, did but express the hearts of their whole generation. The long dull months, shut in cold and ill-lit draughty houses, with, for nourishment, the same eternal salt meat and ship board food, were now delightfully over-past. The voice of the stock-dove was heard in the land, and the almond-boughs began to blossom in the orchard. Spring meant a free life out of doors in the sunlight ; spring meant the hunt, delicious days spent in the fresh green wood in healthy sport that made the pulses beat. Spring meant the game-bag full ; a varied table spread in bower or garden. Spring meant a hundred little intimate festivities waking to mirth the numerous young people of every fourteenth century castle. Sometimes the whole company go out to hunt for several days in the forest, knights and ladies, pages, maidens, carrying with them tents, provisions. The girls wash their hands and faces in the dew of flowers to get a good complexion, as they still used to do in Warwickshire when I was a little child. Every hunter has a horn to sound if he gets lost in the forest. How they laugh over all the little hardships and adventures

of the picnic! In one old poem—old even in the days of Valentine Visconti—the knights have forgotten their towels and have to dry their faces on the ladies' skirts.*

Generally these great hunts were made with hounds, and the game was deer or bear, wild boar, hare, or otter. But the most fashionable sport was hawking. Every castle had its knight-falconer, a great person with onerous duties. The royal falconer was paid as much as twenty-four sols a day—three times the daily due of the physician; and a valet falconer was given three sols *per diem*—a very respectable salary.† But he was not paid for doing nothing; the hawk was hard to catch, and when caught difficult to train. Night and day the falconer, with the bird, hooded and fasting, on his hand, must pace up and down, up and down, like a mother with her teething child. When at last the bird was fit for use, perched lightly on his lady's wrist, or soaring after swan, pheasant, or wild duck through the upper air, he was one of the most precious and beautiful possessions of a noble. The best esteemed was the Irish or Norwegian gerfalcon. What pet name was more endearing than that of the "Gay Goshawk"? His clear eye, a pure gray, neither greenish nor bluish, is the inevitable standard to which the mediæval lover compares his lady's glance—falcon-keen, falcon-swift, falcon-bright, and gray as the hawk's eye. In the evening, invigorated rather than fatigued by the long day in the forest, knights and ladies would fall to dancing. The country neighbors would come for miles; even the burghers of the richest sort were now and then invited. "Il est accoustumé en esté de veiller à dances jusqu'au jour," writes the Knight of La Tour, but he condemns the practice, being past his youth, and asserts that strange things happen when some band of practical jokers contrives to extinguish all the lights. Let us hope that such accidents did not frequently occur, and that the knight's three daughters were not kept at home too often "pour le péril de mauvaises langues."

* Guillaume de Dole. Quoted by Herr Alwin Schultz, t. i. p. 470.

† Douët d'Arc, "Comptes de l'Hotel du Roy Charles V."

IX.

It would be pleasant to spend a day or two in some fourteenth-century country-house during the early summer. Let us attach ourselves to the suite of a certain Spanish hidalgo, Don Pero Niño, a noble adventurer, who, landing at Harfleur in 1405, went to visit Renaud de Trie, Admiral of France, at his country seat of Sérifontaines. Don Pero Niño, fresh as we to France, sets forth, by means of his gifted secretary and chronicler, all the details of that memorable visit. We remember no page in Froissart at once so fresh and so precise.

The Admiral de Trie was an aged knight, ill in health. In his day he had been a famous fighter, but in 1405, broken down by many battles, he lived retired on his estate in Normandy.*

"There dwelt he in great comfort in a castle, strong, although situate in a plain, and furnished as well as it had been in Paris. He had about him young gentlemen in pageship, and all kind of servitors, as befits so great a lord.

"In his house there was a great chapel, where Mass was said every morning to the sound of trumpets and divers instruments played by his minstrels in a way that was a marvel. Before the house a river flowed; orchards and gracious gardens bordered it. On the other side of the castle was a pond for fish, enclosed by walls, and guarded by gates well-locked; whence, every day, the steward might furnish food for three hundred persons. . . . There was a pack of fifty hounds and twenty horses kept for the service of the lord of the castle. There were plenty of falcons-gentle. There was all that heart can wish for hunting—the otter, the roe, the wild boar, small game, or water-fowl."

The old knight had a young wife, "the fairest lady that was at that time in France." She was a woman of great sense and order, and, as was in those days the custom, she was almost entirely responsible for the management of her husband's estates.

"All things were arranged or decided by my lady. She alone governed everything both within and without. My lord the Admiral was a rich man, lord of many lands; but he had to take thought for none of these things, my lady being sufficient unto all."

* Le Victorial, "Chronique de Don Pedro Niño, Comte de Buena," par Gutierre Diaz de Gomez, son Alferrez, 1379-1449. Traduit de l'Espagnol d'après le manuscrit, avec une introduction et des notes, par Comte Albert de Circourt et le Comte de Puymaigre.

My lady had her noble lodging apart from the mansion of her lord. They dwelt within the selfsame moat, but divided the one from the other by a drawbridge. It would be long to set forth the number and the magnificence of the furniture that there was in this lodging. Here lived my lady, surrounded by ten maids of honor, very richly clad and accoutred all of them, who had nought to do save keep their lady company, for beneath them there were many waiting-women.

"Now will I tell you the rule and order of my lady's life. Of a morning, so soon as she was dressed, forth she went with her damsels to a spring hard by, where each one told her rosary, and read her book of *Hours* in silent prayer, sitting a little apart from her fellows. Next, plucking flowers and violets upon their way, they hied them home to the palace, and gathered in the chapel, where they heard a low Mass. As they came out of church their servants handed them a silver tray, furnished with larks, chickens, and other roast fowl, of which they took or left what they would, and drank a little wine. My lady ate but rarely of a morning, or trifled with some morsel to humor those about her. Their fast broken, lady and damsels mounted their noble hackneys, and then, met in company with such knights and squires as were of their party, they went riding through the lanes and open country for some while, weaving garlands of flowers as they went. Then might you hear such singing, by voices well-tuned and timed together, of virelays, lays, rondeaux, songs, complaints, ballads, and other verses, such as the French know fealty how to finish, that, I declare you, could it last forever, you would have thought yourself in Paradise."

With this company rode the Captain Pero Niño, the origin of all this festival. With them at dinner-time he rode home to the castle, dismounted, and strode into the hall where the portable trestle-tables had been already spread. The Admiral could no longer ride afield, but he welcomed home his guests with a marvellous good grace. My lady and Pero Niño were placed at the Admiral's table, while the seneschal presided over the other, and saw that every damsel sat between a squire and a knight. There were meats of all manner in great number and marvellous well cooked. During the meal whosoever knew how to speak with courtesy and measure of arms and love was sure to find a hearing and an answer. Meanwhile the jongleurs made low music on divers instruments. Dinner over, grace was said, the tables removed, and then the minstrels came; my lady danced with Pero Niño

and every damsel with her squire. This dance lasted an hour; when it was over, my lady gave the kiss of peace to Pero Niño, and every lady to her cavalier. Then wine and spices were handed round, and all alike dispersed to their siesta. Pero Niño, happy knight, had his lodging in my lady's tower.

Later in the afternoon the horses were brought round, and the pages stood ready bearing falcons: a huntsman had already tracked the heron's course:

"Then would you have seen a noble sport and fair amusement, with swimming of hounds, beating of drums, whirring and wheeling of falcons, with knights and ladies riding along the river bank as many as you can imagine them. That sport ended, my lady and her company would seat themselves to rest in some green meadow, while the pages unpacked cold fowl and game, and divers fruit. All eat and drank, twining garlands. Then, singing glees and songs, they returned to the castle."

Supper came at nightfall if it were winter-time. In summer the meal was earlier, and afterward my lady would set off on foot to wander up and down the country side till dark, while some would accompany her, and some would stay to play at bowls. Then the torches flared in the great hall, the minstrels gathered in, and there was dancing until far into the night. And this is the order which was followed every day, according to the seasons and the quality of the guests, whenever there was holiday at Sérifontaines. But now, 'tis late! Hand round the wine and spices, and to bed!

X.

During these long days, when my lady danced, sang, and rode with Pero Niño, she and he discovered that the Admiral was old. "En tout honneur," they fell in love with one another. Like the woman of order that she was, instead of keeping Pero Niño as her lover, Madame de Trie sent him to her father, to see if he would do for her second husband, while she stayed at Sérifontaines and nursed the Admiral. The father apparently consented, for we hear that they "se tinrent pour amoureux." Meanwhile the Admiral died. My lady and Don Pero exchanged keepsakes, and he promised to return to France and marry her at the expiry of her mourning. But having met in Spain a certain Doña Beátriz, he married her in-

stead; and perhaps in later years, Madame de Trie thought kindlier of the good old Admiral.

Neither the knights nor the ladies of these old Chronicles surprise us by the delicacy of their heart. With the *Roman de la Rose*, the still unpurified passions of those ages held that—

“Nous sommes faiz, beau fi z, sans doutes,
Toutes pour tous et tous pour toutes.”

Adultery is as common in their chronicles as it has always been in fiction—and perhaps in fact. And when the lovers are tired of each other, it is difficult to veil the case less kindly than the Dame des Belles-Cousines, in her behavior to Jehan de Saintré, or the Chastelain de Coucy when he punishes the Lady of Vermandois. Moreover, the very first beginnings of love were contaminate by a thought of utility, of “subsidy,” as one of our authors does not fear to state. Even in that pure and charming chronicle, the *Livre des Faiz de Jehan Bouciquaut*, we read that on account of her influence and her prestige, “it is much better to love a lady of a station superior to one’s own.” Listen to the counsels which a lady of great position, the Dame des Belles-Cousines, gives to Jehan de Saintré! The lad, a child of thirteen, has refused to tell her the name of his sweetheart:

“The tears came into the lad’s eyes, for never in his days had he given thought to such a thing as love or lady-loves. His heart fell, his face turned pale. . . . He sat a long while in silence, twirling the loose end of his girdle round his thumbs. . . . At last he cried out in his despair, for all the maids of honor fell to questioning him together and at once: ‘What can I tell her? I have no lady-love! If I had one, I would tell you soon enough!’

“Well, whom do you love the best of all in the world?” asked the maidens.

“My mother,” said little Saintré, “and after her my sister Jacqueline.”

“Then said my lady:

“But of them that are nothing to ye, which love ye the best?”

“I love none of them,” said Saintré.

“What! none of them?” quoth my lady. “Ha! false gentleman! You love none of them? Then by that token I prophesy that you will come to nothing. Faint heart that ye are! whence sprang all noble enterprises, all great achievements and valorous deeds of Launcelot, of Gawain, of Tristan, of the courteous Giron, and the other knights of the Round Table? Also of Ponthus,* and in-

numerable other heroes? What else but love-service? What else but the desire to keep the favor of their much-desired dame? And I myself have known many men who, through their love affairs, have reached the highest possible honors, of whom, but for these, no more talk had been made than of so many simple soldiers.”

Little Saintré left the lady’s presence shamefaced, and when the door was shut, “he ran down the gallery as fast as if he had fifty wolves behind him.” But one day as he waited at table on the maids of honor, these ladies made him vow to give the promised answer that afternoon. Therefore, when the king and queen retired for their noonday siesta, my lady sought young Saintré in the gallery, and took him to her chamber with her; and there, surrounded by her ladies, she seated him at the foot of her couch and summoned him for a reply.

“At last the poor lad bethought him of one of the noble maidens sent to court, who was ten years of age.

“‘My lady,’ quoth he, ‘tis Matheline de Courey!’

“‘Ah, eoward!’ cried my lady, ‘to choose a child like Matheline. Not that she be not a very fair maiden, and of an excellent house, better than thine. But what good, what profit, what honor, what comfort, what advantage, what subsidy, what aid and counsel can you find in the love of Matheline? She is but a lassie yet. Nay, you should choose a lady of high and noble birth, wise, and with the *where-withal* to help your fortunes, and set you above necessity; and her should you love with perfect service, loyally and well, and in all honor. Be sure that in the end she will have mercy upon you, “et par ainsy deviendrez homme de bien.”’”

When we think that this harangue (and especially all that follows it) was penned by an ecclesiastic for the education of a prince, we perceive that our code of morals has changed. Young Saintré receives large sums of money from his mistress, with no loss of honor, and the lady herself enters on her mission as on a *sacerdotee*. “Although so young, she had, in her virtue, formed a Roman resolution never to remarry; but often she wished that her work in the world might be to train some young knight or squire and make him a pattern of chivalry.” It is with this high intention that she becomes the mistress of young Saintré; that she

Silonie” is the name of a once famous romance of chivalry.

* “Le Petit Jehan de Saintré,” édition Guichard.

* “Les Amours de Ponthus et de la belle

bestows her wealth upon him, and keeps him in due splendor of steed and apparel; that she preaches to him, with a sublime lack of logic, "how to flee the seven mortal sins"; that she finds him books to read, and stuffs him with quotations from Thales of Miletus, Chilon of Lacedemonia, Avicenna, Valerius Maximus, and Pittacus of Mitylene. To this end she persuades herself to a cruel separation, and sends him on his travels as knight-errant. She is, in fact, his mundane Beatrice. Her love for him is in truth a liberal education, and one that seems delightful and legitimate to her contemporaries. But our eyes see in her an ugly likeness to Madame de Warens, and we should say, in down-right English, that she corrupts the lad.

XI.

Virtuous or frail, the ladies of the Trecento, as of the two preceding centuries, were all alike as sisters in their loveliness. Or rather, we may say that only one type of beauty was recognized as such, all mediæval heroines being required to conform to that absolute standard.

In our eyes the dark-eyed beauties of Murillo, the warm blondes of Titian and Palma, the slender angels of Perugino, the powdered *espiègle* ladies of Gainsborough and Reynolds; the majestic form of the Venus of Milo, and the somewhat mannered elegance of Tanagra, are all, in their kind, types of accomplished beauty. Many different ideals have enlarged and exercised our taste. But, of all the candidates on our list, the Middle Ages would have admitted only the Perugino angel and the Tanagra statuette.

This lessens, at any rate, the difficulty of description. The mediæval beauty was *always* golden-haired, either naturally or by the aid of art. Her hair was very fine, rippling in long curves above a fair broad forehead. One of her distinctive charms was the large space between the brows, the "*plaisant entr'œil*" so often sung of early poets; very few things seemed more hideous to our forefathers than shaggy eyebrows meeting in the middle. It was also a great disadvantage for the eyebrows to be fair. They should be several shades darker than the hair, narrow, pencilled, delicately arched; Burns's—

"Eyebrows of a darker hue
Bewitchingly o'erarching."

Eyes, not blue, but "gray as glass," "*plus vairs que cristal*," not overlarge, somewhat deeply set, and always bright, keen, and shining as a falcon's.

Below these brilliant eyes, a small straight nose, rather long than short, but above all "*traitis*"—that is to say, neat and straight—divided two oval cheeks, with dimples that appear at the bidding of a smile. A fresh, faint pink-and-white color, like the first apple-blossom, must flourish in these little cheeks. The lips are much redder, slightly pursed over the tiny pearly teeth; "*la bouche petite et grosse*" says the prosaic *Roman de la Rose*; but Ulrich von Lichstenstein expressed his meaning better in his "*kleinvelhitzeröter munt*," his "little, very fire-red mouth"; or the author of "*Guillaume le Fauconnier*," who likens his heroine's lips to a scarlet poppy-bud:

"*Tant estoit vermeille et close.*"

Sometimes the small mouth was only half shut, as if about to speak:

"*Les lèvres joint en itel guise
C'un poi i lessa ouverture
Selonc réson et par mesure,*"

says the author of "*Narcisse*." *

The cleft chin and the ears must be small and round and white, above a long neck, with a full white throat. The fairness of this throat, its delicacy and transparency, was the *sine qua non* of feminine loveliness. "When she drank red wine, one saw the rosy fluid through her throat," say the poets.

The beauty of the Middle Ages was invariably slender, slim, and round as a willow-wand. The shoulders are small; the whole figure "*graciette et alignie*"; long-drawn out in slenderness, with slim, round, long limbs, and slim, round, long fingers, that show no joints, and terminate in trim, shining nails, cut very close. The bust is high, with neat, round, well-divided breasts, and a slim round waist. When Eustache Deschamps, in his 960th Ballad, sings the charms of a lady quite correctly like this portrait, he ends with saying:

"*Mais sur toutes portez bien vos habiz
Plus que nulle dame ne damoiselle
Qui soit vivante en terre n'en pays.*" †

* Quoted from Herr Alwin Schultz, *op. cit.* t. i. p. 215.

† "*Ballades d'Eustache Deschamps*," in five volumes. Edited by the Marquis de Queux de St. Hilaire.

Poets in every century have laid great store by that

"something i' the gait
Gars ony dress look weel."

The *Roman de la Rose*, that manual of the fourteenth century, devotes a score or so of verses to this doctrine of deportment.

"*Marche joliettement*, 'walk prettily, mincingly, showing your pretty little shoes, so well made they are without a wrinkle. . . . And if your dress trail behind on the pavement, yet take thought to lift it a little toward the front, as if the wind had caught it, so that every one who passes you may notice the dainty well shod slimness of your feet.

"And if you have a long mantle—one of those long, full cloaks that almost entirely hide your charming figure—with your two hands and your two arms manage to open it wide in front, whether the day be fair or foul, even as a peacock spreads his tail."

XII.

Let us not think that the fourteenth century castle was entirely peopled by men and women in the bloom of idle youth. There were charitable widows whose conversation was in heaven; there were knights strong and resolute in their absolute religion. In spite of all its mediocrity, alongside of its frivolity, its often criminal looseness of the marriage tie, the fourteenth century was an age of piety and honor. Every gentleman had two religions, for either of which he would have died; and the briefest record of life in the castle must find a place for the observances of the Church and the duties of chivalry. We cannot lay too great a stress upon the austerity, upon the charity, inherent in the ideal woman of a period whose great ladies were so often purely worldly and emotional. We should leave our readers under a false conception if we let them suppose that the women of a fourteenth-century castle were invariably after the pattern of the Dame des Belles-Cousines, or even of the sweeter Lady of Fayel. "Even in a palace life can be lived well." No saint in her cloister was purer than Madame Olive de Belleville, "la plus courtoise dame et la plus humble;" stern to herself, fasting daily, wearing the hair-shirt on her tender flesh, but to all others most pitiful and gentle, visiting the sick, helping poor women in childbirth, praying on the graves of poor or aged people who had few to mourn them. And, by a rare virtue, she was charitable

not only to the unhappy; she knew how to welcome and honor the well-to-do, the honorable, the unpathetic; she knew how to deck with fair, white raiment the smiling daughters of ruined gentlefolk, who else would have gone to their bridegrooms without a jewel or a wedding garment. She was hospitable, and even lavish, to the careless minstrel folk, who made a "Ballad of Regret" when at last she left them. Above all, she would never hear ill of anybody. And when the ugly story went round in whispers, and the worldly and the sceptical smiled half-content, this good woman, who denied herself the simplest pleasures, would hasten to excuse the sinner, to doubt the tale were true; or, if proven, she would say that God would amend it, and that His judgments and His mercy alike were marvellous, and would one day astound us all. So that in her neighborhood none went undefended in the hour of slander, unsaluted in prosperity, unvisited in sickness or sorrow, unholpen in poverty or unprayed for in the hour of death. Few sweeter eulogies could be given to any woman. "In truth," says the Knight of La Tour, "though I was only nine years old when I knew her, I still remember many a wise thing she said and did, that I would set down here had I the time and space."

Madame Olive de Belleville was as frequent a type as the Lady des Belles-Cousines and her kind. More frequent than either, and between the two extremes of saint and sinner, is the wise and prudent Lady of La Tour, the careful mother of growing daughters, "*très gentille et preude femme*," who, beautiful still, and often subject to temptation, is skilful as Portia or Beatrice in the witty answer, the brilliant, inviolable smile, which serves to turn aside the insinuation of evil. Nor let us forget that noble wife of a nobler husband, Madame Antoinette de Turenne, "who scarce lived in her husband's absence, with so great love did they love each other," who had refused the hand of a royal prince to marry Sir John Bouciquaut. There were, then, as now, in every class countless women of purest honor, of stanchest virtue, wise in counsel, true of heart. And, in the highest class, if the absence of daily cares produced many frail and thoughtless beauties, it added to the souls of its saints a singular aloofness, a dazzling lustre of unworldliness, and a

penetrating grace of meditation. The long empty hours of the mediæval donjon, if they fostered the loves of a Tristan and an Yseult, also brought forth many a whiter spiritual flower.

XIII.

In the castles of the fourteenth century, the men no less than the women were religious. The middle class, and especially the respectable bourgeois man of letters, affected a certain freedom of thought: he was already the father of Voltaire and the grandfather of the speech-making Jacobins of the French Revolution. But all that was changed among the nobility. There it was essential, even as it is in France to-day, however light of life, to be grave of thought. The education of every knight made him instinctively religious. Even the scapegrace Louis of Orleans would pass weeks together in the Convent of the Celestines, praying, fasting with the monks before the altar. And a perfect knight was habitually not only pious, but austere.

The *Livre des Faiz de Messire Jehan Bouciquant* gives us an admirable picture of the life of a pattern of chivalry. The great Governor of Genoa (whom the documents of the Florentine archives reveal to us as an insupportable martinet, dogmatic, obstinate, and tyrannical, for all his virtues) appears in these pages in the inner splendor of a noble soul. Every morning

he rose at dawn, "that the first fruits of his day might be consecrate to God," and we learn with some surprise that this poet of courtly ballads, this soldier, this statesman, gave every morning of his life three consecutive hours to his "œuvre d'oraison," as infallibly renewed at night. At table, when his household were served in gold and silver, he ate and drank from pewter, glass, or wood; however rich the banquet, he partook but of one dish, the first served, with one glass of wine and water.

"He loves to read the fair books of God, the lives of the saints, the deeds of the Romans, and ancient history; but he talks little and will listen to no slander. . . . Marvellously hateth he liars and flatterers, and driveth them from him. . . . Marvellously hateth he also all games of chance and fortune, and never consenteth to them. . . . Those virtues which be contrary to lubricity are steadfast in him. . . . He is stern and to the point in justice, yet faileth he not in mercy and compassion. . . . He is very piteous to the ancient men at arms who can no longer help themselves, who have been good blades in their time, but have laid by nothing, and so are sore distressed in their old age. . . . And with all his heart loveth he those who are of good life, fearing and serving our Lord Jesus Christ. . . . He oweth no debts. . . . He never lies; and all that he promiseth, so much doth he perform."

We are content to end our study with the portrait of so true a knight.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE FOOL'S GEM.

BY EDWARD KING.

I.

In very ancient days there lived a king
 Within a land where mountains met in ring,
 And formed sweet vales, forever full of bloom;
 Where life was calm from cradle to the tomb.
 A slumb'rous park, filled with majestic trees,
 Wherein were chant of birds and hum of bees,
 Lay round the sculptured, timeworn, mottled walls
 Of the good King's unenvied palace halls.
 Upon great terraces, where marble stairs
 Led down to lawns where frolicked happy hares,
 Old orange trees in mighty ranges stood:
 A smell of spice filled all the sleepy wood.
 The fawn drank at the plashing fountain's rim;
 Innumerable swallows chirped their sunrise hymn,

Darting about the King's head as he strode,
 Each morn, along the leafy, flower-hedged road,
 Between the palace and a shaded nook,
 High on the terrace wall, whence one might look
 Upon the cup-like vales, beyond which rose
 The sun-flushed mounts tipped with eternal snows.

Thither one morn the wise King went to greet
 The sunrise. Dewdrops sparkled round his feet,
 Bright as the pearls he on his sandals wore.
 Lightly his footsteps touched the flower-strewn floor
 Of shaven odorous grass : he brushed past wet
 And fragrant sprays of tender mignonette ;
 In jasmine thickets sang the nightingale
 Her sweetest music as the skies grew pale
 With passionate awaiting of the dawn :
 Behind him on the smooth elastic lawn
 A goodly company of singers came,
 Their eyes a gleam, their lofty brows aflame,
 In concert singing threnody of night,
 And greeting to the birth of holy light.
 Then next, in order slow, the wise men paced,
 And close behind them courtiers, jewelled, laced.

The sparrows hopped around them without fear ;
 The squirrels chattered in the tall trees near ;
 The sly fox in the hedgerow turned to flee ;
 The gray owl oped a drowsy eye to see
 The richly robed procession, as it passed
 To the cool nook, and halted there at last.

Down on a mossy rock the old King sat :
 Beside him lay his jewel-broidered hat ;
 Back from his brow he smoothed his whitened hair
 His withered cheeks, kissed by the morning air,
 Were faintly ruddy, like a gray cloud thrilled
 By sunset's glow with dying splendors filled ;
 The light of peace was on his wrinkled face,
 And in his port were majesty and grace.
 His thin lips parted in a tranquil smile
 He listened to the singer's notes.

Meanwhile

Along the broad horizon of the East
 A flush spread slowly, trembled, then increased ;
 Upon the snowy summits cast a gleam
 Mysterious as an infant's smile in dream ;
 Over the pallid skies resistless stole ;
 Tinged the swift torrent in its foamy roll ;
 Melted the mists ; - ran rippling into pink ;
 Deepened to scarlet o'er abysses' brink ;
 Touched far-off sheep-folds with celestial fire,
 Then gently languished, ready to expire ;
 While the uprising sun, with glances bold,
 Flooded the heavens with streams of molten gold.

A tear ran coursing down the old King's cheek,
 His eye roved o'er the throng, as if to seek
 Some swift communion with a kindred soul
 In this high ecstasy which now upstole

Thro' all his being, as the shafts of light
 Shot with resistless glory o'er each height.
 Then said a courtier to his neighbor : " See
 How the King weeps ! From grief to set him free
 Naught can suffice but merry quips and pranks
 Of the court fool. Who calls him first has thanks.
 Summon the jester ! Lo ! the rascal hides,
 Close in yon thicket, and, distraught, he bides,
 Heedless of duty, gazing on the skies
 With the dawn's glow reflected in his eyes."

Forth then they haled the fool, who, halting, came
 As if o'erweighted with a secret shame ;
 His lips compressed, he seemed afraid to say
 What subtle sorrow o'er his heart held sway,
 And in his parti-colored garb forlorn
 Marred the harmonious radiance of the morn.

He bowed, and stood in fear before the King,
 Who gently said :

" The singers cease to sing ;
 Why art thou silent, fool ? thy cheery voice
 Was ever wont to make our hearts rejoice ;
 Hast thou been sleeping in a fairy dell ?
 Hast had a vision of the mouth of hell ?
 Thy woe unveil, or by my kingly power,
 From our high court I banish thee this hour."

Then said the fool : " O master of our lives,
 Beneath whose hand our happy kingdom thrives,
 Great worshipper of Nature's noblest moods,
 I know not why my spirit grieves and broods,
 Nor why it stands appalled before the dawn
 As some poor puzzled wight, in depths far gone
 Of tangled forest, pauses, overcome
 With fear that chills his blood, and leaves him dumb.
 But this I feel : unutterable things
 Surge in my heart ; and in my brain there rings
 This strange refrain :

O master, let me go,
 Forth thro' the hills to wander ! I would know
 The secret of the far-off moaning sea ;
 Men say beyond our mountain walls there be
 Strange beaches—ghostly white—where drifting sands
 Move rhythmically to the waves' commands ;
 Where winds and waters tell delightful tales
 Of argosies engulfed by whelm'g gales ;
 Of sirens and of mermen bold, who keep
 An elfin court in the enchanted deep ;
 And there, perchance, some wisdom I may learn,
 And having learned, then homeward I might turn
 My steps with gladness, like a child from school."
 " Yet thou wouldst aye remain a travelled fool,"
 Sighed one bluff courtier.

But the king said : " Peace !
 'Tis a wise fool who thus demands increase
 Of knowledge, though his quest shall bring him pain,
 Nor ever shall he jest for us again ;

But all his heart shall mortal anguish fill,
 Nor will his saddened, wearied soul be still,
 But, leaping like a restless child, shall cry
 For other lights than fill our homely sky.
 Thou seekest, fool, the hidden mystery
 Of that vast source of life men call the sea ;
 Tho' straying ever on its shifting shore,
 Wooed by its smiles, or frightened by its roar,
 But little shalt thou learn of its abyss
 Save that its curling waves the gray sands kiss,
 And still shall kiss them, when a million years
 Are piled above thy pigmy hopes and fears,
 The rustic shepherd, who adores each star,
 Nor questions why and whence heaven's glories are
 Shall have, while piping to his flock, I wis
 A keener touch of earth's unboughten bliss,
 Than thou shalt find while scanning ocean's page,
 Which aye alike hath baffled fool and sage.
 Then linger here with us and shun new woe ?"

Still the fool pleaded : " Master, let me go !"

Then rose the King, and took him by the hand,
 And said : " Our little breaths with ropes of sand
 About the whirling wheel of life are bound.
 Tell me, O fool, when haply thou hast found
 Some glimpse of meaning in the restless sea,
 Where shall thy comfort and thy profit be ?
 For Death with sudden shock and dreadful jar
 Shall hurl thee downward from the flying car,
 And in some newer and remoter sphere
 New secrets will perplex thee there as here.
 Seek not the deep unknowable to know !"

But the fool answered, " Master, let me go !"

Now all the court was touched with sudden fear ;
 Each crowded round, the King's command to hear ;
 Up from the valley came the joyous cry
 Of soldiers who went forth their skill to try
 In the green fields, beside the rippling streams ;
 Far up in azure a great eagle's screams
 Sounded with shrillness, in contempt of those
 Who hurtled arrows at him from their bows ;
 The thin sweet music of the shepherd's roods
 Echoed across the tufted, tinted meads,
 And eager bleating of the straying flocks
 Drifted among the hollows of the rocks.
 Maids with fair faces framed in lustrous hair,
 With clinging feet poised on each stony stair,
 Climbed the steep hills, upbearing water jars ;
 Their young eyes were agleam like morning stars
 Ere a great dawn comes rushing up the east :
 Morn brought content and joy to man and beast,
 And life hummed gladly in the market-place.

But the fool hung his head, and hid his face.

At last the King said : " Fool, depart in peace,
 And may thy yearning soul find rich increase
 Of wisdom, and withal win grace to bear
 The sorrow that with wisdom comes. Forth fare
 Along the dusty roads, a pilgrim meek,
 And, while the wind's breath doth embrown thy cheek,
 Listen to Nature, as she sings and smiles,
 Capricious ever ; but beware her wiles !
 And this I charge thee, when a year is past
 Turn, wheresoe'er thy wandering lot be cast,
 Turn thy steps homeward to thy waiting King,
 And if thou hast, perchance, a song to sing
 Wherein we catch the purpose of the surge
 Whichever its uncertain way doth urge,
 Landward or seaward, thou may'st sing it then."

The fool fell on his knees : " O King of men !
 All shall be as thou sayest. For this boon
 Take my soul's thanks."

" Let him set forth at noon !"

So said the wise old King, and gave his hand
 To the glad fool, who kissed it. " I command
 A pilgrim's garb, a purse, a staff, a scroll,
 For him who journeys whither oceans roll ;
 Keep here his motley till he comes again,
 For he may bring new follies in his train ;
 But give him earnest speed upon his way,
 And let nor churl nor prince his course gainsay.
 Farewell, wise fool ! We count the days until
 Thou shalt return, our ears with song to fill."

II.

The hush of noon was on the sun-bathed plain ;
 The fool passed up the valley, wild to gain
 A great pass in the mountains, ere the night
 Should hide the home he loved so well from sight:
 High on a crag from whence a torrent poured,
 And, foaming down through rocky basins, roared ;
 He paused a moment, and his backward gaze
 Fell on the palace roofs—one golden blaze
 Of shimmering sunshine, on the ancient trees,
 On shepherds stretched beside their flocks at ease ;
 And to his heart there stole a sudden dread
 And fear of that far goal toward which he sped.
 Loved hands seemed tugging at his garment's hem ;
 He stooped as if to wrest his skirts from them,
 And, nothing finding but a stout thorn wild,
 Which scratched his clinging fingers, the fool smiled,
 Although his fondly gazing eyes were wet
 With pang of parting and with keen regret.

Upward at last he bent anew his way,
 Till yellow sunshine faded into gray
 And misty blue, and twilight spread her haze
 With solemn swiftmess o'er the thickets' maze.
 High round him rose the lichen-covered nooks ;
 Naught living saw he but the wild-eyed flocks

Of mountain sheep, which fled as he drew near ;
 From gnarlèd trunks the wood nymphs seemed to peer ;
 Great boughs of cedar brushed against his face ;
 Now sweeping shadows made him halt apace,
 And now the murmur thro' the distant pines,
 Sown on a mighty cliff in ragged lines,
 Stirred his heart quickly : o'er the roots he tripped,
 And on the treacherous pine-strewn pathway slipped ;
 His tender hands upon sharp rocks he bruised,
 And, by the mountain's noises half-confused,
 He came, thro' whelming darkness, to a pass
 Deep in the awful gorge, where waving grass
 Keep up a rhythmic sighing, and where one
 Forlorn old shepherd, clad in thin robes dun,
 Welcomed him to a rustic hut, and made
 For him a bed of rushes ; then arrayed
 Upon a mossy rock a simple meal.

The poor fool felt his startled senses reel
 When morn came rushing thro' the narrow vale,
 Revealing to him lofty summits pale
 On either hand, and not the well-loved walls
 Of his small cosey lodge in palace halls ;
 But up he rose, and sped him on his course,
 With each new struggle finding newer force.

Two days he wound along the path
 Ever ascending, now 'mid tempest's wrath,
 Now toiling under sunshine : and one night,
 When bats flew briskly in the fading light,
 He touched the topmost point, and saw the flow
 Of waters forward to strange countries go,
 And knew his feet were straying to the South.
 A wanton warm breeze kissed him on the mouth,
 And set his blood to riot. Down he sped,
 Lightsome of heart and lighter yet of head.
 All night he wandered by a singing stream,
 And just before the morning's earliest gleam,
 With rapturous delight and glad surprise,
 He knew that he was under foreign skies.
 He felt like one who, walking to the marge
 Of a great water, sees thereon a barge
 And hastes to set foot in it, yet would fain
 An instant afterward the shore regain.
 But when the sun his magic worked above,
 The poor fool's spirit, like a fond, fair dove,
 Fluttered its wings, and downward still he went
 Until the tender golden day was spent,
 Thro' deep, delicious, sylvan, violet vales
 Where Nature her supremest charm exhales
 In subtlest witchery on earth and air,
 Making the meanest object richly fair
 With her enchanting color.

And at night
 He came out on a vine-enshrouded height.
 A faded blue had flooded all the sky,
 Yet far off the horizon seemed to die—
 To vanish—and he stood with puzzled eyes,
 Till suddenly he leaped and danced, with cries

Of ecstasy, in sharp, delirious glee,
 For there below him lay the vast blue sea !
 Ay, there she lay ! hushed in her ancient dream,
 The mother of the continents which teem
 With life drawn from her nobly moving breast,
 And of the myriad islets, each caressed
 And cherished in her infinite embrace !
 The poor fool trembled now, and hid his face,
 For thro' his senses awe began to creep :
 He heard the yearning voices of the deep,
 Crooning the anthem of eternal pain ;
 He heard the plangent waters smite the main,
 The eddies seething in the unseen caves
 Where shipwrecked sailors lay in unblest graves,
 The foamy breakers tumbling on the rocks
 Worn slippery by countless million shocks
 Thro' the long centuries ; he seemed to hear
 With dread distinctness, drifting to his ear,
 Weird whispers rising from the spray-wreaths tossed
 Landward, from spines of ragged rock embossed
 With wavy lines which traced the waters' course.
 He seemed to feel the gale's resistless force
 Combing the shifty mountains, white with spume,
 Cleaving before it a vast ocean flume
 Thro' which the hissing winds fled like the ghosts
 Of the lost angels' downward driven hosts,
 From summits of supremest heaven hurled
 Upon the feebly forward rolling world !
 Yet when he dared to look again, he knew
 All this from his imagination grew,
 For there before him the great sea lay, dim,
 Dreamily silent.

Then awoke in him
 Fierce longing to go down across the lands
 To the waves' marg', and lie upon the sands
 In the warm night.

And he arose and went
 Upon his seaward striving so intent
 He knew not where he placed his eager feet,
 But downward pressed thro' thickets, ever fleet
 And panting like a fugitive pursued.
 By sturdy vines he dropped from summits rude ;
 From cleft to cleft 'mid loosening stones he fled
 Thro' narrow passes all engarlanded
 With rustling plants, which trembled as in fright
 At this lone figure rushing thro' the night :
 Now trod the upland, now thro' marshes toiled,
 Until with aching limbs, with garments soiled,
 Breathless and tremulous, he touched the strand,
 And sate him down where Ocean kissed the land.

* * * * *

Great souls there be which strive thro' Night and Time
 To reach the infinite and the sublime,
 And, at some blisful turning of the way,
 They catch faint glimpses of the goal, which pay
 For all their toil, and gaze in ravishment.
 So now the panting fool, alone and spent,

Within his soul felt such a wild delight
 That it illuminated all the night :
 In disembodied rapture seemed to float
 His spirit, into airy realms remote,
 Filled with high harmonies : he seemed to see,
 With spiritual vision strangely free,
 The stainless primal morning of the world,
 When the vast waves of yellow flame lay curled
 Around each other—infinately deep,
 And a great rapture through them seemed to creep,
 Awaking countless forms to motion.

Then,
 Back dropped his spirit to her mortal ken ;
 The fool fell on the cool white sand, and slept,
 While slumb'rous waters toward him slowly crept.

Long hours he slept, like one with battle worn
 Whose senses are by struggle overborne
 And crushed by mute inaction.

On the sands
 Inert reposed his unresisting hands,
 And the moon-moved incoming moonlit tide
 Stole gently up and kissed them.

At his side
 It laid a wondrous and mysterious gem,
 Brighter than any in the diadem
 Of the great king his master.

He awoke,
 And felt the waters heavy on his cloak.
 The risen moon had silvered all the plain
 Of mighty Ocean, and a sweet low strain
 Of solemn music trembled on his ear,
 His spirit hovered between bliss and fear ;
 He rose to flee, when, lo ! his startled eyes
 Fell on the gem. He clutched it with surprise,
 And looked his whole soul at it. Was it dumb ?
 Or from it did a rhythmic chanting come ?

Upon his brow a sudden splendor gleamed :
 Around him floods of mystic radiance streamed,
 And far off in the oozy caverns cried
 A hollow voice ; then into silence died.
 The fool smiled calmly ; in his bosom placed
 The dazzling gem ; triumphantly he traced
 His plashing landward way thro' silver lakes
 Which ran before him o'er the sandy flakes,
 And thro' half-flooded marshes lightly trod,
 Serene and fearless as a demi-god ;
 Tall cliffs he climbed, as if with winged feet,
 And found the upward journey strangely sweet :
 His veins were filled with a celestial fire ;
 Poor fool ! he fancied he could never tire ;
 And when the moon paled, and the dawning came
 And tipped the eastern sky with arrowy flame,
 He turned, majestic, to salute the sea,
 And cry :

“Thou hast no secrets now for me !”

Then the vast waves of golden glory rolled
 In riotous confusion, fold on fold.
 Blending in blinding and inspiring glow
 Wave line and sky line, till they seemed to grow
 Into one mass of springing, subtle flame,
 Like that transcendent fire of Life which came
 When o'er the brooding waters first was heard
 Sounding through space the great compelling Word,
 And from the boundless mystery of night
 Sprang forth the rapturous harmony of Light !

III.

In his high terrace corner sat the King,
 And murmured : " Would my fool were here to sing.
 The year is past, his wondering, wandering year
 Of Ocean study ; would that he were here."

Now while he spake the touch of twilight fell
 With perfumed coolness on each flowery dell ;
 Whelmed the white palace in its purple fold,
 And blotted out the lustrous roofs of gold ;
 Merged green and yellow of the orange trees
 In wavy indistinctness, by degrees
 So subtly, swiftly gentle, that the eyes
 Mistrusted Nature's cunning quick surprise,
 And still the wonted objects seemed to see
 Where naught was, save the shadow's mystery.
 Tall plants beside the streams awoke, and bent
 Their heads together, and a light breeze went
 Straying amid the bending grasses, where
 It babbled of the secrets of the air.

Then as the King, in contemplation sweet,
 Sat with his faithful pages at his feet,
 And every courtier near him held his breath
 And bent his gaze, as one who listeneth,
 Across the terraces a sudden noise,
 Babble of maidens, merriment of boys,
 Swept like a leaping torrent's rush of spray,
 Foaming and rising ; then it died away.
 The good king rose up with a joyous cry :
 " Fool, art thou come ?"

" Yea, Master, here am I !"

" Bring torches !" quoth the King ; and when they came
 Flecking the darkness with their russet flame,
 And setting birds a-twitter 'mid the leaves,
 The fool, with head bent down, as one who grieves
 For his own failures, forward stept and fell
 Upon his aching knees, nor dared to tell
 His story.

Then the King drew near apace,
 And with his aged hands the poor fool's face
 Bent upward, and gazed at it, as to find
 Some secret in it. Yet his look was kind,
 And tender were the words with which he prayed
 The fool to rise and speak, nor be afraid.

"O master of our lives," the fool began,
 "Take pity on a spent and sobered man,
 Who, buffeted by winds, and worn by gales,
 And wearied by the sight of alien sails,
 And vexed by oar-beats of strange galleys come
 From foreign strands, and deafened by the hum
 Of night winds o'er the reedy banks, once more
 Grapples with failing hands his own loved shore.
 Have pity, Master ; all my quest was vain !
 Oh, let me don my motley garb again !
 Much have I seen, but nothing can I sing :
 Strong echoes of the striving tides still ring
 About my ears, and mock me with their strain
 Of infinite, vague yearning and dull pain ;
 Let me mine ancient quips and jests begin,
 And soften thus the memory of my sin—
 My weak ambition, mighty things to know."
 The old King murmured softly : "Be it so :
 Thou hast thy human limit learned to feel ;
 Great Nature's vision made thy senses reel.
 I do remember to have heard men say
 That he who cleaves through ocean plains his way,
 When once again he sets foot on the land
 Unsteadily upon the sward must stand,
 And sees before him dancing skies and fields.

"Rise, fool ; our royal patience pardon yields
 E'en for an absence profitless like thine :
 Our love is with thee.

"Get thee food and wine ;
 Put off this garb which of thy failure tells,
 And come to us—refreshed—in cap and bells !"

So then the Court made merry, and the fool,
 Abashed yet comforted, rose from the cool
 And dewy grass, and loosened at his throat
 The lacings of his tattered pilgrim coat,
 When, lo ! down at his feet the wondrous gem,
 Fairer than any in the diadem
 Of the good King, his master, fell and glowed
 With subtle radiance, which the grove o'erflowed :
 It cast a glory on his wrinkled brow ;
 With such sublime effulgence did endow
 His form, transfigured, that the courtiers shrank
 Backward in awe, while flowers and grasses drank
 The dazzling splendor : on the purple gown
 Of the old monarch and his jewelled crown,
 Shed such mysterious lustre of the sea
 As shone when Venus Anadyomene
 Rose from th' enchanted wave, divinely fair,
 Ethereal creature, fit the gods to snare
 In her large-limbed embraces ; filled the night
 With such miraculous and mighty light,
 That e'en the King his breath caught, as in fear
 Lest some supernal vision should appear,
 And blind him by its awful beauty. Then
 One came forth from the circle of awed men,
 Saying, "O master ! this poor fool demands

That we should place a lyre within his hands ;”
 Whereat great joy lit up the old King’s face :
 The subtle story he began to trace
 With instant intuition, and he said :
 “ Tell us, O fool, whence came this glory shed
 From yonder gem which gleams upon the grass ?”
 Then said the fool : “ O King, it came to pass
 That I lay down upon the beach to sleep,
 And round me came the frolic waves to creep,
 And as the waters kissed my garments’ hem
 I waked, and lo ! beside me lay the gem !
 Methought it murmured secrets musical
 Of the great deep, and so I said, ‘ It shall
 Tell me the story which I long to know.
 Some spirit of the deep hath deigned to throw
 Upon the pathway of a wandering fool
 The revelation it denies to school
 And sorcerer alike.’ Thus I began
 The gem to question as to ocean’s span ;
 I babbled to it of the galleys lost
 In ancient days ; of argosies once tossed
 On distant rocks, where demons perch to lure
 The unsteadfast mariner ; of sea nymphs pure
 Which dwell in coral caves deep down below
 The empurpled tropic waters’ ebb and flow
 In lonely seas ; of mystic forms of life
 Which, half-developed, struggle into strife
 With forms still ruder ; of the vasty sweep
 Of the great winds which waves in torment keep ;
 But naught the gem would answer, and its glow
 Faded, and forth its murmurs seemed to go
 And mingle with the circumambient air.
 A year I wandered, dull, and full of care,
 Threading the coast, and rounding many a cape,
 Seeing in cloud-wrack many a dreadful shape ;
 To foreign ports in fishers’ barks I passed,
 My humble line from simple skiff I cast,
 Dropt with pearl-seekers down through lucent seas,
 Steered through the breakers’ home to happy leas,
 And still the gem was silent, lifeless, cold,
 And I, tho’ I to sing was overbold
 In youthful days, alas ! I could sing no more.
 I heard the yearning ocean’s solemn roar,
 But could not phrase its meaning.

Then I turned
 Homeward, while deep despair within me burned,
 Across the mountains traced my weary path,
 Dreading, O King of men ! thy righteous wrath,
 And fell before thee, craving pity. Thou,
 Good King compassionate, believe me now,
 When I declare unto thee that this gem,
 Fall’n on the sward like blossom snapt from stem,
 Hath brightened into all th’ enchanted glow
 Which graced it first, when ’mid the tidal flow
 On the great beach I found it ! Voices come !
 From this weird ocean-treasure so long dumb !
 What mystery is this, O mighty King ?
 The gem has wakened, and it bids me sing !”

Then said the King, with trembling lips : " Wise fool,
 Thou hast been nurtured in a graver school
 Than thou dost wot of ; and the unseen guide
 Which led thy course thy steps seemed to deride
 And mocked thine aspirations, till thy soul
 Was concentrated on the final goal.
 Take up this gem, thy magic counsellor,
 Nobler than bauble won by force in war ;
 Thy guiding star shall be this elfin fire ;
 Now may'st thou sing for us.

Give him the lyre !"

So now the glad fool stooped and took the gem,
 And hid it in his robe, while over them
 Who stood about him still an after-glow
 Of its rich lustre seemed to come and go.
 He took in hand the silver lyre, and sang.

And all that night the royal garden rang
 With strange sea-lyrics, full of ebb and flood,
 Which put a tidal longing in the blood
 Of each who heard them. Now the singer told
 Of the great mists which sky and wave enfold,
 And now of rushing galleys chained by threes
 Before which a whole fleet in terror flees ;
 Now of dim caverns where the Kraken hides ;
 Of rocky coasts near which the gray shark bides ;
 Or icy oceans where Leviathan
 Still breathes the upper air unvexed by man.
 He sang of silver nights with waves that swoon
 With passion for the sweet unmoved moon :
 Of tempests, wrecks, and rocks encased in ice ;
 Of quaint sea-plants and blossoms beyond price ;
 Of ports astir with galleons which sail
 Where spicy odors load each seaward gale ;
 And grim sea rovers, on their blood-stained planks
 Bounding, to scourge the galley slaves, in ranks
 Tortured and toiling.

Then they brought him wine ;

But he said : " Master, neither fruit of vine
 Nor bread I crave while thus my body thrills
 With joy to know my spirit now fulfils
 Its mission, yearned for through the weary years,
 Mocked by strange doubts, and thrust aside by fears ;
 Still let me sing !"

So once again he sang—

Of broad waves breaking with sonorous clang
 At base of ragged cliffs where eagles nest,
 Or of lone bays where sleepy waters rest,
 In hollow caves, like children worn with play,
 Smiling in dream ; or of old oceans gray
 Thro' crawling centuries unvisited
 Till some bold voyager, by genius led,
 Cleaves their strange waters with adventurous keel ;
 Of tropic inlets bright as burnished steel ;
 Of marshy wildernesses at the mouth
 Of some vast river in the sweet still south
 Where herons and flamingoes stand arow,

Watching the earth-stained currents seaward flow ;
 Or of storm-scourged and shuddering wastes where wrecks
 Reel and go down amid th' enormous flecks
 Of foam-washed surges.

And thro' all his song
 There flowed a philosophic current strong ;
 He seemed to touch the hidden heart of things ;
 And from the lyre's awakened trembling strings
 He wrought such magic that as in a glass
 The universe they saw before them pass,
 And with mysterious and wondrous grace,
 The infinite unveil its awful face !

* * * * *

So sang the fool until the stars grew dim,
 And then the King arose and went to him,
 And took him by the hand, and said : " I swear
 Thou ne'er again thy motley garb shalt wear !
 But, robed in violet, and on thy brow
 The laurel, thou shalt sing through life as now,
 And at thy feet the court shall listen. Go :
 Let all the land our royal pleasure know !
 And from thy lustrous gem such light shall gleam
 That haply we, beneath its rays, may seem
 Nearer to Nature."

And thro' many a year
 At dawn and twilight rose the current clear
 Of the fool's singing, while anear him sat
 The old King in his jewel-broidered hat,
 With silent courtiers listening at his feet
 In the still gardens, to that music sweet,
 Through which forever throbbed the yearning moan
 Of troubled waves by tempests landward blown.

— *Westminster Review.*

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THE DOLOROUS STROKE.*

BY THE LATE BARON TENNYSON.

THERE came a rumor to the King of two knights who sat beside a fountain near Camelot, and had challenged every knight that passed and overthrown them. These things were told the King, and early one morning the spirit of his youth returned upon him, and he armed himself, and rode out till he came to the fountain, and there sat two knights, Balin and Balan ; and the fountain bubbled out among hart's-tongue and lady-fern, and on one side of the fountain sat Balan, and on the other side

sat Balin, and on the right of Balan was a poplar-tree, and on the left of Balin was an alder-tree, and the horse of Balan was tied to the poplar-tree, and the horse of Balin to the alder-tree. And Arthur said, " Fair sirs, what do ye here ?" And they said, " We sit here for the sake of glory, and we be better knights than any of those in Arthur's hall, and that have we proven, for we have overthrown every knight that came forth against us." And Arthur said, " I am of his hall ; see, therefore, whether me also ye can overthrow." And Arthur lightly smote either of them down, and returned, and no man knew it.

Then that same day he sent for Balan and Balin, and when they were brought before him he asked them, saying, " Answer ye me this question : who be ye ?" And Balin said, " I am Balin the savage,

* This prose sketch was dictated, *ore rotundo*, by Tennyson in the exact form above given to Mr. James Knowles, the editor of the *Nineteenth Century*. It afterward took shape as one of the Idyls of the King, "Balin and Balan." This original, unpremeditated prose form of the well-known poem is scarcely less beautiful than its rendering in verse.—EDITOR ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.

and that name was given to me, seeing that once in mine anger I smote with my gauntlet an unarmed man in thy hall and slew him, whereupon thou didst banish me for three years from thy court as one unworthy of being of thy table.

"But I yearn for the light of thy presence, and the three years are nigh fulfilled, and I have repented me of the deed that was unknighly; and so it seemed to me that if I sat by yon fountain and challenged and overthrew every knight that passed thou wouldst receive me again into thy favor. And this is my brother Balan, not yet a knight of thine."

Which when the King heard and saw that he had indeed repented him, he received him again and made his brother Balan knight. And the new knight demanded the first quest. And there came one into Arthur's hall, and Balan rode away with him.

And as Balin moved about the court he marvelled at the knightliness and the manhood of Sir Lancelot, and at the worship he ever gave the Queen, and the honor in which the Queen held him. Then he thought within himself, "Surely it is this Queen's grace and nobleness which have made him such a name among men, wherefore I too will worship the Queen as I may. And I will forget my former violences and will live anew, and I will pray the King to grant me to bear some cognizance of the Queen in the stead of mine own shield."

And Arthur said, "Ask thou my Queen what token she will give thee, and wear thou that." And he was bold, and asked for the Queen's crown to wear upon his shield, and that he would amend himself, under the lustre thereof, of his old violence. So she turned her to the King and smiled and asked him, and the King said, "Yea, so that thereby he may be holpen to amend himself." And Balin said, "The sight hereof shall evermore be bit and rein to all my savage heats." Then Balin ever hovered about Lancelot and the Queen, so that he might espy in what things stood truest knighthood and courtesy toward women. Anon he came to wonder how so great a tenderness of love might be between two such as were not lover and damosel, but ever thrust away from him such thought as a shadow from his own old life. Yet he grew somewhat gloomy of heart and presently took his

shield and arms and rode privily away to seek adventure.

So, many days, he traversed the thick forests, till he came upon the ancient castle of King Pelles, and there they said to him, "Why wearest thou this crown royal on thy shield?" and he answered them, "Because the noblest and the chastest of all ladies hath granted me to wear it." So at the high banquet in the hall sat one Sir Garlon, who likewise said, "Why wearest thou a Queen's crown royal?" Unto him Sir Balin made the same answer. Whereat Sir Garlon grimly smiled and said, "Art thou so simple, and hast yet come but now, as thou sayest, from the court? Hast thou not eyes, or at the least ears, and dost not know the thing that standeth (shame that groweth) between Lancelot and the Queen?" To which Sir Balin fiercely answered, "Yea, surely, because I have both eyes and ears and because I have diligently used them to learn how he, the greatest of all knights, doth gain his valor from the noblest of all ladies, I know that such a thing as this thou sayest is but a foul thing and a felon's talk." But none the less Sir Garlon's talk made him full heavy and gloomy of heart, so that he wandered to and fro among the churls, and there heard marvelous tales. For they told him that Sir Garlon rode invisible and had wounded unto death many strong and good knights, striking them through the back, and they warned him to beware of Sir Garlon.

Also they told him how that King Pelles was the true descendant of Joseph of Arimathea, and also how in hidden chambers of the castle lay wondrous treasures from the days of our Lord Christ—even the spear which ever bled since Longus smote our Lord withal, and many more such marvels, till Sir Balin doubted him whether he could believe aught that they told him of Sir Garlon or aught else. But on the morrow when Sir Garlon met him by the castle walls and mocked him, saying, "Still then thou wearest that shameful token—that crown scandalous," then did Sir Balin's old nature break through its new crust, and he smote him on the helmet with his sword. But though he overthrew and left him lying, yet his sword was broken into diverse pieces, so that he cast the handle from him, and ran hastily to find some other weapon. For by now he saw men running upon him from the

castle, and thought but to flee and to fight for his life. And as he fled he saw within a loophole window where a stack of spears lay piled, and burst the door and caught the tallest of them all, and, crying to his war-horse, leaped upon him and departed. And as he went he heard the voice of King Pelles to his knights: "Stay, stay him: he defileth holy things beyond his wit to know of." But being hot and fleet with madness he plunged far into the woods, and drew no rein until his horse was nigh to dying. Then did he spy his golden crown and bemoaned himself, saying, "Alas that I should so soon turn as a dog to his vomit! Alas! for now were I but wounded with the bleeding spear itself, and of a wound that should forever bleed, I could be none too wounded for my deserts."

So there as he lay bitter of heart he turned the shield away from him, not bearing to look upon it, and hung it to a bough hard by, and there it glistened in the sun the while he turned the other way and raged, and felt that he would dwell a savage man forevermore within the woods.

But anon came through the woods a damsel riding on a palfrey, and but a single squire attending. And when she saw the shield she stayed her horse and called her squire to search for him who owned it, for she marvelled to see Queen Guinevere's crown thereon.

Then when she had found Sir Balin she demanded straightway that he should help her through the woods, for that she was journeying to King Mark of Cornwall, and her good knight had met some misadventure and had left her with none but this squire. "And I know thee for a worshipful man and one from Arthur's hall, for I see by this cognizance that thou art from the court." Then did Sir Balin redden and say, "Ask me not of it, for I have shamed it. Alas! that so great a Queen's name, which high Sir Lancelot hath lifted up, and been lifted up by, should through me and my villainy come to disgrace!" Thereon the damsel, looking keenly at him, laughed, and when he asked her why, laughed long and loud, and cried that little shame could he do to the Queen or Lancelot either which they had not themselves already done themselves.

And when he stood as Lot's wife stood, salt-petrified, and stared at her, she cried again, "Sir Knight, ye need not gaze

thus at me as if I were a reader of fables and a teller of false tales. Now let me tell thee how I saw myself Sir Lancelot and the Queen within a bower at Camelot but twelve months since and heard her say, 'O sir, my lord Sir Lancelot, for thou indeed art my true lord, and none other save by the law.'"

But when he heard her thus, his evil spirit leaped upon him and tare him and drove him mad, and then he cried with a great yell, and dragged the shield from off the tree, and then and there he cast it to the ground, drave his mailed foot through the midst of it, and split the royal crown in twain, and cast the two halves far from him among the long weeds of the wood. Then at that cry came Balan riding through the forest, and when he saw the broken shield and crown lie on the earth he spurred his horse and said, "Sir Knight, keep well thyself, for here is one shall overthrow thee for the despite thou hast done the Queen!" At that Sir Balin, for he knew not that it was Sir Balan, seeing that his newly granted shield had yet no bearing, called to the Squire to lend him his shield, and, catching up the spear he gat from Pelles' castle, ran his horse fiercely to meet Sir Balan. And so sore was their onset that either overthrew the other to the earth; but Balin's spear smote through Sir Balan's shield and made the first mark it had ever borne, and through the rent it pierced to Balan's side and thrust him through with deadly wounds, wherefrom the blood streamed and could not be stayed until he fainted with the loss of blood; and Balin's horse rolled on him as he fell, and wounded him so sorely that he swooned with agony.

But when they thus lay the damsel and her squire unlaced their helms and gave them air, and presently when they came to themselves they gazed as men gone newly wild upon each other, and with a mighty cry they either swooned away again, and so lay swooning for an hour. Then did the damsel wait and watch to see how this might end, and withdrew herself behind the leaves.

Anon Sir Balin opened first his eyes, and then with groanings which he could not hide for pain he slowly crawled to whither his brother lay. And then did he put from off his brother's face his hair, and leaned and kissed him, and left his

face beblooded from his lips, for by now his life began to flow away from his hidden inner wounds.

Then presently thereafter Balan woke up also from his swoon, and when he saw his brother so hang over him he flung his arm about his neck and drew his face again down to him and said lowly in his ear, "Alas, alas, mine own dear brother, that I should thus have given thee thy death ! But wherefore hadst thou no shield, and wherefore was it rent asunder and defiled ? O brother ! for it grieveth me more than death to see this thing." Then did Sir Balin tell him all that Sir Garlon and afterward the damsel had told him of the Queen, and when Sir Balan heard it he moaned greatly and cried out that Garlon was a felon knight, well known about those marches for his evil deeds and lies, and the damsel he well believed, if she were going to King Mark, was as bad as he. "Perchance Sir Garlon," said he, "was

the very knight she said had left her : and would I could find her or her squire," he said, "for even dead man as I am I fain would now abolish her lest she work more evil than this dolorous stroke she hath caused betwixt us two."

When the damsel heard them thus speak, she feared for her life lest the wounded knight might be recovered and might find her, and stealthily she sped away to King Mark and after to Arthur's court, and there she told how she had overheard from Knights of Arthur's Table scandal beyond all disproof about Sir Lancelot and the Queen. And thus in truth the Dolorous Stroke was struck, which first shook to its base the stately order of the Table Round.

Then when the damsel left them came the Lady of the Lake and found Sir Balin and Sir Balan at their last breaths, and caused them to be solemnly buried, and sang above them an high song.—*Nineteenth Century.*

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

I.

In the summer of 1869, an artist, whose wanderings had led him far into rural England, rambled one sunny morning about the town of Glastonbury. Like all but a very few Englishmen, he cared little for the ancient history of his land : Avalon was a myth that did not speak to his imagination, and the name of Dunstan echoed but faintly for him out of old school-books. His delight was in the rare quaint beauty of the noiseless streets, in the ruined abbey with its overgrowth, its great elms, its smooth sward where sheep were nibbling, and in the exquisite bits of homely landscape discoverable at every turn. He would have liked to remain here for several days, but in the evening he must needs journey on.

After a mid-day meal at the inn which was built for the use of pilgrims four hundred years ago, he turned his steps toward a spot it still behooved him to visit, though its associations awoke in him but a languid curiosity. This was Wirrall Hill, a little grassy ascent just outside the town—famous for ages throughout Christendom as the place of the Holy Thorn, the budding staff set by Joseph of Arimathea when he

landed from his voyage. A thorn is still preserved on the summit : having considered it with a smile, the artist threw himself upon the grass, and gazed at what interested him much more, the scene spread before his eyes.

Opposite lay Glastonbury, its red-roofed houses (above them the fine old towers of St. John and St. Benedict) clustered about the foot of that high conical hill called the Tor, which with its ruined church beacons over so many miles of plain. Northward the view was bounded by the green Mendips, lovely in changing lights and shadows. In the west, far upon a flat horizon, glimmered the Severn sea. White lines of road marked the landscape in every direction ; the willow-bordered *rhines*—great trenches to save the fields from flood—wound among crops or cattled pasturage ; and patches of rich brown showed where peat was stacked. A scene perfect in its kind, so ancient, peaceful, dream-inspiring.

He was awakened from reverie by the sound of voices. At a short distance stood two children, a little boy and a still smaller girl, doubtless brother and sister : they had just caught sight of the stranger, and were looking at him with frank wide

eyes, their talk suspended by his presence. Our friend (he was a bachelor of fifty) did not care much for very young people, but this small couple were more than usually interesting; he thought he had never seen such pretty children. They were dressed very simply, but with a taste which proved that they did not belong to working folk; their faces, too, had nothing in common with those of little rustics, but were delicately featured, remarkably intelligent, toned in softest cream and rose color. The boy (perhaps seven years old) wore a tunic and knickerbockers, and carried a wand higher than himself; the girl, a year younger, who had golden curly locks, and a red sash about her waist, held in her arms the tiniest of terrier pups.

"How do you do?" cried the artist, in the friendliest voice he could command, nodding to them. "Here's a comfortable place; come and sit down."

They hesitated, but only for a moment. Then the boy advanced, and the girl followed more timidly. After a few rather awkward attempts the artist drew them into conversation. Their wits corresponded to their faces; when he spoke of the hill on which they were sitting, he found that the boy knew all about its history.

"Joseph of Arimathea," said the youngster, with perfect pronunciation of the long word, "had eleven companions. Father is painting them."

"Painting them? What! your father is a painter?"

"Yes," the boy answered proudly, "like Michael Angelo and Raphael."

"Now that's a curious thing. I am a painter too!"

They examined him keenly, the little girl allowing her puppy to escape, so that in a few moments she had to run away after it.

"Are you an historical painter?" inquired the boy with much earnestness.

"No. Landscape only."

"Oh!"

The tone was of disappointment.

"What is your father's name? Perhaps I have heard of him."

"Horace Miles Castledine," was the reply, again uttered proudly.

The artist averted his face, and kept silence for a moment.

"Mine is Godfrey Banks," he said at length; "not such a nice name as your father's."

"No, not so nice. But it isn't a bad name. I like Godfrey. And are you famous?"

"Some people like my pictures."

"But are you really famous—like father is going to be?"

"I am afraid not."

"But you are very old, you know," said the lad. "Father is only thirty—quite young for an artist. When he gets as old as you, he'll be famous all through the world—like Michael Angelo."

"I'm very glad to hear that. Where does your father live?"

"Just down there—not far. Shall I take you to see him and tell him you're a painter?"

"That would be very kind. Yes, I should like to go."

The artist had made up his mind that he must not leave Glastonbury without visiting this most notable of its inhabitants, a man who, in the year 1869, was engaged on an historical painting—subject, "The Landing of Joseph of Arimathea in Britain"—and who plainly had the habit of declaring before his offspring that in a few years his fame would circle the earth.

Addressing his companion as "Muriel"—which probably meant Muriel—the youngster announced that they would return home forthwith, and with many signs of delight he led the way. Banks held his hand to the little girl, who accepted it very sweetly; with her other arm she enfolded the puppy. And thus they moved forward.

In less than a quarter of an hour the guide pointed to his father's dwelling. It was one of a row of simple cottages, old and prettily built; in the small garden were hollyhocks, sunflowers, tall lilies, and other familiar flowers, blooming luxuriantly, and over the front of the house trailed a vine. A delightful abode in certain moods, no doubt; but where could be the studio?

The artist took from his pocket a visiting-card.

"I will stay here," he said, "until you have given that to your father, and asked if I may be allowed to see him."

Two or three minutes elapsed, and when the boy reappeared, it was in the company of a singular-looking man. This person (one would have judged him less than thirty) had a short, slim figure, and a large head with long, beautiful hair, al-

most as golden as that of his younger child. He wore a dressing-gown which had once been magnificent, of blue satin richly worked; time had faded its glories, and it showed a patch here and there. On his feet were slippers, erst of corresponding splendor; but they, too, had felt the touch of the destroyer, and seemed ready to fall to pieces. His neck was bare. The features of the man lacked distinction: one felt that they were grievously out of keeping with such original attire; that they suggested the most respectable of every-day garments. A small perky nose, lips and chin of irreproachable form and the kindest expression, blue eyes which widened themselves in a perpetual endeavor to look inspired—that was all one cared to notice, save, perhaps, the rare delicacy of his complexion.

He came quickly forward, smiling with vast gratification.

"Mr. Banks, you do me a great honor! Pray come in! My wife is unfortunately from home; she would have been overjoyed!"

His voice was quite frank and pleasant; the listener had prepared himself for some intolerable form of euphuism, and felt an agreeable surprise.

They entered, and went first of all into a tiny sitting-room, gracefully furnished. Castledine could not conceal his excitement; for here was one of the first artists of the day, a man really to be revered, coming—if only by chance—to inspect his work and utter words of encouragement! He kept up a dancing movement round three sides of the table while his visitor spoke ordinary civilities.

"My studio," he explained at length, "is up-stairs. I have very little convenience, but for the present it must do. The picture I am engaged upon I should like to have undertaken on a larger scale; but that couldn't be managed."

"My little friend here," replied the artist, "has told me what the subject is."

"Yes—yes!" said Castledine, breathlessly. "But of course he couldn't explain the principles on which I work. I must tell you, first of all, Mr. Banks, that I have had no academic instruction. I trust you don't think that is fatal?"

"Fatal? Surely not."

"I was married—I am happy to say—very early; at two-and-twenty, in fact." He blushed a little. "At that time I

lived in Lincolnshire; I was in business. But from boyhood I had studied drawing—quite seriously, I assure you; so much so, that I passed the South Kensington examinations." He pointed to a framed certificate on the wall. "I even went in for anatomy—seriously, you know. In anatomy I feel pretty sound. At my marriage I was able to get a little more leisure; we went to Paris and to the Netherlands, and it was then I determined to become a painter. I didn't feel altogether justified—as a married man—in abandoning business, but I managed to give a good half of each day to serious work—really serious. Then we decided to go to London for a year or two, and I studied independently at the National Gallery. The figure was to be my *forte*; I had understood that from the first; I worked very seriously from the life—made quite a vast number of the most thorough studies. I haven't wholly neglected landscape, but I should be ashamed to speak to you of what I have done in that direction. All the time, I still gave attention to—to my business; but at last it was clear to me that I must take a bold step—the step inevitable to every serious artist—and give myself entirely to painting. So, two years ago, we came to live here, and I began my studies for what I hope may be—a work one needn't feel ashamed of."

"You chose the place because of its quietness?"

"I must explain to you." He still moved dancingly about the table, forgetting even to ask his visitor to be seated. "From boyhood I have felt very strongly that artists have never paid sufficient attention to the early history of England. It seemed to me that this was a great field for any man with true enthusiasm. My wife—who sympathizes with me in most things—encouraged this idea. She has a great delight in the history of the English Church, and on one of our holidays we came down here to see Wells and Glastonbury. Then it was that I conceived the thought I am now trying to work out on canvas. I felt that I couldn't do better than work on the very spot—in this atmosphere of antiquity."

"I understand."

"But I must explain. It will occur to you—what about costumes and that kind of thing? Here my principle comes in. It seems to me that our modern painters

attach far too much importance to these accessories. Now we know that the *great* men cared very little about them—that is to say, about antiquarian details. They painted boldly, intent upon the subject—the human interest—the human figure. I am trying to follow them. Of course I avoid grotesque improprieties, but otherwise I allow my imagination free play. No one really knows how Joseph of Arimathea and his companions were dressed; I have devised costumes which seem to me appropriate."

He spoke hurriedly, watching the listener's face as if he dreaded a sign of disapproval. But Godfrey Banks was all courteous attention.

"Of course I use models. There is one man who sits for me often—a very fine fellow. And I—but perhaps you will come upstairs?"

"Gladly."

Castledine intimated to his children that they were to remain below; then he led the way to the upper story, and into a back room—lighted from the north indeed, but with obstruction of trees, and through a small window. Fastened upon the wall opposite this window was a canvas of about eight feet by five, covered with figures in various stages of advancement, some little more than outlined. Impossible for the painter to get more than two good paces away from his picture. A deal table and two chairs were the only furniture, but every free bit of wall was covered with small canvases and drawings on paper.

"Not much convenience, as I said," remarked Castledine, with nervous glances, his whole frame breathing tremulous eagerness. "But men have done serious things, you know, under worse difficulties. I hope before long to get a skylight; that would be a vast improvement."

"Yes," murmured the other, absently.

He was regarding the great picture. One glance had sufficed to confirm his worst fears; the thing had neither execution nor promise. It was simply an example of pretentious amateurism: no drawing, no composition, no color, not even a hint of the imaginative faculty. In grouping the figures about Joseph (who watched the instantaneous budding of his pilgrim's staff) Castledine seemed to have been influenced by a recollection of Raphael's

"Feed my Sheep" cartoon; the drapery, at all events, was *Raphaelesque*. What remark could be made that would spare the painter's feelings, and yet not be stultifying to the critic?

"It ought really to be seen from farther off," panted Castledine, whose heart was already sinking as he read the countenance of his judge.

"Yes. And wouldn't it perhaps have been wiser to take a smaller canvas—under the circumstances? You have set yourself a task of extreme difficulty."

"The difficulty inspires me," said the other, but this time with feigned animation. He had fully expected an admiring utterance of some kind as soon as ever his companion's eyes fell on the picture; but the silence was not caused by awe, and could mean nothing but dissatisfaction.

As Banks's look strayed in embarrassment, it chanced to light upon the little table by the window. There lay a water-color drawing, still fixed on the board but seemingly finished, the color-box open beside it. He moved a step nearer, for the drawing struck him as of interest. It was a bit of local landscape, a rendering of just such a delightful motive as had held his attention again and again through the day. For quite two minutes he examined it gravely, Castledine, with an air of mortified abstraction, glancing from him to the canvas.

"And yet," exclaimed the artist suddenly, turning round, "you spoke slightly of your endeavors in landscape!"

Castledine seemed not to understand the remark; his delicate cheek grew warm; his eyes fell for a moment, then turned absently to the drawing.

"You think—" he began, stammeringly.

"Can you show me anything else of this kind?" Banks inquired, with a smile.

It was no novelty in his experience that a man of marked aptitude for one line of work should hold with obstinate blindness to another, in which he could do nothing effectual; but here seemed to be a very curious instance of such perversity. Again he scrutinized the water-color. And while he did so, Castledine took from a portfolio that was leaning against the wall some half-dozen similar drawings. In silence he handed these to the artist, who regarded them one after another with unmistakable pleasure.

"You think they're worth something, Mr. Banks?"

"They seem to me really very good," replied the critic, as one who weighs his words.

It was on his lips to add, "Did you really do these?" but Castledine's silence seemed to make the question as needless as it would have been uncivil.

"If I may venture to offer counsel," he continued, "I should say, go in for this kind of thing with all your energy."

"You—you don't care for my picture—I'm afraid—"

"I feel that it would be very unjust to speak unfavorably of it. In so small a studio it's simply impossible to face the demands of such work—hard enough under any conditions. But these water-colors—my dear sir, how can you have been so doubtful of their merit? Have you never shown them to any one?"

"Never."

"Will you give me one of them in exchange for a thing of my own, which I would send you?"

"With great pleasure; choose which you like."

"It shall be this, then."

Castledine was so plainly chagrined by the slighting of his great work that the artist sought to console him with more effusive praise of the drawings than he would otherwise have felt justified in offering. Imperfections were obvious enough to his practised eye. The things would not stand beside a David Cox or a Copley Fielding, but there was promise of uncommon excellence. No ordinary amateur could by any degree of perseverance have obtained the happy effects which characterized this pencil. After all, Castledine's artistic fervor meant something. He had gone shockingly astray, but it was not too late to hope that he would cultivate his true faculty with fine results.

They conversed for half an hour, then Banks made known the necessity he was under of quitting Glastonbury early that evening, and with much friendliness prepared to take his leave. Down-stairs he was met by the children; he tapped the girl's glossy head with the rolled drawing, and said to her father—

"It was a happy chance that brought these little people to me up on the hill. No one had ever more appropriate guides to an artist's house."

Castledine beamed with sincere pleasure.

"They are healthy," he said, catching up the child in his arms, "that's a great thing."

So the visitor went his way, musing and wondering.

II.

"What's that in his hand?" asked the boy, as he stood watching at the door.

"Have you given him something, father?"

"Yes. A little drawing he wished to take. Come, we must get tea."

There was no servant in the cottage. A neighbor's daughter came to do occasional rough work, but all else was seen to by Mrs. Castledine. That lady had gone this morning to Wells, on no very agreeable errand: the circumstances of the family were straitened, and a pressing need for ready money obliged her to sell a gold watch which was lying by. Her husband seemed the natural person to do business of this kind, but his time was too valuable. Mrs. Castledine had insisted on going herself, and she would not be back for another hour or two.

With his children Castledine was usually a model father, full of joke and song and grotesque playfulness; tender as a woman, yet not foolishly indulgent. But the visit of the distinguished artist had a grievous effect upon him; while boiling the kettle and laying the tea things he grew silent and gloomy. His nerves were disordered; he broke a cup, and fretted over the accident. Presently the little ones could not get from him a word or a smile. He drank some tea, bade the boy guard his sister, and went up-stairs.

To reappear again in a few minutes. He could not remain in one place. The sight of his picture caused him acute misery, gradually changing to resentment, and when he came in sight of the water-color by the window, he turned sharply away.

A well-dressed lad of sixteen knocked at the front door.

"You weren't able to come for my drawing-lesson, Mr. Castledine?" he said, when the long-haired man presented himself.

"Upon my word! I entirely forgot it!" was the despondent reply. "Some one called just at the time."

The excuse was invalid, for Castledine

ought to have gone for the lesson half an hour before Banks's arrival. But he had in truth forgotten all about his engagement. With a promise to come on the morrow, he dismissed his pupil, and strayed about the house more dismally than ever.

At length Mrs. Castledine returned.

She was not handsome, but had a face of far nobler stamp than her husband's—a warm, animated face, with kind eyes and the lips of motherhood, infinitely patient. In entering, she looked both tired and excited. The first thought was for her children; she caught them both in her arms, kneeling down to them, and bathed her face in their curls. Then—

"Where's father? Upstairs?"

"Yes," replied the boy; "and he won't play with us because he's got a headache, and a landscape-painter has been to see him—not a very famous painter—Godfrey Banks."

"What *are* you talking about, darling? Godfrey Banks has been here? Sit down quietly, and I'll go and see father."

She hurried up the crazy little staircase, and threw open the door of the studio.

"Horace! have you a headache, dear? What's this that the children tell me? Has Godfrey Banks really been to see you?"

"Yes."

"But what's the matter? Did he—?"

She checked herself, glancing uneasily at the great picture.

"Well, you see, I don't think he knows much about historical painting. I suspect he was put out by the originality of the thing, if the truth were told."

"Perhaps so," murmured his wife, in a tone which betrayed anxiety, but no sceptical disposition regarding the work discussed. She asked for particulars of the visit; and when this was talked over, Castledine inquired what success she had had at Wells. At once her face changed to a sly good-humor; she opened her little hand-bag, searched in it mysteriously for a moment, then laid upon the table a sovereign.

"You don't mean to say that's all?" cried her husband.

Smiling, she brought forth a second sovereign, a third, a fourth—and so on till she had displayed the sum of ten guineas. Finally, there appeared the gold watch itself, which she held triumphantly aloft.

Castledine was amazed, and demanded what it all meant.

"Listen, and you shall hear. You remember our reading in the paper the other day about Mr. Merriman of Wells, and his fine collection of pictures?"

Castledine nodded, gazing at her in painful suspense.

"Thinking and thinking," she continued, "of all sorts of ways of getting money, I made up my mind to try something which was perhaps hopeless—yet it seemed to me worth trying. I resolved to go to this Mr. Merriman and show him two of my water-colors."

She broke off, alarmed by her husband's look.

"You think I did wrong, Horace?"

"No, no. Go on! What happened?"

"I went to his house, and he was very kind indeed—a most courtly gentleman. And I showed him the sketches—saying they were by a friend of mine. I didn't dare to say I had done them myself, lest he should think them worthless before he had really looked at them."

Her modesty was exquisite; she spoke with perfect good faith and simplicity.

"And what do you think? He liked them so much that he offered to give me five guineas for each, at once. And he said he would take more, if my friend had any to dispose of!"

"Then you told him they were yours?" asked Castledine, in an uncertain voice.

"No, not even then. I had a pleasure, then, in keeping the secret. He was discretion itself; didn't ask a single troublesome question, not even my name. And I have been thinking all the way home: how good it would be for you to know him! Don't you think so? If we told him the truth about the water-colors, and then got him to look at your picture, mightn't it be of great advantage to you?"

Castledine smiled in a sickly way, murmuring assent.

The children's voices, calling impatiently, put an end to the talk. Castledine said that he would have a walk before dark, to see if he could get rid of his headache; and having made himself rather more like a man of this world, he went forth.

He was in sore perplexity and travail of spirit. What in the name of commonsense had possessed him to tell that silent lie to Godfrey Banks? For the present,

perchance, no harm would come of it, but sooner or later what he had done must almost certainly be discovered by his wife, if not by other people.

For, in their serious need, how was it possible to neglect a promising source of income? Here were two men, both excellent judges, who declared the water-colors of value. Yet he had never suspected it. The fact was, his wife's work had been growing better and better by gradual stages, the result of her great patience: this progress he ignored, taking it for granted that she was still at the same point in art as at the time of their marriage, when she drew and colored not much better than the schoolgirl with a pretty taste in that kind of thing. She spoke so humbly of her attempts, and assented so cheerfully to all his views of what was worth doing in art. But for a strong vein of artistic faculty in her composition, she must long ago have been discouraged, and have given up even amusing herself with sketching from nature. Castledine was quite incompetent to direct her, or to estimate what she did. Convinced that his own genius would display itself in grand subjects on big canvases, he had got into the habit of slighting all work of modest aim and dimensions. Now and then, asked to look at some drawing which his wife had finished, he said, "Pretty—very pretty;" and she, who was the real artist, bowed her head to the dictum of the pretender, in whose future, by force of love, she firmly believed.

Evil promptings came into his mind. He felt a preposterous jealousy. Yes, that was why he had allowed Banks to think him the artist of the water-colors; he could not bear to become altogether insignificant, subordinate even to his wife. Had the great picture received a modicum of praise, he could have told the truth about the little drawings. But self-esteem held his tongue, and minute after minute went by—and the lie was irrevocable, or seemed so.

He wandered some distance into the country, and did not return home till an hour after sunset.

His wife was waiting anxiously. Long ago the children lay in bed. She was alone, and troubled because of the strange way in which her joyful news had been received. Being a woman of clear enough judgment in most things, she divined the

astonishing truth that her husband was a little envious of the success that had come to her, while *he* labored year after year without a gleam of encouragement. How was such feeling compatible with the love she always recognized in him? But men were singular beings, especially those blessed or cursed with genius.

Castledine entered silently, fatigued and miserable. Wisely, his wife did not constrain him to talk. She set his accustomed supper of warm bread and milk before him, and waited patiently. When he had eaten, he allowed his hand to be taken and caressed; and of a sudden remorseful tenderness subdued him.

"Hilda, I have behaved like a blackguard—"

"Nonsense, dear!"

"Oh, but wait! I'm going to tell you something disgraceful. I can't look you in the face, but I must tell you."

He began to unburden his conscience. With red cheeks, burning ears, and eyes like those of a dog conscious of wrongdoing, he half explained how he had been led into deceit. Yet did not tell the whole truth; could not, though aware that what he concealed was the better part of his excuse. He found it impossible to avow that Banks had not a word of commendation for the big picture. Partly to relieve his confusion, and in part because she was really anxious, before discussing the other matter, to know the judgment of such a man as Banks on the work with which all their hopes were connected, Hilda asked—

"But what did he say that so discouraged you?"

"Oh, he didn't discourage me," replied her husband, with nervous impatience. "He talked about the difficulties I must be finding—in such a little studio, you know. I could see that he didn't quite trust himself to speak decidedly about figure-painting. He has never done anything but landscape, and so it was natural. He didn't discourage me in the least!"

"Did he like the attitude of Joseph?"

"Yes, he liked that. I saw he was impressed by that," stammered Castledine; "and the grouping in general, and the scheme of color. Don't think for a moment, Hilda, that he discouraged me. But what a blackguard you must think me to go and—"

She kept silence.

"I shall write to Banks," he continued, "and make a clean breast of it. I can't help what he thinks. He shall know that I deceived him."

"But, Horace, you say you didn't actually tell him that the drawings were your work—?"

"No. I only allowed him to suppose it."

"Then why need you do anything at all?"

He glanced at her, and Hilda's eyes fell, a slight color mantling in her cheeks.

In the first moment she had felt ashamed of what he had done, and very uneasy about the position in which it placed them. The shame still troubled her, but she deemed it so impossible for Horace to go through the humiliation of confessing a lie—the consequences of which might even be a lasting detriment to him—that in a flash her mind had contrived how to cloak the deception by continuing it. What woman has the courage to bid her husband face a mortifying ordeal in the cause of truth, especially when the result of such ordeal will be to glorify herself at his expense? Of a sudden her countenance changed; she laughed, and began to speak as if the matter were trifling.

"Now, what a good thing that I didn't tell Mr. Merriman! Let the drawings go without a name. No, no; better still! They shall be signed 'H. Castledine;' that's my name, and yours as well!"

Hope began to brighten the listener's face, but for very decency he made a show of resistance.

"I can't allow it, Hilda! I've suffered too much already for cheating you of your praise. And think, we shall be only too glad to sell as many drawings as you can make. How is it possible to keep up such a deception forever?"

"Forever?" She laughed with mirthful mockery. "As if we should be long in difficulties! Why, you will have finished your picture in a few months, and then we shall have no more trouble. You don't imagine that these little sketches are really important enough to be talked about? Let us sell as many as we can; they won't please for very long, and in a year or two no one will remember them."

"But it's a monstrous shame—"

"Nonsense! Now go on steadily with your work, and let me draw away while the summer lasts. We'll send some of

the sketches to London, and see if dealers will buy them. And you know, Mr. Merriman has promised to take more of them. As if it mattered, Horace! Husband and wife are one, I hope!"

And so, in spite of her conscience, Hilda settled the question. On the morrow, Castledine forced himself to resume painting with a semblance of confident zeal. The ten guineas would go a long way, and with their help he was soon able to believe that Godfrey Banks knew less than nothing about the higher walks of art.

He prided himself upon the slowness with which he worked. "All great works of art," he was wont to say, "take a long time." It often happened that he sat through a whole morning merely gazing at his canvas; Leonardo, he reminded Hilda, had the same habit. This mental labor exhausted him, and for a day or two after he found it necessary to read novels, or wander with his children about the fields. Of late he had been earning a little money as a teacher of drawing; but this employment was degrading: it always made him incapable of handling a brush for the next twenty-four hours.

About a week after the visit of the landscape-painter, there arrived the drawing promised in exchange for that he took away. Of course it was a delightful bit of work. Castledine remarked, "Pretty—very pretty," and paid no more attention; but Hilda kept it before her for days, studying and profiting by its masterly characteristics.

The water-colors sent up to London were readily sold. With this resource before her, Hilda was relieved from any necessity of applying again to Mr. Merriman. Conducting business by correspondence, Horace could sign himself simply, "H. Castledine," and needed not to state that he was the artist. But one day toward the end of October a carriage stopped before the house, and Hilda, at the window, was alarmed by seeing the connoisseur from Wells alight and approach. She rushed up-stairs to her husband, spoke a few words of agitated surprise, and ran down again to answer the knock at the door.

Mr. Merriman was past middle age, lean, tall, grave of aspect. On seeing Hilda, he for an instant looked puzzled; it was plain that he remembered her. But without reference to their former meeting,

he explained, in very pleasant tones, that he wished to see Mr. Castledine, of whom he had recently heard in a conversation with Mr. Godfrey Banks, the painter. Leaving him in the parlor, Hilda again hurried up-stairs.

"You must come!" she whispered, trying her best to look as if she enjoyed the joke. "Mr. Banks has sent him here. He knew me again. You must say that I took the water-colors to sell without your knowledge."

"But how *can* I—?"

"Of course you can, for it's the truth. Say you had thought very little of them—were absorbed in your great picture, and that we were dreadfully short of money just then. Do, do be careful!"

Mr. Merriman stayed for more than an hour. Less conscientious than Banks, he did not allow himself to be struck dumb by the sight of "Joseph of Arimathea," but found something to say which, though it meant little enough, was balm to Castledine's feelings. Naturally, however, he kept conversation as much as possible to the subject of water-colors. Horace had little difficulty in following his wife's instructions; when he told the story of Hilda's visit to Wells, the connoisseur showed himself relieved from an embarrassment.

"I had made up my mind," he said, "that the lady was herself the artist, though it was difficult to account for her not being willing to admit it. When Banks happened to bring out the drawing you gave him, I recognized the workmanship at once, but something of the mystery still remained. I'm not sure," he added, laughing, "that I didn't begin to think of larceny."

Horace joined in the laugh with great heartiness, and thereupon Mrs. Castledine was summoned up to the studio. Mr. Merriman repeated his laudation of the water-colors, and appeared so taken up with them that only at the moment of leaving was he obliged to invent a few more phrases for Joseph and the Holy Thorn. To these words Hilda listened eagerly, and they sufficed to inspirit her. When the visitor was gone, she talked exultantly about the painting, and, with her husband's help, avoided a syllable of reference to the imposture which had again been successfully practised.

III.

In one sense Hilda Castledine did not underestimate her work; for the last year she had been conscious of great improvements, and at times it disappointed her that Horace seemed not to recognize this advance. She had explained his indifference by humbly admitting to herself that after all she remained an amateur—the kind of person especially distasteful to artists of strong individuality. But this excuse was no longer valid; her work had a market value, and that owing to no sensational qualities, to no passing fancy of the public, but in virtue of simple merits which make their claim felt wherever men are capable of recognizing true art. When it was necessary to speak of the matter with her husband, she still used a slighting tone; but her eyes were opened, and she saw, among other things, that Horace had either been insincere with her or was lacking in judgment. This consciousness became a fixed trouble, and blended with the self-reproach due to the falsehood she had undertaken to support.

That perfect harmony which had reigned in the little household was gravely disturbed. Castledine could no longer work; when he shut himself into the studio it was only because he grew ashamed of open idling. He knew that Mr. Merriman's encouragement meant nothing; Banks's silent criticism sank deeper and deeper into his mind. A process of disillusion was hastened by the moral imbroglio into which he had slipped. In spite of conceit, he was anything but a man of lax principles; prior to that hapless day of Banks's visit he had never been guilty of grave untruth. But, as generally happens, harassment of material cares had weakened his character and prepared him for yielding to temptation. Already he had begun to regard his picture with secret uneasiness, to weary of the great task; left to himself, he would probably have abandoned Joseph of Arimathea, and, in face of financial trials, either have seriously taken up the profession of drawing-master or have returned to his old business. Now he could neither renounce his labor nor pursue it. A sense of shame constantly haunted him—shame at being supported by his wife, shame at taking the credit due to her, shame at his own futile

ity. Even the hours spent with his children were spoiled; he no longer had that pure joy in their affection which used to be the best element of his life.

It was significant that Hilda had ceased to sit with him in the studio. When working at home, she retired to her bedroom—not venturing to use the parlor lest her occupation should be observed. Even from the children she began to conceal, as far as possible, her artistic pursuits; they might speak to strangers, and, worse still, they might in future years conceive suspicions affecting their father's honesty. Every day she said to herself that the life of falsehood to which she was committed must not last long.

That she was living thus resulted from her own lack of firmness; it was she who had withheld Horace from an avowal of his fault. She admitted it, lamented it, and understood the disastrous results for which she was responsible. At the same time she blamed Horace—even though her heart loathed and utterly rejected the idea of doing so.

Her faith in him had suffered a blow from which it would not recover. This, too, she did her best to deny; but no effort enabled her to talk with him of his work as formerly. She saw that on his side there existed a corresponding unwillingness; this relieved her from a painful endeavor, but otherwise only intensified the moral disease she had contracted.

One natural result of her artistic success was the development of an ambition which hitherto had taken only the lowliest forms. Formerly she cared for no approval but her husband's, and when even this was denied she could recompense herself with the happiness of home. Now it cost her a continual struggle to repress the impulses which signified that she was something more than wife and mother. Her gifts had ripened; a long, patient apprenticeship was over, and but for unfriendly circumstances she would have hastened to enlarge her experience amid nobler scenes. The simple lowland landscape no longer satisfied her. Of this, however, she must not speak, must not even think. Had she not doomed her art to eventual sterility? Impossible to continue for a lifetime secretly producing work which admirers and purchasers would attribute to Horace. Even if her nature were equal to the strain, it was obvious that discovery and disgrace

must sooner or later befall the perpetrators of so singular a fraud.

In seeking to defend Horace from the results of puerile falsehood, she had sacrificed a future rich in the happiest possibilities for herself, her husband, and her children.

Mr. Merriman invited them to spend a day with him at Wells, that they might see his pictures. The children would accompany them. All arrangements were made, and a fine morning summoned them to set forth early; but at the last moment Hilda declared that she did not feel well enough to go.

For several days she had been troubled with a cold caught in damp fields; it seemed better, but a sleepless night had dispirited her, and she could not endure the thought of practising deceit in return for their friend's kindness.

"My head is too bad," she professed, when Horace went to speak with her in private.

"That's a pretence," was his impatient answer. "Why couldn't you say before that you had rather not go?"

"You will be far more at ease without me, Horace."

He turned away, with difficulty refraining from an outburst of anger. It was very rarely indeed that they spoke to each other in any voice but that of affection; at present, both felt irritable, and desired to be apart. Horace moved toward the door, but perverse feeling got the upper hand with him.

"If this is how you are going to behave," he exclaimed suddenly, "why did you prevent me from having done with lies when I wished to?"

They could not face each other. Hilda trembled from head to foot, and her tongue retorted in spite of her will.

"Why did you make it necessary for me to save you from shame?"

He hastened out of the room and out of the house. Hearing the front door close, Hilda all but sprang forward to recall him. The children, running in with anxious questions, helped her to resist the impulse.

"Mother isn't well enough to go, my darlings," she said, taking them in her arms. "Father must go alone, and you shall stay to keep me company."

She shed a few tears, but presently commanded herself, and turned to the

common duties of the house. Evidently Horace had gone. There was a fear in her mind lest he should resolve on some act of expiation—such as confessing his fault to Mr. Merriman: but it seemed unlikely; he had not enough force of character. The depreciatory thought afflicted her; she spent a day of struggle with her emotions, and determined that this first scene of discord should also be the last. Rather than the peace of their home should be marred, she would support every trial. On his return, Horace should find her with the old face of tender welcome. It was she who had done the worse wrong; she must atone for it by self-denial, by cheerful devotion, and hope that some escape from the consequences of their weakness might soon be discoverable.

Castledine was back again at four in the afternoon. He came in anxious and shamefaced, not ill-tempered. The reception that awaited him, though not unlooked for, brought tears to his eyes.

"A letter has come for you," said Hilda, when they had exchanged words of forgiveness.

"Who's this from, I wonder?"

It proved to be an offer of the post of drawing-master at a boarding-school in the neighborhood. This was no surprise, for the father of Horace's pupil had already suggested the possibility of his filling a position left vacant at the summer holidays. The demand upon his time would be only two hours a week, and the payment of corresponding slightness.

"I shall take it," he announced, with an air of resignation. "Curious that this should come to-day; I have a promise of two other private pupils. On the way home I met Mr. Brownson, and he recommended me to call on a friend of his who had two little girls to be taught drawing. I shall take that too."

And with a sigh he stared at the ceiling.

The Mr. Brownson in question was their only acquaintance at Glastonbury. They had known him for a month or two. People of education who choose (or are compelled) to live in a peasant's cottage, will never have any difficulty in avoiding intercourse with the better-class folk of their neighborhood; an anomalous position is a safeguard against the attentions of country society. But for this isolation, Hilda could hardly have entertained the thought of passing off her own drawings as her

husband's. It looked now as if their connections were likely to extend; and herefrom might result new anxieties.

"I have something else to tell you," said Castledine, presently, in a tone that suggested grave deliberation. "For the present—just for the present only—I think I shall put the 'Joseph' aside."

Hilda listened breathlessly; she could find nothing to say, and after a short silence her husband proceeded—

"The fact of the matter is, I have attempted something—not beyond my strength, but impossible in my situation. There's no finishing a picture of that size in such a studio. Merriman thinks I have done wonders—all things considered. But miracles are not in my power. I must wait till we have a larger house."

"I am sure that is wise," Hilda murmured, consolingly.

"If you really think so, that settles it. For the present, 'Joseph' must stand aside. I shall get a small canvas, and begin at the 'King Alfred.' Won't that be better? I mentioned the thing to Merriman, and he seemed to be much interested. But I tell you what, Hilda: it's not only a larger studio that I need; I'm afraid I'm rusting in this out-of-the-world place."

"Yes—I too have had that fear," she assented with much readiness. "I am sure it would be better for you to be in a town—if we could only manage it!"

"We must plan it somehow. Yes, I am decidedly rusting; that's the explanation of the dull, tired feeling I have had for a long time. The fact of the matter is, if I can't live by my painting, I must be content to give up a part of each day to lessons. It's a wretched necessity, but then it's better than having to give up all altogether— isn't it? If I had to do *that*, it would be all over with me, you know."

He looked at her very gravely, a pathetic wrinkle on his brow.

Hilda made up her mind that the project of leaving Glastonbury should be carried out, and before very long. But for what had befallen, the lanes and fields and water-courses in their autumnal coloring would have afforded her calm delight, and have supplied infinite material for her pencil. But that was all over; she feared the thoughts that were suggested by every favorite nook or view. The renunciation on which she had resolved, if possible at

all, would only be so amid strange surroundings—all the better if remote from natural beauty. In a town she might perhaps forget the misery of frustrated impulses.

Horace procured the small canvas, and transferred to it the outlines of a drawing which he had prepared and laid aside more than a year ago. But he got no further than this. Distaste for the subject speedily assailed him; he mooned about his little room, or slipped away in truancy, or else declared that the skies were too gloomy for painting, and amused himself with his children. Hilda had entirely ceased her water-color work, and no remark on the subject ever passed between them. Meanwhile, she was corresponding with a married sister who lived in the north, trying to discover if Horace could hope for employment as a teacher in that town. The undertaking seemed feasible. She succeeded, moreover, in borrowing a sum of money to meet the expenses of removal and settlement. Thereupon it was decided that they should quit Glastonbury at Christmas.

Castledine brightened wonderfully at the prospect of change. He began to talk, as in the old days, of great achievements that lay before him. Again he assured his little boy and girl that some day their father's name would be rumored to the ends of the earth—"like those of Michael Angelo and Raphael." He resumed the satin dressing-gown, of late discarded, and began to make what he called anatomical studies, in charcoal, on huge sheets of paper. The packing of his "Joseph of Arimathæa" occupied him for many days; so precious a canvas must not be exposed to risk in the removal.

And as for his wife, she seemed to have recovered the sweet and placid patience which was always her characteristic. No one divined what lay beneath her tender smile, with its touch of sadness—least of all Horace himself. No one knew of the long sleepless nights when she wept silently over a glorious hope that had come only to vanish. She had her moments of rebellion, but subdued herself by remembering that her own weakness was to blame for these sorrows. An artist no longer, however her artist soul might revolt, the duties of wife and mother must suffice for all her energies, and supply all her happiness.

Then she packed away her colors and sketch-books—it was once for all. She never drew again, and never again looked at the accumulated work which was her preparation for a futile success.

IV.

In the bar-parlor of one of those comfortable little inns (not hotels, and still less gin-shops) which are yet discoverable if you seek far enough from London, destroyer of all simple ease, three men were sitting. It was New Year's Eve. At this hour, past ten o'clock, the streets of the market-town had fallen into stillness; the house itself was very quiet, only an occasional laugh, or a voice raised in seasonable greeting, came from the bar. For more than five minutes the three men had kept silence. Two sat by the fire, with long clay pipes in hand, and glasses reachable on the mantelpiece; they were middle-aged, and by their dress seemed to be well-doing tradesmen. The third leaned back in a corner, his arms crossed, his head bent; he too wore broadcloth, but it had seen more than fair service. His plain and not very intelligent face declared an uneasy mind, and thin straggling hair of unusual length heightened the woe-begone effect of his general appearance.

One of his companions turned to look at him, and said in a friendly voice—

"Rather quiet to-night, Mr. Castledine?"

He nodded and sighed, but made no other answer.

"Let's hope that 1890 will treat us better than 1889 has done," continued the other, cheerfully. "Won't do, you know, to begin the New Year in low spirits. Never meet trouble half-way."

Castledine let his arms fall, looked into his empty glass, and said in a husky voice—

"I've had a shock to-day."

"Sorry to hear that. How was it?"

The third man had turned his head in curiosity. For a moment Castledine glanced from one to the other, seeming to hesitate; then he changed his position, stroked his stubbly chin, coughed, and began to speak with an air of impressiveness.

"I went to call upon Sir William Barnard."

A pause invited the hearers to look surprised or respectful.

"I have no personal acquaintance with him, but I had my reasons for thinking that he might be disposed to recommend me a pupil or two. It isn't my habit, you know, to trouble people with this kind of application; but just at present I have to stir myself. Things are dull in my profession."

"Like in every other," remarked the man hitherto silent.

"I fear so. Well, Sir William was at home, and he received me without a minute's delay. I explained to him who I was and what I wanted. He looked at me with a good deal of interest and said, 'Mr. Castledine, your name is familiar to me. Are you a landscape-painter?' I answered that in days gone by I had done a little work of that kind, and he looked still more interested. 'I see from your card,' he said, 'that your first initial is H. Now I have two little water-colors, bits of Somerset landscape, which I prize very highly, and they are both signed H. Castledine. Are they your work, I wonder?' 'Yes, Sir William,' I answered, 'I have no doubt they are.' At that he was really delighted, and asked me at once to come into Lady Barnard's boudoir and look at the drawings. And there they hung, my work of just twenty years ago!"

His voice sank mournfully. He shook his head, sighed, and watched the faces of the listeners, who knew not what to say.

"I'm a victim of circumstances," he continued in a moment, "if ever man was. It puzzles you, no doubt, that I should once have done great things, and yet at my age, only fifty, be nothing but an obscure drawing-master. You don't understand the artist's nature. You can't imagine how completely an artist is at the mercy of circumstances."

Assuredly the worthy men had but slight understanding of these things. They exchanged a glance, muttered "Ah!" and still listened.

"I told my story to Sir William, and he was deeply moved—deeply moved. He said he would exert himself to be of use to me."

"Well, that means a good deal, I should think," said one of the hearers. "It ought to have cheered you up."

"Perhaps so; but you don't know what it meant to be reminded of power and reputation that are gone forever. When I did those two little water-colors, any one

would have said that I had a brighter future than most artists then living. Landscape wasn't really my strong point. I was an historical painter. I lived at Glastonbury, in Somerset; an out-of-the-way place, if you like; but even there I was sought out by great artists. The late Godfrey Banks—you have heard of him, I hope?—one of the greatest men in the English school, called upon me one day, just to see a picture I was engaged upon. He was astonished at finding me in a little cottage, with nothing but a tiny back bedroom for a studio. 'How's this, Mr. Castledine?' he said; 'how can you work under such conditions as these?' 'You may well ask, Mr. Banks,' I replied. 'Circumstances, circumstances. Can't afford anything better at present.' He was shocked and angry. You must understand that an artist's reputation doesn't always mean money. My little water-colors sold for just enough to keep me and my family alive; but my great work had to be done very slowly—very slowly. Banks was delighted with what I showed him—a great picture, filling all one side of the room; but it almost brought tears to his eyes to think that I should be laboring against such terrible odds."

"Didn't he help you?" was asked.

"Help me, my dear sir? How could he? An artist cannot go round with a hat soliciting alms. We could only hope that my great picture might soon be finished, and sold for a satisfactory price. But it was *never* to be finished!"

"Why not?"

"It's very difficult to explain an artist's obstacles. But from the first circumstances were against me. I married at two-and-twenty—a rash, indeed a fatal, step. I encumbered myself with a wife and family (though the best wife and the sweetest children that man ever had) at an age when I ought, above everything, to have been independent—free to travel, to study. Already I had overtaxed my health in working at art when circumstances compelled me to earn a living in other ways. And while at Glastonbury my strength and spirits were so completely shattered that—well, well, I don't like to speak of it. Would you believe that my poor wife had to go and sell her watch to provide us with food? That," he added, quickly, "was before I had found out that my water-colors would sell. I thought so little of

them. And now two of them are hanging in Lady Barnard's boudoir, together with a Millet and a Turner and other masterpieces! Yes, a victim of circumstances, if ever man was!"

His companions kept a sympathetic silence.

"We left Glastonbury; but ill-luck followed us. I had to toil as a drawing-master, and before long my artistic faculty deserted me—crushed out by hard circumstances. Four years later my wife died—of a fever she caught in dirty lodgings at the seaside. The noblest wife that ever man had!" A tear ran down his cheek. "I was left with the two children—a boy and a girl. My son would have been a

great painter. At twelve years old he had done astonishing things. But he died at fourteen, after a dreadful illness—poor, dear little lad! And my poor girl married a blackguard—a blackguard, who took her off to the colonies, and makes her life so miserable that I dread to have a letter from her, though she does her best to put a good face on things, poor child! All of us, victims of circumstances."

He stood up, turned aside to blow his nose and wipe his cheeks, and began to move toward the door. Before going forth, he faced his companions again, and said hoarsely—

"Gentlemen, I wish you a Happy New Year!"—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

AUTHORS, PUBLISHERS, AND REVIEWERS.

BY FREDERICK WICKS.

THE constant recurrence of complaints by those who write of the actions of those who purvey what is written makes it advisable that the whole subject of the book trade be reviewed from a standpoint other than that of the author. It is time that authors should be invited to import a little common-sense into the consideration of their pretension and their business arrangements. By doing so they may acquire some knowledge of the estimation in which their complaints are held by those who are not authors.

To arrive at accurate conclusions, it is necessary to strip the author of the sentiment associated with the craft, and to treat him as one of a circle engaged in producing and offering for sale a commodity in general demand—to treat him, in fact, as one would a designer of patterns to be printed on calico or woven into more costly fabrics;—and, inasmuch as the offenders against public taste in bringing their trade complaints before the public are very largely novelists, the considerations here advanced may be restricted to them alone. If the authors of law, medical, and scientific works feel that their efforts are unappreciated, or that their publishers have treated them unfairly, we never hear of their dissatisfaction. In many cases such works are written from a motive other than that of direct gain; the editions printed are usually small and

necessarily high-priced; their production is regulated by a sterner regard for genuine demand; and they are never thrown in the air on the chance of meeting a favorable breeze. Books of travel, too, have now become fewer, because travelling has become common and discovery more rare. The production of books of poetry and polemics of research and biography would probably have increased but for the surprising development of periodical literature through whose pages the readers in these classes are abundantly addressed. The producers of fiction, indeed, appear to have increased out of all proportion to other writers, and their works find their way into print with a facility that suggests abnormal causes. Yet it is among the enormous throng of writers of fiction that we find the denouncer of the publisher and of the bookseller. Their complaints suggest that it is necessary to apply a corrective in the shape of plain speaking. When they affect artistic purity and associate with the pretension to artistic purity a sordid wail over the small sum they receive in exchange for their labors, they present a pitiable appearance in the eyes of commonplace laborers, whether in letters or in other honorable callings. It appears to have become necessary to point out to them that it is at their own instance they have aspired to address the public. They may feel that they have a mission to write,

and it is reasonable to allow them to make an effort to justify the belief with which they are possessed ; but that does not excuse them for blaming others for their want of a success commensurate with their aspirations. That they have themselves and only themselves to blame for the meagreness or the absence of reward is beyond question. The formation of societies, the establishment of journals, the publishing of articles by committees, and even the eating of dinners, will not compensate in public estimation for the deficiency of the work they esteem so highly. It may be that the opportunity for success is sometimes denied to the possessor of undoubted capacity by reason of accidents that no foresight can prevent, and even a committee of taste could not control. Conditions of health, of domestic surroundings and obligations, may often crush genius ; but in these cases we hear no complaint, and certainly we should hear none such as that with which we have recently become familiar. Mediocrity is always puffed up and often blatant : a superior capacity always looks at home for the cause of failure in the first instance, and always regards a reverse as an incentive to new and uncomplaining effort. The public complaints come from those who in literary composition mistake the tortuous for depth of meaning and the incoherent for poetry ; who, in ignorance of human nature, have recourse to a travesty of the black magic for their tragedy, and to the supernatural for exhibiting an extravagance of emotion ; who encourage that sort of literary affectation which shows itself in the use of meaningless phrases and attempts at innuendo, and who think their enigmas suggestive because they tell nothing and cannot be understood ; who in the guise of the artistic realist purvey the garbage of social life in all its detailed nastiness, and are outraged because a bookseller does not force the refuse into our drawing-rooms.

It is singular with what unanimity the pseudo-artists complain of every interest on which they rely for carrying on their occupation. Their creed requires that the operations of universal law should be arrested in defence of their pretensions. Inferentially they assert that while authors are always virtuous, self-denying, honest of purpose, and artistic in aspiration, their genius is restrained, even to the point of

destruction, by the grasping publisher, the venomous critic, the monopolizing librarian, and the ignorant bookseller. The eager public, we are assured, are denied by a monstrous conspiracy of vested interests and greed the opportunity of revelling in the brilliant compositions that lie unheeded on the publishers' tables in the form of manuscript ; and even those that struggle into being and become enclosed in boards result only in still further distending the plethoric bank balance of the extortionate publisher, and leave the wretched author a prey to the malicious critic and poverty. Sometimes we have curious examples of self-condemnation exhibited to us in the form of public protests by individuals. A lady well versed in the art of dealing with the rapacious middleman recently denounced her publishers and appealed for public sympathy because, having sold her rights in a manuscript to a publisher, the purchaser had exercised the rights he had paid for. If she had an aversion from publishing in three volumes she should have included that as a condition of the sale. Having failed to do so, she should refrain from condemning others who are not responsible for her want of foresight. If a person sells the rights in a work it may be presumed he does so for a consideration of which he thinks that it compensates him for the transfer. If reservations be made, they count with the person to whom the work is sold as a reason for reducing the price to be paid. You cannot eat your cake and have it. If you want to retain complete control of your work, you must not sell it. If you want cash, and do sell it, you must content yourself with enjoying the proceeds, and let your artistic effort go. You may sell a lease of your work for a term of years and place conditions on the method of production and the numbers to be issued ; but whatever you sell is gone, and gone for a consideration. It is as absurd to desire to restrain a publisher from using the rights he has bought as to restrain an author in the expenditure of the gold which the publisher has paid him for the rights conveyed. It is more than absurd to complain because the man with whom you have contracted has had the bad taste to die, and has been succeeded in the rights conveyed by those with whom you are not in sympathy. It is monstrous to complain that they have exercised the

rights so conveyed. An author's only course in such a case is to endeavor to buy back the coveted rights. To complain of being overreached is to exhibit petulance and to estrange sympathy.

Sometimes the public sympathy is invited to regard a publisher as a scoundrel because, by the energetic prosecution of his business, he has made a few thousand pounds out of a single work, for which he paid a sum that must be pronounced small, as compared with the proceeds of the venture; but the author who is offered a sum of money to carry out an idea, not germinated in his own brain, but in the brain of the publisher who makes the proposal, should accept or reject the offer as a laborer would an offered price for digging a hole in the ground—so much work for so much money. If the employer makes a fountain of gold to spring from that hole by cunning devices and lavish expenditure of other money in other ways, he deserves his reward. If in the joy of his success he makes a handsome present to the laborer who dug the hole, his thank-offering should be accepted gratefully and his praises should be chaunted. To denounce him as rapacious and as an extortioner would be deplorable.

The grievances of the complaining author do not end with his relations to the publisher and the reviewer. He conceives an evil disposition among the distributors of his productions. The circulating library and the railway bookstall are especially obnoxious, chiefly because they together form the largest area of communication between the publisher and the public. The proprietors of those organizations have assumed the position of censors, and on this account they are condemned by authors who seek notoriety by outraging taste. The very criticism and irritation here exhibited are an acknowledgment of the honesty of the librarian and of the bookstall-keeper, for they show that the expurgation has been accompanied by the sacrifice of profits. Granted that the book excepted would sell or be read, it follows that the seller or the lender loses by exercising a censorship. Should the self-constituted censors be in error in matters of taste or of morals, they suffer the punishment of loss for their error; and if their errors in censorship become persistent competitors will appear, and they will expiate their error by suffering annihilation. Au-

thors who fret under this commercial censorship should, before they refuse to bow to it, reflect on the bare possibility of the censors being right and their being wrong.

Strange to say, both the circulating library and the bookstall-keepers have their grievances against the publishers and the booksellers, and especially against the authors, who, they conceive, should control the subordinate elements in the machinery of publication. This, probably, is a view that the author has never hitherto dreamed of in pondering his responsibilities. That he should not only write, but should control the method by which his ideas are given to the world, is an obligation that he refuses to regard as his. Yet he looks for the ultimate revenue, and if he were wise he would control the process of gathering revenue step by step.

The circulating librarian protests against three-volume novels and extravagant prices. No author believes him, and the publishers deny his statements wholly. They say that a librarian can supply three subscribers with a three-volume novel, and only one subscriber with one. Obviously, therefore, he prefers three volumes to one. There is a fallacy here. The argument would hold good, as against the librarian, if he could buy the three volumes at the price of the one; but he cannot; and, as the three volumes cost three times the price of one, he naturally prefers the variety of three separate works for the price he pays for the long-drawn-out one work in triple covers. The argument goes farther. If the type of the three volumes be condensed between a single pair of covers, the librarian can supply his customers with a much larger literary meal for this third price, and keep him satisfied for a longer time with the single volume than he could with one of three volumes, so that it is conclusive he must prefer the single volume, provided he can get it at a third of the price that he has to pay for the three volumes. The argument goes still farther. It is a matter of notoriety that in many cases, while the first volume of a set of three is often much read, the second is comparatively unsoiled, and the third remains uncut and never asked for. It is not uncommon, indeed, for a librarian to have lying on his shelves hundreds of pounds of dead capital that never yields him a penny of return, represented by second and third volumes of books that ought

never to have been published. There can be no doubt the librarian would prefer a single volume at a moderate price to three volumes at three times the price; and the author, if he were wise, would prefer to have less money spent on paper and binding, and so tempt readers to buy rather than to borrow.

The author, however, has an aversion from low prices, and from an appeal to the public; he knows that the chances of success with the public are more uncertain than with the libraries. The libraries are few, and they must have something new to keep their circle at work; they are easily canvassed by the publisher; and their orders, as a rule, protect the publisher from actual loss in any event. There is no doubt that the compactness of the trade, so far as the libraries are concerned, causes many books to be published that would otherwise never see type; and few authors, even among those of the most complaining sect, would be inclined boldly to pass by the libraries and rely on the ordinary trade channels. The line of thought suggested by such a proposal should bring home to authors that their guild must be regulated not by their desires, but by the harsh rules of commercial interests and commercial competition; it should show that the circulating librarian, being actuated solely by commercial motives, has no concern about anything but the satisfaction of his customers. It would be more pleasing and more profitable to him to have many thousands of a few good books than a few copies of many thousands of indifferent books. His expenditure would be less, and his manipulation would be easier. A hundred different books selling well on a bookstall, too, would be far more satisfactory to the stall-keepers than a thousand that had no attractions to the public. What circulating libraries and bookstall-keepers want is books that suit the public taste, and keep the trade spinning.

The bookstall-keeper, whose commissions are a constant source of sorrow to the dissatisfied author, has a palpable grievance in the use made of him as a means of advertising books which he cannot sell. Any one can see that his shelves are crowded with books that have few attractions, and are not worth house-room. Moreover, he complains that travellers systematically examine his shelves, finger

his books, and, having made a selection, go out of the railway station to the nearest bookseller's shop, and buy the book selected at a monstrous discount. He is asked why he does not outbid the man round the corner, and allow the discount. He pleads that this is made impossible by the high rent exacted by the railway company for his privilege. The railway director, on the other hand, declines to lower his tax on the reading public, and passes the grievance on in an everlasting circle as monotonous as an argument on the incidence of Imperial taxation.

It seems, then, that the author is not the only member of the book trade possessed of a good-going grievance. All those whom he commonly asperses as his natural enemies have their own troubles, and we have recently had a publisher exhibiting for trade animadversion the tyranny of the popular author who (he makes out) scourges him and his fellows with hard terms and relentless exactions. It is an odd condition of things to find a publisher calling for public sympathy because he thinks he pays authors more than he believes their services to be worth. He writes as if he did so under compulsion, and had no alternative. Even the critics have their grievances. They do not expose them; but those who can assert with truth a capacity for genuine critical power complain that their position is assumed by any number of aspirants in journalism (who have never produced a single reputable work and can lay no claim to any special fitness for exercising the critical function) at prices—and here is the grievance—that would not supply mustard for their necessary beef. Publishers may step in here, and, echoing the critic, complain that early copies of the books sent "With the Publisher's Compliments" are not even cut by the editor who receives them, but straightway, within the next hour after presentation, are sent to the second-hand bookseller, and are by him offered for sale at a third of their published price before the press has ceased working the edition off.

Writers of notices of books excuse their inefficiency on the ground that the publications are inferior and that it is waste of time to read them. Why a book which a reviewer finds it troublesome to read should be noticed at all is one of the mysteries of the trade. It has come to pass

that editors and publishers of periodicals, in their exertions to attract revenue, are less anxious about their reputation as critics than they are to procure advertisements. The insertion of a flattering phrase in a notice of a book that has never been read balances the injustice of slashing condemnation in cases where the publisher is non-compliant in the matter of advertisements. The degradation to which the criticism of fiction has been reduced of late is thus caused by the abnormal growth of the business motive among the editors of periodicals, which impels them to "notice" everything issued, instead of selecting works worthy of notice only. This disposition is fostered by the anxiety of the authors to be "noticed," howsoever indifferently, and is exaggerated by the elaborate system of literary log-rolling that has come into fashion within recent years. Of sound, well-considered, studious criticism of works of imagination, we have now scarcely any in our periodical literature. We may be told that if works were produced worthy of such handling the critics would be forthcoming, and there is some truth in the retort; but it does not answer the whole case. The question here put is, Why should so-called critics write log-rolling paragraphs, or prepare advertisement lime-twigs for the confusion of their readers and the degradation of their craft? The answer may be, and probably is, that it is easier and cheaper to drop a pleasant sentence in the midst of a paragraph of commonplaces, and so disarm those disposed to criticise the critic, than to engage in serious work. By this simple expedient the author's vanity is gratified, the publisher is provided with a quotable sentence, the reader flutters with the expectation of having an agreeable companion for a few hours, and by means of it the librarian satisfies his subscriber. When the subscribing reader discovers he has been deceived he has forgotten who deceived him, and tries another book with renewed hope.

Obviously the question is many-sided, and the author with a grievance should pause before appealing to the public. There are many who write from the soundest and purest motives and are actuated by the highest ambitions. These will have their reward, and rise superior to the accidents of publication; but the great mass of those who write approach the work

from no other motive than that of acquisitiveness or of vanity. To them authorship is a trade and only a trade. Moreover, there is nothing in the book trade, so far as they are concerned, that does not find its parallel in the meat trade—except that farmers do not write, and only grumble among themselves. The farmer breeds sheep, nurtures them with infinite care, and sells them for a trifle. The sheep pass to the retailer through the middleman, and the householder consumes them, with relish or not, according as they are well or ill-favored, and he grumbles at the high price he has to pay for his bodily sustenance. The farmer denounces the salesman whom he uses to dispose of his produce, and the householder vilifies the butcher who consults his daily whims for a consideration. Occasional outbursts at the villainies of the middleman appear in the daily journals; but the lethargic consumer continues to pay for the privilege of being waited on, and the farmer's prices continue to be dictated by his business incapacity. It is so with the author. Running through all his complaints we find the admission that he is not a man of business, and if he prefers to say he is not a "huckster" or a "bagman" it is only because he regards these as epithets suggestive of the degraded state of the publisher in comparison with the superlative excellence of the author. It never seems to occur to the complainants that it is because they are not business men that it becomes necessary for them to employ and pay some one who is to do their business for them merely because they cannot do it for themselves. Some of them have awakened to this fact, but with a curious result. We find the book trade in these later days encumbered with a new species of cormorant—a veritable middleman, called a "literary agent." He is the creation of the unbusiness-like author, who, smarting under the fear that he will be fleeced by the publisher, employs an agent, and pays him to see the fleecing done. He pays a man to draw a veil between him and the mean higgling, that he may not be pained by it; and he takes heroic comfort in the assurance of the commission agent that the best terms have been made, and that the profits of the publisher have been curtailed. By-and-bye, there is reason for expecting, we shall have accumulated on the head of the

"literary agent" all the vituperation now levelled at the publisher, who will perhaps join with the author in denouncing him as a monopolist and a middleman; and both will execrate the day so useless a parasite was thought of. At present he seems to be a particular favorite with the ladies; but surely it must be apparent to the understanding of the most unbusiness-like of authors that it is more costly to employ two men to make a bargain for them than to employ one. It would be ridiculous, however, to hope to convince the unbusiness-like author as to this, because, being unversed in trade matters, he never will understand that a purveyor is in all trades necessary for the purposes of distribution, and that the publisher is really nothing more nor less than a literary agent himself.

There are in certain trades—among calico printers, for example—men who, putting a sign over their doorway, announcing that they are manufacturers, procure custom by false pretences. They are merely agents—calico printers' agents, in the instance referred to, who never owned a calico-printing machine or rented a factory in their lives, but who employ designers from whom they extract patterns for a pittance. With these designs they contrive to create a trade, and make a profit out of the labors of the designer and the actual manufacturer without contributing a tittle to the commonwealth by their intrusion. They are, indeed, as useless to society as a race-course bookmaker, with the single exception that they may be regarded as promoters of novelty of conception in calico prints. The literary agent at present prefers to be only an agent. A year or two hence he will call himself a publisher, and put his work out to be done for him, unless he finds that by wedging himself in between the suspicious author and the publisher, who prefers not to be bored, he can, without incurring obligation or risk, extract an additional commission from his Frankenstein.

It is not to be supposed that any panacea can be found for the recurrent wail of the disappointed author. In nine cases out of ten his grievance is nothing more than a passing spasm of chagrin, or of jealousy, or of conscious weakness. Certainly its cause cannot be found in the natural division of the labor of production

and distribution. The extraordinary increase in the numbers of the reading public of late years, combined with a great reduction in the cost of production, is the main cause of those incidents in the publishing trade that are most to be regretted. Those who have engaged in meeting the increased demand have not hitherto been so careful as they should have been in satisfying it. The book trade has taken to shoddy, and the market is clogged with unsaleable goods. The reading public, for whose instruction and culture the whole organization of the book trade is supposed to exist, is unable to determine the cause of its misfortunes. It knows there is something wrong, but cannot tell what. Being an unorganized mass, it is slow to move to a conclusion, and it sighs over its misfortunes, without attempting the achievement of a better system of procuring its supply of reading, just as it neglects effectually to improve the method of its supply of beef. The reading public knows it ought to be better served, because it learns that the price of paper—the chief element in the art of production, where anything but the smallest editions are in question—has fallen during the last twenty years to less than one half; and if printers' wages have risen, new machinery and devices have tended to economy in press-work and binding. Those variations are all in favor of a better service of the public; but they throw a greater responsibility upon the author for the present state of things than upon any other section of the publishing trade. The true remedy for all the grievances of authors is to be found in the production of good work. If authors would write less and burn more, prices would go up, and the time of the reading public would be better employed. It unfortunately happens, however, that the use of the pen tends in most cases to egotism, and this induces excessive production and a disinclination to burn. A certain amount of egotism is essential to the development of all things new that may be contrived by man; and the artist in literature, no less than the artist in music, or in painting, or in mechanics, or in manufactures, must be an egotist to succeed; but his egotism need not be intrusive; it need not necessarily be directed to the debasement of competitors; above all, it need not be effusive, and defamatory of those without whose co-operation it can-

not effectually embody its ambitions and gather its rewards.

The desire for a "bit of reading," which has now become universal among us, has been responded to by the issue of millions of penny sheets. They are chiefly filled with fiction of the least satisfactory type, which is supplied according to pattern and length—at so much per thousand words, in fact,—with mechanical regularity, and serves the purpose of occupying the time of the readers without prompting them to the exertion of thought. There is little to choose between these and the majority of the wares which stock the circulating library. The manufacture of them is as easy as lying; and they are as far from novelty as from truth. Mr. Fenimore Cooper's noble savages and unerring marksmen come to life again in newer colonial districts, and relieve the rising generation of the monotony of those three volumes which record the platitudes of walking ladies and gentlemen at home. Lord Lytton's mysticism is travestied with appropriate incoherence, but with obvious ignorance of the Kabbalah; and Gaboriau puzzles are manufactured with surprising industry, and, no doubt, with profit. There is little produced that is true or instructive, for the philosophical fiction is usually atheistical or blasphemous; and those devoted to passion revel in concupiscence and call it love. The question for the moral-philosopher comes to be not whether the manufacturers of those compositions reap the just financial dues for their industry, or whether, by making a bad bargain with their publishers, they are robbed of their rights. These questions may well be left to the literary agent and the natural greed which encumbers the artistic aspirations of the despoiled author. The really important question is, In what way, now that the school board has taught the people to read, can the book trade, by natural development, supply them with something worth reading? It is idle to disguise the fact, at the outset of such an inquiry, that fiction will be demanded above and before everything else. The parable has been consecrated as a teaching instrument by the sower of good seed; and it behooves those who would emulate His example to bring a little conscience to their work, to avoid sowing tares; and, leaving the publisher, whom they denounce

as a thief, to look after his own soul, they should contemplate the responsibilities involved in wielding the pen, and proceed to set the publisher an example in the matters of conscience and honesty.

It is in the cultivation of the critical faculty, then, that the remedy will be found. Egotism is needed to excite production, and of that we have plenty; but perfection can be achieved only by a stern unyielding process of criticism, not by the hurried reviewer after publication, but by the author, page by page and line by line, as he produces; by the publisher, who has to be imbued with the notion that his reputation suffers by the publication of books that it is a waste of time to read; by the manager of the circulating library, who accepts subscriptions and never troubles himself to justify the word "Select" on his announcements; by the bookseller, who should refuse to give counter room to books on sale or return without making himself acquainted, not only with what sells, but with what is good; and, above all, by the Press reviewer, who should cease to coin sentences for publishers' advertisements, and endeavor to advise his readers what to read and what to avoid. To do this honestly, the reviewer must himself read the books. Should this most desirable awakening of responsibility come to pass, the unappreciated and aggrieved author may multiply his manuscripts at will for the instruction of his domestic posterity; but his contemporaries will cease to be troubled with him in print. The literary publisher, as distinguished from the mere merchant, will, in this new condition of things, come to the front, and refuse to put his imprimatur on work that does not reach his standard of excellence. The reading public will, in this event, no longer be asked to waste its time in ascertaining whether a book is worth reading: it will be able to assume that the publisher has earned his legitimate profit by satisfying himself on this point in behalf of his supporters. This ideal state of things would reduce the author with a grievance to the last extremity. His effacement should not be a cause of regret. If it induced emulation and self-examination on his part, it would be an unqualified advantage.—*National Review*.

THE TOMB OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

BY REV. HASKETT SMITH.

THE opening last year of the New Museum at Constantinople, and the exhibition to the public of the rare sepulchral treasures discovered at Sidon a few years ago, seem likely to mark an epoch in Syrian research. It will doubtless be within the recollection of many, even among those not directly interested in such matters, that in the spring of 1887 a remarkable series of rock-cut tombs was accidentally brought to light in the neighborhood of the ancient capital of Phœnicia. As one who was living within a short distance of Sidon at the time when the sepulchres were opened, who hastened to the spot so soon as the first announcement of the discovery was made, and who has since had the opportunity of thoroughly examining their contents in the museum at Constantinople, I propose to describe as briefly as possible the most important of these sepulchral remains; and then to discuss a theory which has been raised concerning them, and which, if correct, will render this discovery forever memorable in the annals of exploration. According to this theory, the most splendid of these sarcophagi once held the remains of Alexander the Great.

It will be best perhaps to first give some account of the circumstances attending the discovery. About a mile to the northeast of Sidon, and a few hundred yards from the Mediterranean Sea, there stand two villages in close proximity, called respectively Helalieh and Baramieh. Between these villages is a plot of ground which in 1887 belonged to a wealthy inhabitant of Sidon, by the name of Mohamed Sherif. In the month of February of that year, Mohamed Sherif was engaged in excavations upon this land for the purpose of procuring building materials; and, in the course of these operations, his workmen unexpectedly came upon a rectangular pit cut out of the solid rock, and presenting at first the appearance of an ancient reservoir or cistern. The earth and rubbish with which it had been completely choked up were cleared away, and the rock-cut excavation was then discovered to be the open vestibule, or centre court, of a series of sepulchres. The dimensions of this

court were sixteen feet by thirteen, the depth of the walls from the surface to the floor of the court being no less than thirty-six feet. The walls had been smoothed off with the greatest care, and faced directly to the four cardinal points, those on the north and south being the longest sides. At the bottom of each wall was a low doorway, three feet high by two and a half feet wide, pierced in the rock and giving admittance to a sepulchral chamber of ample size which had been excavated out of the white limestone with great care and precision.

In the north chamber, which held two sarcophagi of no particular interest, two openings were discovered leading into a couple of inner chambers, situated respectively east and west. In the eastern one was again an ordinary sarcophagus; but in the other were found four white marble coffins, one of which was of unusual size and richness. Assyrian in character, it appears to have originally contained the remains of some prince or noble. It is wrought of pure white marble, and on one of its sides is graven in alto relievo a scene which is clearly intended to represent the death-bed of its original tenant. There is an air of majesty about the aspect and demeanor of the dying man, who wears an Assyrian head-dress; while at the foot of the couch on which he lies is seated a female figure bearing an expression of intense yet dignified grief. Around are grouped attendant figures in various appropriate attitudes. The workmanship shows unusual care and skill, and the whole sarcophagus is in a state of perfect preservation. The surrounding coffins, also of white marble, probably contained the wife and two other members of this great man's family.

In the chamber entered by the doorway in the eastern wall of the outer vestibule, were two white marble sarcophagi alike in size but differing considerably in ornament and design. That on the left was quite plain, while the other was elaborately adorned. It shows a Greek Ionic temple, and around its sides and ends there runs a frontispiece, or façade, representing the peristyle of the temple. This peristyle is

divided into eighteen recesses, separated by fluted columns surmounted by Ionic capitals, with Doric pilasters at the angles. In each of the eighteen recesses is a female clad in Greek robes. Each female has a different attitude, but the form and features are the same throughout; and it is evident that they are intended to represent one and the same person in various postures of grief. The faces are wonderfully natural, and the air of dignity about the figures indicates one of noble birth. The temple rests on a stylobate, or platform; and the roof of the temple is formed by the coffin lid, the slanting sides of which are carved to represent overlapping tiles, while on the pediments at either end are sculptured groups of figures. Above the cornice on either side runs a volute, showing, about twenty inches in height, a Greek funeral procession. Elaborate as the design of this sarcophagus is, it has been pronounced by competent judges to belong to the decadent period of Greek art, and is probably not earlier than the second century B.C. When the lid was raised the coffin was found to contain some female bones and seven dogs' heads, a proof that it had evidently been opened and rifled at some time subsequent to the first interment. No golden ornaments nor objects of any value were found within it, such as would certainly have been deposited in the tomb of one whose birth and position required such elaborate burial. Indeed, with one exception, every sarcophagus had clearly been violated at some remote period of time, so that it is impossible to utilize any remains which were discovered in them for the purpose of identification. The significance of this fact will be seen when we discuss the supposed tomb of Alexander the Great.

The one undisturbed tomb was situated immediately beneath the chamber containing the sarcophagus just described. It was not discovered till some little time after the others, and was viewed with peculiar interest owing to its absolutely inviolate condition. For how many ages had it lain there in unknown obscurity, its very existence probably unsuspected until it was discovered five years ago? It contained a solitary sarcophagus made of jet black marble, exceedingly flat and shallow, barely three feet in length, and of the shape generally known as demi-anthropoidal. Very few sarcophagi of this kind

are known to be in existence. When opened it was found to contain a half-decayed board of sycamore wood, the wood commonly used for ancient Egyptian coffins, and usually covered with a coat of plaster painted in tempera, or with inscriptions carved upon its plain surface. This sycamore board, however, was perfectly bare and unadorned; though the other relics found in the sarcophagus pointed to its having been made for some princess or queen. A golden girdle and a royal circlet of the same precious metal, a long tress of hair, female bones and teeth, and the remains of linen bandages were the principal articles discovered. There was nothing by which the probable age of the person interred could be determined, nor could any accurate estimate be formed of the period when she was buried. It was evident, however, that the tomb and its contents had no connection with that beneath which it was discovered; and in all probability those who constructed the latter had no conception of the former's existence.

But about the same time that this hidden tomb was brought to light another sepulchre was discovered a short distance north of the group already mentioned, and there were several indications of similarity between the two, both of which were evidently of an older date than that of the others. The mummy of a man was discovered in the northern tomb, enclosed within a black marble sarcophagus of anthropoidal shape, upon which were legible inscriptions settling all doubt as to its identity. On the base of the lid were eleven lines of hieroglyphic characters, a second hieroglyphic inscription encircled the circumference of the sarcophagus, while on the legs was found a third in Phœnician letters. All these have been satisfactorily deciphered, revealing the fact that the tomb was that of Tabnite, king of Sidon. In the Louvre at Paris is the sarcophagus of Ashmanezer, king of Sidon, which was discovered in 1855, and the latter is there called the son of Tabnite, his mother's name being Amonashtoret. It does not seem, therefore, unreasonable to suppose that the demi-anthropoidal sarcophagus described above is that of Amonashtoret, wife of Tabnite, whose bones and relics were found within it. According to the most trustworthy calculations, Tabnite and his queen died about

the latter half of the fifth century B.C. ; and, as the excavators of the other tombs were apparently unaware of the existence of their sepulchres, we should be justified in conjecturing that the former are not earlier than the third, or, at the most, the close of the fourth century B.C. And it is about this date that one would be led to assign to them from the character, design, and execution of the sarcophagi themselves.

The coffins contained in the north and east chambers of the main group have now been described. In the south chamber was found one of white marble, which from its size and peculiar characteristics at once attracts the stranger's eye as he enters the museum at Constantinople. It is entirely distinct from any of the others, being what is known to Oriental antiquaries as a "Lycian tomb." Of this kind there are two typical examples to be seen in the Mausoleum Room of the British Museum, which were brought from Lycia by Sir Charles Fellows, who commanded two expeditions sent thither by Her Majesty's Government in the years 1842-46. The chief peculiarities of a Lycian tomb are its unusual height and the peculiar shape of the lid, which is in the form of a curved roof with gabled ends, one of the gables being pierced with a small door for the insertion of the body ; it is generally also richly sculptured, as any one may see who takes the trouble of paying a visit to the British Museum. Only six other Lycian tombs besides these are known to be in existence. It is impossible to examine the Sidonian example without at once remarking its close resemblance to those in the British Museum, not only in shape and general appearance, but also in the scenes and subjects sculptured on its surface. Unlike the latter, however, which were so much injured by time, weather, and rough usage that it has been necessary to patch them up with modern stone, the Lycian tomb now in the Seraglio Museum is in an absolutely perfect condition, and appears in every way as fresh and sharply defined as on the day when it left the sculptor's studio. On either side a four-horsed chariot stands out in bold relief, the horses being of the conventional form familiar to all students of ancient art from the noble specimens on the frieze of the Parthenon at Athens ; and, indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that in expression

and finish the figures upon the Lycian tomb are in no way inferior to the work of Phidias. Winged sphinxes with female busts, monsters, male and female, half-animal, half-human, and other figures purely Greek, are to be seen on various portions of the monument, and everything indicates that the tomb was constructed in the palmiest days of Grecian art.

But even this fine trophy of the sculptor's skill is surpassed by a tomb, the pride of the Museum, which, protected by a handsome plate-glass case, stands enthroned in the centre of the room, like a monarch attended by his subjects. This magnificent sarcophagus was found in a chamber leading out from the western one of the group, together with three others, themselves worthy of no mean place among the treasures of ancient art, though overshadowed by the grandeur of their companion. Constructed out of a single block of pure white marble, this masterpiece measures no less than eleven feet in length, five feet nine inches in breadth, and four feet eight inches in height, and is surmounted by a lid nearly three feet high. As was often the case with the tombs of noted heroes of those ancient days, the scenes depicted upon the sides and ends represent respectively Peace and War. One side and one end is devoted to each of these two subjects. The former depicts a hunting scene, the latter a conflict between Persians and Greeks. The Persians, clothed in their national garb, are evidently being defeated by the Greeks, who are easily recognized by their forms and features, and are for the most part nearly or entirely nude, though all of them wear the Grecian helmet and carry the large round Grecian buckler. Dead and dying are mingled in inextricable confusion with the fighting soldiers ; the Persians excited by rage, agony, and despair, while the calm faces of the Greeks seem to denote their confident assurance of victory. As was generally the case in Greek battle scenes, the principal persons on either side are represented at the opposite ends of the group. The Persian leader, as Hamdi Bey (the accomplished Director of Fine Arts for the Ottoman Empire) has intelligently pointed out, bears a close resemblance to the figure of Darius, as represented on the famous Pompeian Mosaic ; while concerning the Greek captain there can be no mistake whatever, for his fea-

tures, face, and general appearance are identical with those stamped on the coins of Alexander the Great, even to the head-dress formed of the scalp of a lion's head.

In the hunting scene a lion, driven to bay, has fastened his claws upon the breast of a horse, from which the bleeding flesh is hanging. The rider fights bravely with his spear to rescue his poor animal, and a noble dog is attacking the lion on the flank. A couple of huntsmen are hastening to the rescue, armed with sharp spears, while a third takes aim with an arrow from the rear. Another group of huntsmen are surrounding a stag in the distance, and the contrast between the two engagements is remarkably clever. The natural effect of both is enhanced by a judicious application of color, the tints of which have been preserved in perfect freshness to the present day. Thus the regal splendor of the Tyrian purple, and the delicate grace of the Lebanon ochre, which have hitherto been familiar to us only through the pages of classic writers, are now exhibited in all their beauty before our very eyes. By the aid of these and other pigments every shade of expression has been imparted to the forms and features of the men and animals, and even the very iris and pupil of the eye are exactly depicted in their natural colors. Not less perfect than the sarcophagus itself is its marble cover. It is shaded to the form of a slanting roof, the tiles of which are of the ordinary shell pattern. The ridge and eaves are adorned with rows of heads, surrounded by a species of halo, a most uncommon, if not unique, feature of decoration. At each corner of the eaves is a slumbering lion, and over the front of the cornice are rams' heads, forming as it were a species of garboyle.

Such is the rare work of art which is now claimed by some connoisseurs to have been the tomb of Alexander the Great. Can the pretensions of this claim be supported? Is it indeed true that in this last decade of the nineteenth century of the Christian Era, more than two thousand years since that famous hero was buried, the vexed question of his resting-place has at length been solved?

A vexed question and a disputed mystery for ages the burial place of Alexander has undoubtedly been. The common belief of many centuries has, indeed, placed his sepulchre at Alexandria; but every

effort to discover it there has been ineffectual. Nor does there appear to have been any well-grounded cause why Alexandria should have been thought to contain the site of the conqueror's tomb. There is absolutely no direct testimony upon the point. Two contemporaneous histories of Alexander's life are known to have been written, the one by Ptolemæus Lagides, and the other by Aristobulus Cassandrensis. Both these writers were officers in Alexander's army, yet neither of them says anything about his burial. The former, known also as Ptolemy Soter, gained possession of Egypt on the division of the Macedonian Empire after the death of Alexander and became the founder of the celebrated dynasty of the Ptolemies. It is he who has been commonly supposed to have conveyed the remains of Alexander to Egypt for interment. If this had been the case, we should naturally expect him to have mentioned the event, and his silence on the point is consequently a strong argument against the Alexandrian theory. It is true that only fragmentary portions of his writings are extant; but Arrian, who wrote an exhaustive life of Alexander, and who was fully acquainted with the whole of Ptolemy's work, makes no allusion to him as an authority respecting the tomb of his hero. Aristobulus Cassandrensis is equally silent; nor from any other of the ancient writers who allude to Alexander can we glean a word of real information on the subject.

Arrian, who lived in the earlier part of the second century of the Christian Era, prefaced his great work *The Anabasis of Alexander* by stating that he was indebted to Ptolemy and Aristobulus for the greater part of his credible information. His words are as follows: "Different authors have given different accounts of Alexander's life; and there is no one about whom more have written, or more at variance with each other. But in my opinion the narratives of Ptolemy and Aristobulus are more worthy of credit than the rest; Aristobulus, because he served under King Alexander in his expedition, and Ptolemy, not only because he also accompanied Alexander, but because he was himself a king afterward, and falsification of facts would have been more disgraceful to him than to any other man. Moreover, they are both more worthy of credit, because they compiled their histories after Alexander's

death, when neither compulsion was used nor reward offered to write anything different from what really occurred."

From Arrian we learn that Alexander died at Babylon, but no mention whatever is made of his interment. Plutarch, in like manner, is silent upon the point; and, indeed, the only writers of ancient times who have made any statement about the matter appear to have been Diodorus Siculus and Pausanias. The former, who, as his cognomen implies, was an inhabitant of Sicily, flourished during the Julian and Augustan periods, and set himself to write a complete history of the world from its commencement to his own days. The result was a monument of patience and industry, occupying forty voluminous books; but, from the portions which still remain, he can hardly be called on the whole a very safe authority. There is, however, no reason to doubt the accuracy of his information on this particular point. He tells us that, after the body of Alexander had lain neglected in his tent for six days after his death, while his generals were quarrelling as to who should succeed him, it was embalmed and placed in a temporary coffin for the purpose of being conveyed to *Ægæ* in Macedonia. Arridæus, the son of Philip, who had been finally elected king, was entrusted with the care of the funeral rites, and started accordingly with the body from Babylon, intending to convey it to Macedonia. Before, however, the journey was completed, Arridæus learned that Alexander had expressed a desire, during his life, that his body should be laid to rest in the temple of Jupiter Ammon in the desert to the east of Egypt, which he had visited after the conquest of that country and where he had been saluted as the son of Jupiter. Upon hearing of this, Arridæus altered the direction of the route, and the procession turned its face toward Egypt. Whether it actually reached its destination, however, the historian does not say; though Pausanias, who lived during the reign of the Antonines, about the middle of the second century of our era, mentions a report which he gives for what it was worth: "They say that Ptolemy persuaded those of the Macedonians who were appointed to carry the dead body of Alexander to *Ægæ* to hand it over to him, and that he buried him at Memphis with the customary Macedonian rites."

These then, so far as I have been able to gather, are the only two writers within the first five hundred years after Alexander's death who mention his burial, and one of them is careful to state that he only repeats a mere matter of hearsay. What does appear more or less historically true is that Alexander's body was removed from Babylon, that the original intention was that it should be buried at *Ægæ* in Macedonia, and that, during the progress of the journey, the route was altered toward Egypt. A glance at the map is sufficient to show that, in this case, the procession would almost certainly have arrived at Sidon; it would naturally have first followed the Euphrates valley so far as possible, and, on changing its course, would have made its way toward Egypt along the Syrian coast.

It is conceivable then, and by no means improbable, that, when the funeral train reached Sidon, some fresh combination of circumstances may have arrested its further progress, and that the mortal remains of the great Macedonian may have found their permanent resting-place among the royal sepulchres of Phœnicia. We know that many of the aspirants to the honors which Alexander had left behind him had viewed with jealousy and displeasure the seizure by Ptolemy of the rich province of Egypt. Arridæus, himself, who had been elected the nominal successor to the Macedonian throne, must naturally have regarded the new ruler of Egypt, if not as a rebel, at least as a rival. It would have added no little prestige to the position of Ptolemy if the body of the conqueror of the world should have been interred within the domains which he had claimed for himself; and neither Arridæus nor any of the other generals was likely to have willingly countenanced this. Pausanias tells us that it was Ptolemy who mainly resisted the succession of Arridæus to Alexander's empire, and who again was responsible for its division into kingdoms. In all probability Arridæus had heard nothing of Ptolemy's attitude toward himself when he first made up his mind to take the body to Egypt, for Ptolemy, it appears, was in Egypt when Alexander died, and news in those days did not travel fast. It may be that it was only on his arrival at Sidon that he learned of Ptolemy's opposition; and that the news he then received was the determining cause of the interment of

Alexander at Sidon. This would naturally account for the otherwise almost inexplicable silence which Ptolemy preserves in his life of Alexander concerning the question of the place of his burial. Had it really taken place in Egypt, whether at Alexandria, Memphis, or the temple of Jupiter Ammon, Ptolemy would surely have mentioned the fact; but if the Macedonians purposely thwarted his desires and refused to allow the body of their monarch to be laid to rest in the province which he had seized, then we can readily understand that in his writings he should utterly have ignored the question of the burial.

This being the case, then, there is no historical improbability in the theory that Alexander was buried at Sidon; there is on the contrary a presumption in favor of it, or at least in favor of the belief that the interment took place at some spot between the point where the procession turned off from the direct road from Babylon to Macedonia, and the country of Egypt whither it had been proceeding. And, in determining the probability of this spot, we must not forget the likelihood that several of Alexander's officers and friends may have already been buried at Sidon. After the battle of Issus, in which Alexander broke the power of Darius, the conqueror lost no time in marching southward to Phœnicia. In addition to the men killed outright in the battle, Alexander had, according to Curtius, upward of five hundred wounded. These he carried along with him into Phœnicia, and it is only reasonable to suppose that some of them, at least, perished from their wounds. Following the example of the inhabitants of Marathus and Byblos, the Sidonians opened their gates to Alexander and welcomed him as their friend. They had long been incensed against the Persians, on account of the treacherous and cruel manner in which their city had been captured by the armies of Ochus eighteen years before. The attitude of Sidon was all the more appreciated by Alexander on account of the different behavior of its neighbor and rival Tyre. The latter city resisted his overtures, chiefly because he insisted on being allowed to sacrifice to Hercules at the shrine of the Tyrian god Melkarth. As is well known, it was only after a long and difficult siege that Alexander succeed-

ed in reducing Tyre; and during this time his headquarters were stationed at Sidon. Thus Sidon became, as it were, the hospital not only for the sick and wounded from Issus, but also for those who became disabled in the course of the siege of Tyre. In a word, it is in all senses the principal city on the Syrian or Phœnician coast which has been identified with the fortunes of Alexander. What city, then, could be found more suitable for the honor of receiving his tomb?

Having thus disposed of the testimony of history, in which we have seen at least a presumption in favor of the interment of Alexander at Sidon, let us briefly consider the internal evidence supplied by the sepulchres themselves.

And first it is to be observed, as a remarkable fact, that here, in the midst of a royal cemetery evidently designed for the use of the Phœnician kings, a group of distinctly Greek monuments is found. The north chamber and its side-rooms do not appear to have held any Greek remains; but all the other chambers leading from the outer court or vestibule bear unmistakable evidence of having been used for the interment of persons of high rank and importance belonging to the Greek nation. Having already sufficiently described the principal tombs, it is unnecessary for me to do anything further than point out the significance of this fact.

Secondly, these tombs belong to the palmiest days of Greek architecture and sculpture. Now it is well known to the merest tyro in the study of ancient history that the death of Alexander is commonly selected as the epoch when Hellenic art had attained its highest pitch of perfection, and that from this period it began gradually to decline. It has indeed been truly said of him that "Not less in art than by his wonderful undertakings has he acquired the title of 'The Great.'" No portraits, whether of divinities, heroes, or other celebrated men, have equal claims with his to a place in the history of art; for he is to be considered as a portion of it, because he was from his own impulses the greatest promoter of art that the world has ever seen, and all the artists of his time shared his munificence. His encouragement of art is indeed a more legitimate cause of renown to him than all the trophies erected to his conquests, than all the monuments of his marches through count-

less kingdoms, for he divides the glory with no one; it belongs to himself alone and to his own discernment, and the severest judge of human actions cannot dim its lustre by any censure." Seeing, then, that this man was illustrious above all men of his race and time, for his patronage and support of art, no less than for his martial prowess, can it be doubted that his tomb would be wrought with a splendor worthy of so great a hero? And if not for Alexander, for whom, then, could the princely monument in the Museum at Constantinople have been erected? Consider again the subjects and figures carved upon it. The main portion of the sculpture represents a decisive victory of the Greeks over the Persians, in which Darius and Alexander are clearly depicted in person. There are several heads of Alexander still in existence, the most important of which is in the grand Ducal Gallery at Florence. The Capitoline Museum contains the next, perhaps, in value; while a third of almost equal perfection is at San Ildefonso in Spain. In every one of these, as in all his portraits without exception, the hair is stroked upward, to fall curving down on each side of the face. This disposition of hair is absolutely peculiar to heads of Alexander: among all the images of ancient heroes there is nothing at all resembling it; and an aspect as of divinity is thereby imparted to the expression of the counte-

nance, as though the Macedonian conqueror were indeed the son of Jupiter, as he delighted to call himself, and as he had been hailed by the priests of Ammon.

One only argument, so far as I know, could be produced as tangible proof on the other side. When the lid was removed from the coffin a dark brown skull was found inside, which is now to be seen on a shelf of the glass cases in the Museum, and which is evidently that of an aged man. Alexander, as every one knows, was only thirty-two years old at the time of his death; and if the skull were that of the original occupant of the tomb, the theory would be at once disproved. But I have already drawn especial attention to the fact that the tomb had evidently been rifled at some date between the original interment and its discovery in 1887; and little weight therefore can be attached to any evidence afforded by its contents.

In conclusion, then, although at this distance of time it is impossible to speak dogmatically on the subject, yet we are surely justified in holding that, considering the external and internal points of testimony, there does exist a very powerful cause for believing that visitors to the Museum at Constantinople have now an opportunity of beholding with their own eyes the tomb of Alexander the Great — *Macmillan's Magazine*.

FEMALE BRAINS AND GIRLS' SCHOOLS.

A DISCUSSION.

BY GEORGE MILLER, M.B.

Speakers:

A MEDICAL KNIGHT.	A PHYSICIAN.
A SURGEON.	A MEDICAL LADY.
AN OBSTETRICIAN.	A LADY DOCTOR.

KNIGHT. Through the study of the bodily differences between men and women, we arrive at a clearer knowledge of their intellectual disparities. Since these differences involve every tissue and every organ, not excepting, as I shall show you, the brain, they may be said to be at once universal and fundamental. My contention is that such intimate sexual differences cannot be disregarded with impunity, but ought rather, in every walk in life, to be

fully recognized, and more particularly and imperatively in the education of girls. Yet, in high schools for girls, there is a growing tendency to ignore sexual distinctions, an anxiety to imitate the methods of boys' schools, and an ambition to rival their results, all of which express themselves in a mental over-pressure, productive of much evil. In a school with which I am acquainted, two thirds of the girls complained, upon inquiry, of occasional, frequent, or almost constant headache, the majority having to work at their lessons as late as 10 or 11 P.M.

LADY DOCTOR. There can be no doubt

that the over-pressure of which you speak exists, but I cannot admit that it is the cause of headache. Crowded rooms and bad ventilation are to blame for that.

KNIGHT. In our profession, madam, we are familiar with that line of argument; it was the lobster salad that did it. In the school of which I speak, the rooms are spacious, airy, and well ventilated. The main defect of the high school system is that preparation, the hardest part of the girls' work, involving unaided effort in opening up new ground, in surmounting obstacles, and in making an advance upon what has been previously learned, has to be done in the evening when their brains are worn out and least capable of exertion.

LADY DOCTOR. I quite agree with you that evening work at home is an evil, and that mothers do not, and very often cannot, prevent their girls from working later at preparation than is wholesome. It is certainly one of the defects of the day-school system, that the girls escape a certain amount of discipline by the division of authority between the mothers and the mistresses.

KNIGHT. So far, then, we are at one. It is a remarkable fact that during the school age, girls are attacked in much larger proportion than boys by disorders which, at all other ages, are far more prevalent among the male than among the female sex. Especially is this the case with nervous disease, the most frequent cause of which, undoubtedly, is mental over-pressure.

MEDICAL LADY. Is it not a fact that functional nervous disease is on the decrease among educated women, and that the "vapors" of our grandmothers have disappeared?

KNIGHT. It is not a fact, madam, that nervous disease is on the decrease among women, but the contrary; and the "vapors" of our grandmothers still haunt our households under new names and fashionable disguises. But I wish to offer you some anatomical evidence of my assertion that, as regards the brain, there are certain physical differences between the sexes; that there is, in short, a female type and a male type of brain; and that these types are sufficiently distinct to warrant the conclusion that both may not be equally fitted for the same kind, or for the same amount, of work. The first,

though by no means the most important difference, is that of weight. Among the most varied races, both savage and civilized, it has been found that the male is heavier than the female brain. To put this matter of general observation upon a firm basis, I have examined and weighed the brains of one thousand six hundred male and female lunatics, dying at ages ranging from ten to eighty years, and have found the average weight of the male to exceed the average weight of the female brain by four and a half ounces.

SURGEON. Of course you are aware that there is a relation between the stature of the body and the weight of the brain, and that men, being taller, naturally have heavier brains than women.

KNIGHT. Very true, sir, and bearing that fact in mind, I have made a correction for the difference between the average heights in the sexes. The average height of males in this country being five feet seven inches, while that of females is five feet two inches, the average difference is evidently five inches. On correcting the absolute difference in brain weight by these figures, I find that there remains a relative difference of one ounce in favor of the male.

MEDICAL LADY. But it may be argued with reason, that the deviations from the normal brain are so marked among lunatics that the deductions drawn from experimental observation of such brains can scarcely be applied to the normally healthy population.

KNIGHT (*blandly*). You seem to suggest, madam, that it is the big-headed men and the small-headed women that are liable to insanity. The theory is, at least, ingenious. Without pausing to examine it, I may say that observations upon lunatics tend to strengthen my case, and not to weaken it, because, as every tyro knows, men are more liable than women to diseases of the brain which involve loss of substance, and, therefore, diminution in weight.

LADY DOCTOR. Assuming that men's brains are heavier than women's, I should say that this arises from the fact that men have had a better school education than women, and that, in addition, they have had the education of responsible work and independent life.

KNIGHT. I have already said that the same difference in brain weight has been

observed among savage races. I may add that my cases were drawn mainly from the laboring and artisan classes of the West Riding of Yorkshire, among whom there is no great difference in the education of boys and girls.

SURGEON. Permit me, sir, to point out an error into which you have fallen. In order to correct your observations upon the brain weights of lunatics you have taken the average stature of healthy people.

KNIGHT. Your view is, apparently, that lunatics are constructed upon a different scale from that of the general population from which they are drawn; no doubt you have some ground for such an opinion.

SURGEON. Very good ground indeed, for I have myself measured 341 male and 51 female lunatics, and have found the average height of the males to be 5 feet 5½ inches, and that of the females to be 5 feet 1½ inches. So that the average difference is four, not five, inches, as you assume.

KNIGHT (*repressing a smile*). I shall be glad to know what inference you draw, unfavorable to my argument, from your measurements.

SURGEON (*busily figuring out decimals in a large note-book*). As soon as I have finished the necessary calculations, which are rather intricate, I shall give you my answer.

KNIGHT. In the mean time, I go on to say that there are other differences besides that of weight. For instance, I find, from the examination of the brains of three healthy persons, two men and a woman, that the specific gravity of the gray matter in the female brain is inferior to that of the same tissue in the male.

MEDICAL LADY. But the examination of the brains of these three persons does not entitle you to say that the brain substance of the female is structurally and irreparably of an inferior quality to that of the male.

KNIGHT. Certainly not, madam. It entitles neither me nor any one else to say so. I have been careful to avoid saying so, because I do not hold such an opinion. If I did hold it, I would certainly not bring forward such a fact in support of it, because there is good ground for believing that, with regard to the tissue in question, inferior specific gravity means a higher degree of development. The third brain difference to which I wish to direct

your attention is one of convolutional arrangement. The brains of women, like their bodies generally, are more symmetrical than those of men, this superior symmetry being due to a comparative poverty in secondary convolutions.

SURGEON (*with an air of triumph*). I have now worked out my calculations, and find that they quite overturn your conclusions. Using my own measurements, and applying them to your brain weights, I divide the average brain weight in the male by the—let me see—by the average number of inches in stature, and the product gives the average brain weight per inch; then I go through the same process with the figures belonging to the female sex, and on deducting the one from the other, I find the difference to be so small that it may be neglected as an error of observation. In this way, the alleged superiority of brain weight in the male totally disappears.

KNIGHT (*aside*). What a vertiginous statement! (*Aloud and sternly*.) In kindly undertaking to set me right, sir, you have fallen into blunders which I can only call—egregious. You divide that which is already small by 65½, and are so astonished to find it smaller, that you call it an error of observation. It is quite unnecessary to follow you in your abstruse manipulation of the rule of three. I took the average difference in height to be five inches. You assert that it is only four inches. Agreed. It requires no mathematician to perceive at once that the smaller the average difference in height, the smaller must be the necessary correction in brain weight. If your measurements are correct (though I am at liberty to doubt it, judging from your confusion in handling them) my case is so far the stronger.

PHYSICIAN. In your calculations, it seems to be assumed that every inch of stature should carry with it the same proportionate quantity in brain weight. Analogy shows us that this assumption may be incorrect. For instance, with regard to breathing capacity, it has been found that about three cubic inches go to every inch of stature in the adult, so long as the height does not exceed about 5 feet 4 inches. Above this height, every additional inch of stature carries with it eight additional inches of breathing capacity. On a similar principle, the co-relation be-

tween stature and body weight is maintained. Thus, an additional inch in a young man of about an average height carries with it an additional weight of about 5 lbs. But if this held good for the total stature, a man of six feet would weigh 72 inches \times 5 lbs. = 360 lbs., or nearly 26 stones. The same principle may apply to the relation between brain weight and bodily stature.

KNIGHT (*aside*). Ah! here is a masculine intellect at last. (*Aloud*.) I at once admit the justice of your criticism, sir. I can see clearly that there may be a fallacy in the comparison instituted between brain weight and body height in the sexes. This comparison has been made more to supply an answer to those who have alleged that the sex difference in favor of the male could thus be explained, than with the intention of insisting that these results are of intrinsic importance. My own view is that the absolute excess of brain weight in the male over the female, without reference to stature, is the best criterion which we yet possess of the respective mental energy of the sexes. To proceed: The fourth brain difference has reference to the balance of parts in the male and female brains respectively. The hinder lobes, which are certainly sensory in their functions, are more voluminous in the female than in the male, while the reverse holds true of the middle lobes, which have a motor function.

LADY DOCTOR (*impatiently*). We all recognize that there are very great differences between the sexes, and, as women, we are thankful, and indeed frequently rejoice, in being able to do so.

KNIGHT (*bowing*). The fifth and last difference to which I shall allude is a very momentous one, and relates to blood supply. From observations made during the last four years by a medical friend and myself, we find that the arteries supplying the fore brain are relatively larger in men than in women, while the arteries which supply the hinder brain are relatively larger in women than in men. In other words, the region concerned in volition, cognitions, and ideo-motor processes is most richly flushed with blood in men: in women, the same remark applies to the region which is mainly concerned in sensory functions; and thus, with regard to the intellectual and emotional differences between the sexes, anatomical research

confirms the teaching of general observation.

MEDICAL LADY. But observations upon such minutiae as the comparative calibre of arteries will require confirmation before we can adopt conclusions drawn from them.

KNIGHT. I am satisfied that the results of these observations will stand any test that can be applied to them. They have been arrived at after the expenditure of much labor and care, and are corroborated by other results secured by different methods.

LADY DOCTOR. If the formative influences of life can develop the higher nerve centres, increase the specific gravity of the gray matter, and enlarge the arteries in the case of men, why should not a similar set of influences do as much for women?

KNIGHT. Your estimate, madam, of the influences of education in determining sexual differences is evidently very high. I am curious to know whether, in your opinion, it also explains the fact that, in the male, the blood is richer in red corpuscles than in the female.

LADY DOCTOR. As to that, I say nothing. But I do say, that to take the brains of two adults who have been leading widely different lives since six or seven years of age, and to say, "See how different one is from the other; does it not show that the smaller one should never be treated in the way that has led the larger one to grow?" seems to me to be bad logic.

KNIGHT. To say so, madam, would be worse than bad logic, for it would qualify the speaker for admission into an asylum as a hopeless, confirmed imbecile. My line of argument, however, is slightly different. It is that these differences which I have described are fundamental, of deep physiological import, and no more the result of education than a woman's mammary glands are, or a man's beard. Further, that to disregard these differences, and to insist on male and female brains working alike, is to incur immediate dangers to health; that the tendency to disease is particularly strong in the female at the time when womanhood is being approached, and when education is being pushed forward with most vigor; and that functional nervous disorders result at once, and nervous degenerations more remotely, from the attempt to educate girls like boys at this period of life.

LADY DOCTOR. I think, sir, that instead of conjuring up such terrors, you should try to understand women better, and rid yourself of the habit of being frightened about nothing. You have had much to do with lunatics. Quiet people, acquainted with what is essentially womanly, refuse to be terrified by such scarecrows.

KNIGHT (*a little warmly*). Scarecrows, madam! Terrors! In such terms you describe my predictions as to what will follow the misdirection of education, which, at the same time, you regard as an agent of almost necromantic power. You believe that education can add an ounce to the weight of the brain, modify its structure, alter the balance of its blood supply, and, in short, convert female into male brains, all in the course of one generation; while you refuse to admit that it can have any influence whatever in causing degenerative changes. Is your view of education, not a little—pardon me, just a little—inconsistent? You hint that my mind has been disturbed by association with lunatics; is it not also possible that your judgment may have been prejudiced by your somewhat exceptional experience of your own sex?

LADY DOCTOR. My opinion, sound or unsound, is based upon what I have seen in medical practice as to the general effect of modern changes in educational methods upon the health of women.

OBSTETRICIAN. In so wide a question as that before us, the personal experience of one individual cannot count for very much; my own, however, points to the conclusion that over-pressure in the education of girls is a real, and a very grave danger, frequently followed by serious results. Several cases of nervous breakdown in young women, distinctly traceable to this cause, have occurred in my practice during the last few years; while I have never come across or even heard of an analogous break-down in a boy.

MEDICAL LADY. Is it not a fact, sir, that nature has absolute limitations, and that women can best find out what these are by the experience of life? They will certainly not be prevented from making the experiment by observations upon the brains of lunatics.

KNIGHT (*aside*). What an admirable example of the female intellect, educated after modern methods. (*Aloud.*) You combine the Socratic method of interroga-

tion, madam, with a fine, feminine contempt for logic, which, though charming, is not a little perplexing. Although the limitations of nature are absolute, they are also comprehensive, and embrace good and evil, health and disease, idiots and philosophers. To leave women to find out these limitations for themselves by their experience of life is to squander their energy, and to expose them to risk.

MEDICAL LADY. Is it not a fact, sir, that nature, however forced, will always reassert herself, and that the female brain will safely direct the course women will take, and can only take, in life?

KNIGHT (*aside*). Another fact—and still harping upon nature—which, no doubt, she spells with a capital N. (*Aloud.*) If I understand your plea, it is that science and history are to be cast aside, and that we are to give license to every whim and folly that it may enter into the brains of women to conceive. Such a doctrine will find few adherents. Forced nature does reassert herself, as you say; but, alas! too often in that disordered mind which is a living death.

SURGEON. You have calculated the average brain weight of the sexes from observations made upon the bodies of persons dying at ages ranging from ten to eighty years; you ought to have confined your observations to adult brain weights for purposes of comparison with adult stature.

KNIGHT. If sex were confined to adults, your objection would have some weight; but I need scarcely remind you, that sex extends to both extremities of life. Practically, my observations were confined to adults, and you would have seen this, had you considered the early age at which maturity as to brain mass is attained, and had you remembered that the mortality in asylums among lunatics under twenty is very small.

SURGEON (*shutting up his note-book*). I still hold that it is impossible to draw conclusions from a combination of lunatics' brains and sane persons' bodies.

KNIGHT (*aside*). What nondescript type of brain is this? (*Aloud.*) From no such extraordinary hotch-potch, sir, have I attempted logical deduction. I used the best materials available. You have still to prove that the stature of lunatics (excluding, of course, idiots and imbeciles) is different from that of sane men and

women ; and when you have done so, you will only have strengthened my position.

LADY DOCTOR. With regard to over-pressure, what are the immediate results to which you have alluded ?

KNIGHT. Perhaps the most common is sleeplessness, a symptom which is often of evil import ; but girls not unfrequently suffer from the opposite condition, or a soporific sleep, very deep and difficult to break. In either case, the appetite suffers, solid food is declined or trifled with at breakfast, but the stimulating cup of tea is not refused. At school in the forenoon, such girls find that their power of acquisition is impaired, and that they cannot remember what they have learned ; while to the observer, they look languid, irresolute and drowsy.

LADY DOCTOR. As for drowsiness, a little drill or gymnastic exercise soon sets that right.

KNIGHT. A much better plan would be to put the girls to bed and give them caudle ; cerebral exhaustion cannot be rectified by muscular fatigue. Indeed, I hold that no girl who suffers from broken rest, or who shirks breakfast, should be allowed to go to school at all, or to engage in brain work of any kind.

OBSTETRICIAN. While maintaining that a high education is, in the main, a good thing for both sexes, I believe that the managers of high grade schools for girls are much to blame for their want of due attention to one cardinal point—viz., that the sexual functions of a growing girl dominate her entire life in an altogether different way from those of a boy. There ought to be more provision, too, I think, in these girls' schools for outdoor games than is common, and by this I mean to advocate a radical alteration in the time-bill of studies, as well as the addition of a playground.

LADY DOCTOR. In this, I heartily agree with my obstetrical friend. But, in London at least, the cost of land is enormous ; and to add an adequate playground to each high school would necessitate a very considerable rise in fees. Many of the girls, however, get a good walk twice daily to and from school. As for the time-bill, I would shorten the morning by at least one hour.

MEDICAL LADY. What evidence in life is there that the improved education of women during the last twenty years has

resulted in the nervous degenerations of which you speak ?

KNIGHT (*impressively*). In life, 'tis yet soon to look for witness on the large and startling scale, but you will find it, if you look for it, in the grave.

LADY DOCTOR. You referred to the shirking of solid food at breakfast ; I should like to condemn the forenoon bun as a wretched substitute for that meal. Unsuitable food is a contributing cause of some of the evils to which you have alluded.

KNIGHT. Undoubtedly, combined with the mal-nutrition caused by the withdrawal of nerve energy from the digestive organs, where it is wanted—to the brain, where it might be dispensed with. Indeed, the gastric disorder thus caused is now so common that it might receive the distinctive name of *anorexia scholastica*, or high-school debility. Unfortunately, the ailments of girlhood do not always come to an end when the girl leaves school ; the headachy girl is not unlikely to grow up into the invalid woman ; sleeplessness lays the foundation of insanity ; somnambulism leads to hysteria ; and mal-nutrition in adolescence gives rise to life-long debility.

MEDICAL LADY. Is it not a fact that during the last forty years the average life of women has been lengthened by three and a half years ?

KNIGHT (*aside*). What a storehouse of facts is this lady's imagination. (*Aloud.*) It is not a fact, madam, though you have some ground for thinking so. The apparent prolongation of life has been due to a reduced mortality among infants, children, and young persons ; but beyond middle life the reduction has been trifling, while from 65 to 75 years of age, the death-rate has actually increased. In one important point, to which I have not yet alluded (*smiling*), I feel quite certain that you will agree with me—viz., that it is our sacred duty to preserve the beauty of our girls.

LADY DOCTOR (*blushing*). Certainly, if we only knew how. But in this respect we are what our parents made us. Beauty is so much an affair of heredity that it is difficult to conceive how any one can conserve the beauty of other people's children.

KNIGHT. If we are allowed to control the lives of other people's children while they are growing, nothing can be easier than to mar their beauty. For beauty is

an affair of environment as well as of heredity. No woman can be absolutely ugly who has a perfect set of sound teeth. But the soundness of the teeth is, to a large extent, dependent on perfect nutrition in childhood, and nothing is more certain to injure this than the dyspepsia which nervous overstrain so often induces at this period.

MEDICAL LADY (*smiling, and disclosing a pretty set—adhesive*). I think, sir, that women are more interested and happier than they were twenty years ago, and probably, on that account, better looking.

KNIGHT (*bowing*). I have much pleasure in agreeing with you, madame. To proceed: No woman can be absolutely beautiful who has decayed or artificial teeth.

MEDICAL LADY (*tartly*). In my opinion, sir, the intellectual development of women may very well be left to women themselves.

KNIGHT If your wishes could be carried out, the result would be somewhat lopsided. Even women's beauty might suffer from such an arrangement, for genuine education contributes to beauty; but high-pressure education must, in the long run, impair it.

LADY DOCTOR. It seems to me that the cult of physical beauty is pursued with greatest zeal by that section of society in which the devotion to frivolity is most intense.

KNIGHT. And yet that cult, in its best

sense, is inseparable from the pursuit of true womanly nobility of mind. The brain and the body are not in antagonism. They act and re-act on each other and, like Mrs. Hemans's children, should

Grow in beauty, side by side,
And fill one house with glee.

In beauty's palace there are many mansions, but the pathway thither lies not through midnight vigils and tripos examinations. If you wish your girls to grow as pretty as they can, see that they have no work at night with which to fag their weary brains; see that the drudgery is done in school, when the brain is in prime vigor; and see that all competition, emulation, marks, prizes, and examinations are abolished. Strive after beauty, and with it there will come health both of body and of mind. For beauty is health, and is not health "in some sense the net total of whatever worth is in us"? To conclude in the words of M. Guyau: "In the education of woman we have to conciliate two opposing principles. On the one hand, having at her disposal less strength than man, woman cannot restore her energy after an equal expenditure of mental work; on the other hand, being destined to be man's companion and the educator of his children, she ought not to be a stranger to any of his occupations or sentiments."

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

THE CORRELATION OF THE MORAL FORCES.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM KNIGHT.

IN discussing the question of the correlation of the moral forces, I start from what may be assumed as a demonstrated doctrine: the convertibility of the physical ones. The interchangeability of these forces is one of the conclusions of modern science, equal in importance to the doctrine of Evolution—to which it is closely kindred—and equal in evidence to the law of Gravitation.

The first question I put is this: Is it legitimate to infer, from the above scientific axiom, the convertibility of all force? and, from the unity of the material and the mental forces, their ultimate identity?

In answer, I think that it is not; for

the obvious reason that the chasm between the physical and the vital has not yet been bridged by Science; and although Speculative Philosophy has tried from the time of the Eleatics to throw a plank across it, in its doctrine of unity-minus-difference, neither Parmenides nor Plotinus, neither Eriugena nor Spinoza nor Hegel (to take representative names from successive schools and periods), has proved to the satisfaction of the philosophical world that monism of this type is the last word in Metaphysic. I therefore set aside the question as to whether the physical, the vital, and the conscious forces can be unified. Embraced within a single category

of thought, and labelled by the common name of "Force," they can, of course, be easily talked of as one; but there certainly remains a fundamental trinity within that unity, and it is enough for my present purpose to say that the question—both as a scientific and as an ontological one—is still *sub judice*.

Let us, then, provisionally assume—without going into either the metaphysics or the physics of the controversy—that there are three realms of force, which have not yet been reduced to unity by the rigor of speculative reason or by the experiential and inductive proofs of science: (1) the sphere of the physical forces, which are all inter-related, and convertible *inter se*; (2) the realm of the vital force or forces; and (3) the sphere of self-conscious and volitional force, in which intellectual elements blend with moral ones. Let us suppose that there is no discovered track, which is also a transit-path, between these several realms or spheres; but only the bridge of a common name. What may be suggested as highly probable is this: that, as in the first of the three spheres, the doctrine of interchangeability is now almost as clearly demonstrated as is the law of natural selection, it may be concluded, by analogy, that it is the same in the two other realms; and, therefore, that all life is radically and organically one, and that all self-conscious energy—mental, moral, and volitional—is, at its root, one and the same.

Adequately to discuss the first of these corollaries, one would require to be familiar with data on which only experts have a right to speak. The question of the germ-theory of life, and of disease, must be left to specialists in biology and physics. The problem now raised is much narrower. It refers to the sphere of consciousness alone, or, perhaps, it should rather be said, to the field of Human Nature alone; for within that sphere there are both conscious and sub-conscious states, and within the field of conscious life there may be a further limitation of the problem—to the moral area of experience. Within this sub-section, we may examine the springs of conduct *seriatim*, and their outcome in character: to see whether they are originally one—howsoever different their developed phases may be, and whether we may therefore conclude that they are all convertible *inter se*.

In discussing it, it is scarcely necessary to say that the old notion of "faculties," as separate powers of human nature, is given up by every modern psychologist. It was a convenient way of naming and differentiating certain aspects of energy in consciousness, to speak of them as faculties; but the idea of our being endowed with separate, independent powers—powers of sense, memory, imagination, reason, feeling, and will—is no longer tenable.

It is more congenial work, however, to try to raise the downtrodden reputation of a discarded theory—and to show the truth from which it sprang—than, in a combative mood, to expose the error it gave rise to; and this old doctrine of the faculties was only a pictorial and somewhat picturesque way of stating an undoubted truth in reference to those phases of activity which differ so greatly in their outcome, although their origin may be the same. Whether the intellectual and the moral powers are one at their root, and have grown out of something wholly unlike their present state, is a question we need not raise. It might rather enhance the wonder of their origin than detract from their present greatness, if we had valid evidence that there was but one "rock whence they were hewn," and one "pit out of which they were dug;" while, in their present multitudinousness and variety, they are the phases of a single *ego*, the residuum at the basis of all energy in man. This, however, would not prove their interchangeability. The determination of the latter question is one both for Psychology and for Metaphysic: and perhaps its solution will be easier after we have settled the minor question of the interchangeability of the moral forces and the unity of the realm to which these forces belong.

It is not necessary, with a view to its solution, that we have a list of the several virtues drawn out on perfectly adequate psychological lines. We may take any list—the Platonic, the Aristotelian, the Stoic, the Zoroastrian, the Buddhist, the Christian—or a perfectly miscellaneous list such as the following—courage, temperance, candor, liberality, friendship, magnanimity, honor, justice, courtesy, tenderness, chivalry, humility, grace. It would be quite possible to go on dividing and sub-dividing, or mingling and interchanging the virtues, till we had—instead

of those mentioned—ten times their number; and yet each would seem different from the rest, owing to the circumstances in which it has to be exercised, or the objects which respectively call it forth. Thus diverse in character and outcome, they may, nevertheless, be all one in origin, or the varying phases of a single virtue in its separate modes of manifestation; just as the chemical and physical forces—heat, light, electricity, etc.—are the separate modes of a single protean power.

In helping us to answer the question raised, the development of the moral sense of the human race within historical experience is an all-important element. It has been affirmed—and it may perhaps be proved—that all the virtues which have arisen historically are the result of the efforts of man to increase and multiply his own resources, and the resources and possibilities of his race; self-maintenance, and race-maintenance—in the widest and richest sense of the terms—having been the motive force at work in the evolution of his powers, and therefore in the gradual differentiation of his faculties. It will be observed that if this be a warrantable position to take up it will abolish the controversy between the egoists and the altruists, by vindicating each; and by showing that both tendencies—the centripetal and the centrifugal—were at work from the first, under many disguises and *aliases*.

Here it may be noted that the want of any explicit link between the developed products—or the wide chasm which may seem to separate them now—is no evidence against a common parentage. Suppose that one particular virtue has been in active exercise for a time (or that the generic virtue of self-maintenance and race-maintenance has been working in one particular channel for a time), it is inevitable that it must at length cease to exercise itself, or intermit its energy for a period. Every virtue exhausts itself by its very activity and strength. In fact, it is never quite the same for any two successive moments of experience; and when it reasserts itself, after temporary rest, it does so with the alliance of other elements, which it has received both by inheritance and by contagion. It therefore appears of necessity in a different guise from that which it formerly assumed. Not only is the same virtue (supposing the virtues to be separate and independent) changed in

character at each new period in which it is exercised—as, for example, courage, temperance, and courtesy differ in a boy, in a young man, in one in middle life, and in an old man;—but when the virtues reappear in the field of consciousness, they come back blended with many elements that were not there before; and so they are altered “for better for worse, for richer for poorer.” The distant inheritances of character—which reach us from paternal and maternal sources—show themselves now in this peculiarity of action or of demeanor, and again in that; but it is always the same moral *ego* that is developing and differentiating itself in these successive experiences.

As a new element in the case we must not overlook the sudden and curiously strong reactions that occur in moral experience. How are we to explain these? The quick development of a virtue, which seems the opposite of all that had gone before it, in the character which exemplifies the change; a selfish nature becoming generous, or a cynic hopeful, or a sot comparatively temperate. It is not that the old tendency has wrought itself out, and satiety followed, determining reaction the other way; or, if that be taken into account, the initial power of the moral *ego*, and the unity of that *ego*, will supply the condition for a unification of its virtues still. It is rather that reactions of experience, and the return to a truer and a healthier view of conduct, prove that *the force underlying all is one and the same*. In this connection, it may be noted that ethical lessons are very seldom taught directly. A certain result is produced, by once passing through an ordeal which has been keen or arrowy—say a great disaster, or an experience of wrong. The effect may at first be unperceived—occult, or subterranean. It may work inward; the same moral force reappearing afterward as a new virtue of a totally different kind—as distinct as light is from heat, or as both are from electricity.

It is too obvious to require illustration that, given a moral agent, with a certain character, and subject to certain conditions, a particular class of virtues will be evolved; and that, given the same agent with the same character and different conditions, a different set of virtues will be evolved. If this be admitted as a matter of fact, the corollary is that the motive

force, which in the main regulates conduct, and differentiates the virtues, comes from within; and that, this dynamic source or seat of the virtues being one, the virtues themselves may be traced back in the last analysis to a common root.

Another point to be noticed is that destructive agencies are at work in the moral world, correlated with the productive or constructive ones, to further the general weal. This suggests, remotely if not nearly, the unity of the virtues. Every one knows how elaborate are the contrivances in the Realm of Nature to inflict pain, injury, ruin, and death, among the organisms underneath man. But this arrangement, by which

"Nature, red in tooth and claw,"

destroys its weaker physical specimens, is paralleled in the equally elaborate plan by which the weaker members of the human race are crushed aside, after much suffering, defeat, neglect, and loss. It is part of a destructive process at work in the cosmos which has probably always existed within it. Alongside of this, however, there is a constructive process at work—a strictly conservative force, sometimes evolved out of the other by reaction. This new force enters the arena, "not to destroy, but to fulfil;" but, while it does so, its mode of working seems an evidence of the unity of all the moral forces, of their interchangeability, and almost of their ubiquity.

The doctrine of the "unity of the virtues" is an old one in the literature of Philosophy. Its germs are to be found in the Vedas, and in Buddhism; it became explicit in the Zend-Avesta. Zoroaster unified the good and the evil principles in two great areas or diametrically-opposed spheres of action. Socrates—to pass over earlier Greek writers—held that all virtue was one, and had its root in knowledge; while the Cynics, and the Stoics more emphatically, announced the same theory. In Stoicism the doctrine exploded in a series of paradoxes, such as that if a man possessed a single virtue he possessed all the virtues. Virtue to the Stoics was an indivisible, homogeneous, inelastic, organic whole. Either you had it all, or you had it not at all. There was no state half-way between a virtue and a vice, and no middle place between no virtue and all the virtues. Rudimentary, developing,

and evolving virtue was not understood by the Stoics; and, in consequence, there were no "degrees of comparison" in their view of moral excellence. Hence the arbitrary division of mankind into two classes, as sharply marked as in the ethics of Zoroaster; and hence the further paradox that the good do nothing evil, and the bad do nothing good; that all good actions are equally good, all evil ones equally evil—no distinction between faults and crimes being recognized. In short, there was no scale in Stoicism, either of virtue or of vice. But, with this forgotten scale recognized, the truth out of which the Stoic paradoxes sprang, must not be forgotten; and, if adequately understood, this ancient doctrine of the unity of the virtues, and their convertibility, may be one of the most powerful incentives to their pursuit in the modern world. If one may legitimately believe that the excellence after which he strives in vain—the characteristics of which he seems destitute—are nevertheless integral elements in the moral nature he inherits, and therefore a latent possibility of his life,—*only requiring the removal of existing hindrance, and the presence of some magnet, to draw them forth*,—there is a large amount of good cheer in the prospect. The possibility of dormant virtues springing into activity, or of dull ones being quickened by transference, adds a new interest to the palingenesis of moral life.

The evidence which experience gives of the indestructibility of the moral forces tends toward the same result. No morally good act ever dies. It perpetrates itself, in other forms, as well as after its own likeness. As Browning represents Abt Vogler as saying,

"There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with for evil so much good more."

If the correlation of the forces is thus seen in individual experience, the same conclusion may be reached from a study of the way in which they operate in society at large. If moral life in the individual be fundamentally and organically one, it is so *a fortiori* in society; where many units combine to forward the general weal, by co-operation and inter-communication. All the social forces are *solidaires*. The

energy which enthusiasts possess, in collectively working out a great cause, is just the sum of the energy of the individuals who compose the group. But, while they combine to effect a common end, they all differ *inter se*. The moral force which is at work in the organization is composite; but it works to a single end. The energy which each unit brings, into what may be called the commonwealth of the moral forces, while different from that which every other brings, is at the same time convertible into it; and the special form it assumes is often a matter of apparent chance or accident. The energy which in a particular profession becomes a force tending to the strength of that profession would, if its author had entered a different one, have differentiated itself accordingly, and gone to increase the sum-total of energy in labor of another kind.

An interesting remark of Albrecht Dürer will be found among his MS. in the British Museum (IV. 102): "If the world often goeth without an 'artistic painter,' while for two or three hundred years none such appeareth, it is because those *who might have become such devote not themselves to Art.*" Take the simplest possible illustration. There are four sons in a family: one enters the profession of Law; another studies Medicine; the third devotes himself to Art; and the fourth becomes a Politician. An inborn difference of sympathy may have led to their respective choices; but the common

energy which all possess, which was ready to work in some sphere, and had to select one, differentiates itself the moment the special sphere is entered. The forces "convert" themselves, change and differentiate themselves, according to the circumstances amid which they are called into exercise; and, starting from a common root of similarity, their developments may be at last so unlike each other that the sameness of their origin is lost, even to those who are themselves living witnesses to the fact. As time goes on the chasm between them may widen so much that differences arise, and hostilities ensue; but these differences and hostilities do not invalidate the fact that the forces were one in origin, and may ultimately unite in tendency.

If it seems difficult to carry out this principle in reference to the race at large, it may be noted that between the individual and the race there lies the nation; and that the solidarity and convertibility of national forces may be obvious when those of the race are less patent to the eye. It may be added that the realization of the underlying unity of the elements and forces that sway society, when they sway it upward, should have the effect of lessening the estrangements of class, and diminishing the bitterness of party strife, than which there are few things more important for the politician, or the educationist, or the patriot.—*National Review*.

MODERN POETS AND THE MEANING OF LIFE.

BY FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

But earth's dark forehead flings athwart the
heavens
Her shadow crown'd with stars—and yonder
—out
To northward—some that never set, but pass
From sight and night to lose themselves in
day.
I hate the black negation of the bier,
And wish the dead, as happier than ourselves
And higher, having climb'd one step beyond
Our village miseries, might be borne in white
To burial or to burning, hymn'd from hence
With songs in praise of death, and crown'd
with flowers!

TENNYSON.

WORDSWORTH, Darwin, Tennyson—the
three greatest Englishmen of our century

—all now have passed away. *Greatest* I call them, not for personal faculties alone, which are hard to compare as between the many men of genius whom our age has produced, but because it seems to me that these men's faculties have achieved most in the most important directions, in the intuition, discovery, promulgation of fundamental cosmic law. And by cosmic law I here mean, not such rules merely as may hold good universally for matter, or motion, or abstract quantities, but principles which, even if as yet but dimly and narrowly understood, may conceivably be valid for the whole universe, on all

possible planes of being. Of such principles, we have as yet but three—Uniformity, Conservation, Evolution. We believe that all operations in the universe obey unchanging law. We believe that all matter and all energy known to us are indestructible. And we believe that all physical and vital operation in the universe is at present following certain obscurely discernible streams of tendency, whose source and goal are alike unknown. The first of these laws lies at the root of all Science; the second at the root of Physics; the third at the root of Biology.

It is not, of course, with any one of these three laws that the work of Wordsworth or of Tennyson is connected. Of a *fourth* cosmic principle, to which, as I hold, they have helped to introduce mankind, there will be mention later on. Meantime my purpose is briefly to review the work of Tennyson and of our two great poets who survive—Browning I must omit for want of space—in reference to its most serious or philosophical import.* And such criticism, if it is to have any real value, must needs start thus *ab ovo*, and must take account of the speculative or ethical standpoint from which each poet writes. Nor can such standpoint be any longer indicated by words which merely express inclusion or non-inclusion among the adherents of any definite form of faith.

For the change which is coming over our questionings of the universe affects the poet not less intimately, if less directly, than it affects the *savant* or the philosopher. The conceptions which he breathes in from the intellectual atmosphere are no longer traditional, but scientific; no longer catastrophic, but evolutionary; no longer planetary, but cosmical. He may still feel that certain facts in human history have had a unique importance for man. But he must recognize that in order to understand those very facts we must endeavor to understand the universe around us. That universe cannot have changed appreciably in two thousand years. Taking it as a whole, what was going on then must be going on now.

Yet if the poet endeavors to nourish

himself on cosmical laws, he soon finds how ill-suited they are for the sustenance of the human heart. They are the offspring, not of philosophical musing or generous emotion, but of observations, experiments, computations, conducted with an entire absence of ethical preoccupation. Imperfectly understood in themselves, they are yet more difficult to translate into formulæ which will answer the questions that we most wish to ask. Does the law of the uniformity of Nature cancel all that has been held as miracle or revelation, or may so-called miracle and revelation themselves form a stable element in the succession of cause and effect? Does the law of the conservation of energy condemn man's consciousness to extinction when the measurable energies which build up his chemical texture pass back into the inorganic world, or may his conscious life be a form of activity which, just because it is not included in our cycle of mutually transformable energies, is itself in its own proper form as imperishable as they? What does evolution mean, when we get below the obviously superficial terms in which we now describe it as progressing from the simple to the complex, from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, and the like? Does it apply to the moral, or only to the material world? In its application to the material world, is it in any sense continuous and eternal, or is it always temporary and truncated, as must needs be the case with our planetary and solar evolution, and may conceivably be the case with all the stellar evolution which we perceive or infer? And if it applies to the moral future of mankind, is it truncated there also, as must be the case if man exists only while he can inhabit the surface of a planet which, at the best, is only warranted habitable for a few million years, or has it the continuity and eternity for which man's personal immortality alone would offer scope?

And, broadly, if the alien and impersonal character of all these laws convinces us that the universe is in no way constructed to meet the moral needs of man, can we then discern its purport?—is any effort possible to us, or must we drift helplessly with the cosmic stream?

It so happens that the respective attitudes of Mr. Swinburne and Mr. William Morris toward these fundamental problems are specially interesting in two opposite

* I may perhaps refer the reader to a paper on "Tennyson as Prophet" in this Review for March, 1889. I have reason to believe that the line there taken, based in part upon his own conversation, was not unacceptable to Lord Tennyson.

ways—with Mr. Swinburne, from his extraordinary intellectual detachment from the ordinary emotions of humanity ; with Mr. Morris, from the intensity with which he personally shares those emotions.

Mr. Swinburne's case is a very unusual one. His temperament, it need hardly be said, is one of exceptional keenness and fervor ; but he has himself explained that this fervor is elicited mainly by poetry and by the aspects of Nature. The name which the poet assumes in his principal autobiographical poem, "Thalassius, or Child of the Sea"—like the symbolical parentage of the Sun-God which he assigns to himself—is significant of a nature for which these elemental relationships rank as primary passions, and which finds its intensest stimulus in flooding light and stormy ocean. Not, of course, that a temperament so vivid has wholly escaped strong personal feeling. Thalassius describes both a sad experience of love, and also a period of reckless wandering, "by many a vine leafed, many a rose-hung road." But from this wandering he feels, in his allegory, the Sea, his mother, recall him,

And charm him from his own soul's separate
sense

With infinite and invasive influence,
That made strength sweet in him and sweet-
ness strong,

Being now no more a singer, but a song.

To no poet, perhaps, was this last line ever more justly applicable. The idea is further developed in a passage from "On the Cliffs," where the poet addresses the nightingale—in whom also the intensity and volume of song seem to transcend the actual personal emotion :—

We were not made for sorrow, thou and I,
For joy nor sorrow, sister, were we made,
To take delight and grief to live or die,
Assuaged by pleasures and by pains affrayed,
That melt men's hearts or alter ; we retain
A memory mastering pleasure and all pain,
A spirit within the sense of ear and eye,
A soul behind the soul, that seeks and sings,
And makes our life move only with its wings.

The essential isolation—the view of life as from without—which follows on this character, is described in "Thalassius" :—

From no loved lips and on no loving breast
Have I sought ever for such gifts as bring
Comfort, to stay the secret soul to sleep,
The joys, the loves, the labors, whence men
reap

Rathe fruit of hopes and fears,
I have made not mine ; the best of all my days

Have been as those fair fruitless summer
strays,—

Those waterwaifs which but the sea-wind
steers,—

Glad flakes of foam and flowers on footless
ways

Which take the wind in season and the sun,
And when the wind wills is their season done.

One marked element of the poet's youthful training has not yet been mentioned. This was the influence of Walter Savage Landor—an influence pointing mainly toward the worship of Liberty. And it is well for the world that this early bias was implanted, and that in after years the last of "the world's saviors"—the representative, for poetry even more than for history, of the last great struggle where all chivalrous sympathies could range themselves undoubtingly on one side—should have received a crown of song such as had scarcely before been laid at the feet of any living hero. But since Mazzini's work was done, there has been no struggle which has called forth the poet's sympathy with equal clearness. "Republic" was a word with which he was wont to conjure ; but we have just seen one of the three largest empires of the world turned into a republic without producing a stanza from Mr. Swinburne, or indeed any appreciable result except a fall in stocks.

The fact is that, fortunately for mankind Liberty is becoming a matter for the statesman to define rather than for the poet to invoke ; and that the denunciation of tyranny is falling into the same obsolescence which has already overtaken the glorification of personal prowess as a theme of song. The youths who bore their swords in myrtles are almost as remote from us now as the youth who dragged his enemy round the walls of Troy. We thrill to the old music ; but that *motif* can be worked afresh no more. Liberty represents the next stage of progress after Peace and Plenty ; when men, having attained by forceful government to security of property, are inevitably urged by the mere weight of multitude to arrange their laws in such fashion as the greatest number suppose to make for their greatest happiness. This may be done with tardy clumsiness, or with that hastier clumsiness which we term Revolution. But the obstacles to this process in civilized countries are no longer picturesque ; and the poet, though not yet the statesman, has already

to face that difficulty which John Stuart Mill felt in the background. When we have rectified all the anomalies which the Radical Reformer—not yet the Socialist—can discover, what are we to turn to next? For that perplexity, as he has told us, Mill found a solution which met the needs of his individual soul. It lay in the study of the poems of Wordsworth. But although this was in fact (as I shall later try to show) the best line of thought open to that philosopher, there is here no hint of fresh general occupation for the human race as a whole. Rather it suggests to us, what the subsequent history of thought has confirmed, that we are now thrown back upon fundamental problems; that before the race can make out for itself a new practical ideal—such as Plenty and Liberty were once to the many, and such as Science is now to the few—we must somehow achieve a profound readjustment of our general views of the meaning of life and of the structure of the universe.

And, in fact, with this great upheaval of thought Mr. Swinburne, by the mere force of circumstances, finds himself largely concerned. It is not that his main interest is in philosophical speculation; his main interest is in literature and poetry. But he has the intelligence to catch, the voice to utter, whatever speculation is in the air around him; and assuredly some of the utterances to which his receptive but, so to say, detached and disinterested genius prompts him, surpass Lucretius himself in the singularity of their divergence from the traditional stream of human thought and song.

We are bound to face the possibility that the human race came into existence from the operation of purely physical causes, and that there may therefore be in all the universe no beings higher than ourselves; not even the remote and indifferent gods of the Lucretian heaven. By many modern minds, in whom the sense of pity for unmerited suffering and the desire for ideal justice have become passionately strong, this conception, which absolutely negatives the possibility of any pity or justice more efficacious than our own, is felt as an abiding nightmare, which seems from time to time to deepen into a terrible reality. This is the mood of mind illustrated in its extreme form in Tennyson's "Despair." Yet this very hypothesis has inspired one of Mr. Swin-

burne's most exultant poems, the magnificent "Hymn of Man," too well known to need more than a few lines of quotation:—

In the gray beginning of years, in the twilight
of things that began,
The word of the earth in the ears of the world,
was it God? was it man? . . .
When her eyes new-born of the night saw yet
no star out of reach;
When her maiden mouth was alight with the
flame of musical speech;
When her virgin feet were set on the terrible
heavenly way,
And her virginal lids were wet with the dew
of the birth of the day; . . .
Did her heart rejoice, and the might of her
spirit exult in her then,
Child, yet no child of the night, and mother-
less mother of men?

Aeneadum genetrix, so sang Lucretius in the same tone long ago, personifying, with a half-ironical enthusiasm, the blind Power which ruled his world; which had no care for human virtue or human pain:—

Nec bene promeritis capitur, nec tangitur ira.

Still more striking is the long passage in which Tristram de Lyonesse proudly avows, before the great spectacle of the universe, the inevitable nothingness of man.

Ay, what of these? but, O strong sun! O sea!
I bid not you, divine things! comfort me,
I stand not up to match you in your sight;
Who hath said ye have mercy toward us, ye
who have might? . . .

For if in life or death be aught of trust,
And if some unseen just God or unjust
Put soul into the body of natural things,
And in 'Time's pauseless feet and world-wide
wings,

Some spirit of impulse and some sense of will,
That steers them thro' the seas of good and ill,
To some incognisable and actual end,
Be it just or unjust, foe to man or friend,
How should we make the stable spirit to
swerve,

How teach the strong soul of the world to
serve, . . .

The streams flow back toward whence the
springs began,
That less of thirst might sear the lips of man?

Mr. Swinburne, of course, knows as well as anybody what answer man, in all his insignificance, makes to such appeals as these. When Tristram asks:—

Hath he such eyes as, when the shadows flee,
The sun looks out with to salute the sea?

we answer, Nay; but he has eyes that can weep: and therefore in a moral universe no "great blazing lump," be it sun or Sirius, could be of so much account as he.

But in these poems at any rate we have the most striking extant record of an important phase of thought. We have the strict materialistic synthesis clad in its most splendid coloring, and its most inexorable scorn of men.

Growing out of this there is another phase of thought which also Mr. Swinburne has presented with singular fire. That is the resolve that even if there be no moral purpose already in the world, man shall put it there; that even if all evolution be necessarily truncated, yet moral evolution, so long as our race lasts, there shall be; that even if man's virtue be momentary, he shall act as though it were an eternal gain. This noble theme inspires the verses called "The Pilgrims," too familiar for long quotation here:—

—Is this so sweet that one were fain to follow?

Is this so sure where all men's hopes are hollow,

Even this your dream, that by much tribulation

Ye shall make whole flawed hearts and bowed necks straight?

—Nay, though our life were blind, our death were fruitless,

Not therefore were the whole world's high hope rootless;

But man to man, nation would turn to nation,

And the old life live, and the old great word be great.

Fine as this is, there is a vagueness about the offered promise which leaves the wisdom of the Pilgrims' self-sacrifice open to more than one criticism. For, on the one hand, Science looks coldly on the notion of interfering with our present well-being for the advantage of distant generations—preferring to remind us that we know so little of the conditions of life even a hundred years hence that, with the best intentions, it would be no easy matter to benefit any one more remote than our grandchildren; and, on the other hand, the gentle cynical philosophy which spoke through the mouth of M. Renan bids us note that, inasmuch as man's whole existence may very possibly be the *mauvaise plaisanterie* of some irresponsible Power, it will be judicious so to act as to be able at the worst to assure ourselves that we have never been completely taken in.

Whatever, indeed, of wisdom rather than of cynicism this advice contains has

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been exemplified by Mr. Swinburne's career; for he has given himself wholeheartedly to an object which is neither selfish nor unworthy, and yet which is in some sense independent of what the universe may be or do. I need not say that I mean the Art of Poetry; which for himself forms an adequate issue from these deeper perplexities, although it is ill adapted for mankind at large, since it absolutely requires the possession of genius. A world of amateur art is not in itself an ideal.

Poetic imagination leads Mr. Swinburne, as is natural, to the expression of various other moods of mind, not necessarily consistent with the mood of "The Pilgrims." Thus the Lucretian satisfaction at liberation from the terrors of religion forms the theme of a beautiful roundel:—

We have drunken of Lethe at last, we have eaten of lotus;

What hurts it us here that sorrows arise and die?

We have said to the dream that caressed and the terror that smote us,

Good-night and good-bye.

Or sometimes he dwells simply upon the fact that we die, and that our loves perish with us; but dwells on it somehow as with an intelligence interested in noting that fact, rather than with a heart that feels it as inmost pain.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?

And were one to the end—but what end who knows?

Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?

What love was ever as deep as a grave?

They are loveless now as the grass above them,
Or the wave.

I know not what in the easy brilliancy of these lines gives the impression that they are an imaginative description of the inhabitants of some other planet, or at least that Thalassius is as much concerned for his seaweed as for anything else. And of all Swinburne's poems, perhaps the most wonderful, with melody farthest beyond the reach of any other still living man, is that "Garden of Proserpine," whose close represents in well-known words the deep life-weariness of men who have had enough of love. There is here far more than the Lucretian satisfaction in the thought that we shall sleep

tranquilly through the hazardous future as we slept tranquilly through the raging past—*ad conflegendum venientibus undique Penis*—when all the perils which menaced Rome were as nothing to us yet unborn. No, there is here a profounder renouncement of life; there is the grim suspicion which has stolen into many a heart, that we do in truth feel within us, as years go by, a mortality of spirit as well as flesh; that the “bower of unimagined flower and tree” withers inevitably into a frozen barrenness from which no new life can spring:—

And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

When we turn from Swinburne to William Morris we pass into a very different emotional climate. Similar as the two poets are in thoroughness of artistic culture and in width of learning, the personal temperaments which their poems reveal are in some sense complementary. In Swinburne we have seen the vivid but detached intelligence rendering in turn with equal eloquence, and apparently with equal satisfaction, every attitude of mind which the known cosmic laws, construed strictly as against man's hopes, can be shown to justify. In Morris we have a man equally hopeless indeed, but not equally indifferent to hope—steeped, rather, in all the delicate joys, the soft emotions, which make the charm of life, and feeling at every turn with sad discouragement the shadow and imminence of the End. He is above all things the poet of Love; but in his poems love is never without the note of yearning, the sense of an unseizable and fugitive joy:—

Love is enough: while ye deemed him a-sleep-
ing,
There were signs of his coming and sounds
of his feet;
His touch it was that would bring you to
weeping,
When the summer was deepest and music
most sweet:
In his footsteps ye followed the day to
its dying,
Ye went forth by his gown-skirts the morning
to meet:
In his place on the beaten-down orchard-
grass lying
Of the sweet ways ye pondered yet left for
life's trying.

We asked ourselves but now whether
Liberty, which Swinburne sang, could still

be said to offer a permanent motive and object in life for the mass of mankind. To this question Morris has an unexpectedly definite answer. He desires, indeed, a reconstruction of society far more radical than the mere republican demands. He embarks with light heart on a task which one might have thought difficult enough to supply the world with unrealized ideals for a thousand years. Yet he believes that this socialistic reconstruction will be effected so rapidly that the problem as to the subsequent aims and occupations of mankind confronts us almost at once. And, as the stanza above quoted suggests, it is in Love that he finds the main, though not the only, interest of the happy and equalized race to be.

Now we may certainly say that just as Liberty represents the next stage of human progress after Peace and Plenty, so does Love represent the next stage beyond Liberty. When men have got their communities arranged to their mind, they will find time—as a number of leisured persons find time already—to devote their main attention to such happiness as the relation between the sexes can bring. But here, almost for the first time, the question of the unknown future begins to have a practical bearing on life. If love is at once brought thus into prominence and also deprived of all beyond its earthly fruition, is there not a fear lest it should either sink into mere animal passion or lose its tranquillity in yearning pain? Morris has treated this question in two ways; answering it generally in the sadder tone, and as though from actual experience; but once with resolute cheerfulness, in a polemical composition. Let us take this latter first.

It is sometimes urged as an advantage attending the loss of belief in a future life that those who count this life as all are more eager to make their fellow-men happy in it. Without further assenting to this view, we may admit that Morris's belief in earth as the only possible Paradise has helped to drive him, by the most generous road, into a socialism where we may watch him tossing between various Scyllæ and Charybdes with which we are not here concerned. What now interests us is the delightful romance in which he has described earthly life led happily, with no thought of life beyond. What to retain, what to relinquish, has

here been carefully thought out. Religion and philosophy disappear altogether ; science and poetry are in the background ; but we are left with the decorative arts, open-air exercise, and an abundance of beautiful and innocent girls. The future of the human race, in short, is to be a kind of affectionate picnic.

I know not, indeed, how the given problem could have been more attractively solved. But how long will life last thus, à la Rousseau ? Will the haymaking lovers go on haymaking for countless generations and still keep their emotions at precisely the right temperature ? Dangers of one kind need no insistence ; and as for troubles in a higher air, it may be noted that nothing in "News from Nowhere" strikes a truer note than the author's yearning regret at severance from his bewitching heroine—the daughter of a world to be. He feels that in order to live her life he must himself be changed ; and although he speaks of the needed change as if it were but a forgetting of pain and sorrow, a re-entry into Eden,—yet when we compare his picture of that ideal life with his or any active man's life here and now, we feel that there will be more loss than gain ; and that the fuller pleasure cannot compensate for the absence of moral evolution.

That old and just gravamen against almost all theological paradises—that they provide for joy but not for progress—holds good of Morris's many imagined paradises as well. They are abodes of unchanging bliss, dimly felt to be in themselves unsatisfactory, though attractive in comparison with the briefer pleasures which man's common life affords. If they are to be enjoyed without satiety, there must, as in "Ogier the Dane," be a transformation of personality, a forgetfulness of the heroic deeds and strenuous joys of earth. Yet, on the other hand, these strenuous joys are never felt to have any clear advantage over the amorous paradises, on account of their hazardous shortness. Orpheus gains no victory in argument over the Sirens ; whose invitations would be irresistible if there were not so much reason to suspect their good faith. And in the "Hill of Venus," that most terrible of all pictures of remorseful satiety, a Christian hope has to be invoked in order that there may seem to be any other alternative than endless loathing or endless death.

Perhaps, indeed, the fact may be that man is not constructed for flawless happiness, but for moral evolution. Few passages in Morris are more affecting than those in which the Wanderers, who have failed to find the Acre of the Undying, express at once their half-shame at having undertaken that quest, and their regret that it has been all in vain. In the lines in which their poet pleads their excuse, he manages to remind the reader of many valid reasons which impel to that bootless desire :—

Ah, doubt and fear they well might have indeed.

Cry out upon them, ye who have no need
Of life, to right the blindness and the wrong !
Think scorn of these, ye who are made so strong

That with no good-night ye can loose the hand
That led you erst thro' Love's sweet flowery land !

Laugh, ye whose eyes are piercing to behold
What makes the silver seas and skies of gold !
Pass by in haste, ye folk, who day by day
Win all desires that lie upon your way !

It is from no lack of sympathy with heroism that Morris has tarried in this world of soft regrets. Seldom has heroic passion, godlike endeavor, been so painted as in that scene between Sigurd and Brynhild on the summit of Hind-fell :—

And where on the wings of his hope is the
spirit of Sigurd borne ?

But all that triumphant adventure rests in the last resort on the existence of Odin and his halls of gold ; Odin, seen sometimes in visible form, and encouraging the younger heroes with memory of their sires, whose valor reaps now its high reward :—

For on earth they thought of my threshold,
and the gifts I have to give,
Nor prayed for a little longer, and a little
longer to live.

It is the privilege of poetry thus "simple, sensuous, and passionate" that the singer can reveal himself without self-consciousness, and utter without loss of dignity the inward softness of the strong. Who has dwelt longer than this robust and manly worker in that sunlit mist of yearning which hangs suspended above the watershed of joy and pain ? Who has breathed more intimately the last forlornness, and such an inward cry as oftenest is only guessed in a tear ?

Come down, O love, may not our hands still
meet,

Since still we live to-day, forgetting June,

Forgetting May, deeming October sweet—
—O hearken, hearken! through the after-
noon,
The gray tower sings a strange old tinkling
tune!
Sweet, sweet and sad, the failing year's last
breath,
Too satiate of life to strive with death.

And we too—will it not be soft and kind,
That rest from life, from patience and from
pain,
That rest from bliss we know not when we
find,
That rest from Love which ne'er the end can
gain?—
—Hark, how the tune swells, that erewhile
did wane!
Look up, love! ah, cling close and never
move!
How can I have enough of life and love?

If in these October stanzas we have
the last fruitless attempt at resignation, in
the poem which preludes to November
we have a mood more dreadful still. We
have the recognition that the Cosmos
has no true place for man; we have that
underlying aspect of Nature which, once
seized, is no less than appalling; when
the familiar garden seems alien and terri-
ble as a gulf in the Milky Way; and,
nakedly confronted with the everlasting
universe, man that must die feels more
than the bitterness of death:—

Look out upon the real world, where the
moon,
Half-way 'twixt root and crown of these high
trees,
Turns the dead midnight into dreamy noon,
Silent and full of wonders, for the breeze
Died at the sunset, and no images,
No hopes of day, are left in sky or heart:—
Is it not fair, and of most wondrous worth?

Yea, I have looked and seen November there;
The changeless seal of change it seemed to be,
Fair death of things that, living once, were
fair,
Bright sign of loneliness too great for me,
Strange image of the dread eternity,
In whose void patience how can these have
part,
These outstretched feverish hands, this rest-
less heart?

We have traced in the work of these
two poets almost every mood of feeling
possible to high-minded men under the
shadow of an inevitable doom. There has
been courage, and there has been calm;
there has been the solemn sadness of im-
possible resignation, and that imperious
cry for Life! more Life! which is the
very voice of the human heart. Is this
then all? and must poets in every age be

content to renew the old desiring, and to
fall back baffled from the same impalpable
wall of gloom?

There are still those among us who will
answer, Nay. There are still those who,
while accepting to the full the methods
and the results of Science, will not yet
surrender the ancient hopes of our race.
And we shall point out that these poets,
while strictly within their rights in assum-
ing nothing which Science has not sanc-
tioned, have yet omitted from their pur-
view no trifling part of human thought,
belief, and emotion. They have taken
no heed of the traditions, the instincts,
the phenomena, which have led men to
believe in another world mixed with ours.
They have ignored what the still greater
poet to whom we now come has called

the silent Word
Of that world-prophet in the heart of man.

We shall not let our case go thus by
default. We shall urge that although the
cosmic laws now known are *neutral*—for
that they are *adverse* we certainly shall not
admit—it is most certain that there are
still cosmic laws unknown, and that of
these there may well be some one within
range of discovery which may govern
more directly the region in which these
problems lie. We shall do well, therefore,
to consider whether there be any primary
belief held in common by all religions;
and, if so, whether that belief is capable
of being expressed in a form in which it
might conceivably be proved by Science
to be a cosmical law—a fourth law lying
at the root of Psychology as those other
laws at the root of Physics and Biology.
If we can do this we shall at least know
where we are and what we have to aim at;
and the controversy, which is now too
often like a fight between a dog and a
fish—between the subjective instincts
which glide in the ocean and the objective
facts which bark on the shore—may be
conducted in something more resembling
a common element.

It is plain that the thesis upon which
we are to combine must in some way ex-
press our belief in a spiritual world. But
it will not be enough to affirm the *co-ex-*
istence of such a world with our own; for
mere co-existence will be incapable of
proof. Nor, on the other hand, must we
call upon mankind to believe that the two
worlds are in reality *one*, or that the ma-

terial world is shadow and illusion, and the spiritual world real alone. This, again, is a dogma beyond the possible reach of experiment. Let us take a middle term, and speak of the *interaction* or *interpenetration* of the two worlds. If we believe that a spiritual world has in any way been manifested to mankind, we must suppose that mankind has in some way been perceptible to that world as well. There will therefore have been *interaction* between the two. Or the word *interpenetration* will include both any manifest interaction, and also those vaguer intimations "of something far more deeply interfused" which we cannot afford to despise, although we must not put them forward as evidence for a possibly demonstrable cosmic law.

It is on the ground, then, of their association with this assumed fourth cosmic law of interpenetrating worlds that I would claim both for Wordsworth and for Tennyson a commanding place among the teachers of this century. I do not, of course, claim a *scientific* eminence for poets, one of whom was ignorantly hostile to Science, while the other, although neither hostile nor ignorant, wrote no memoirs and made no experiments. But certain truths ultimately provable by science may be in the first instance attained by other than scientific methods. They may rise into consciousness, as I have elsewhere tried to show,* in some sense ready-made, and accompanied with no logical perception of the processes which, deep in our being, may have been used to reach them. The "genius" shown in discovery or in creative art may be defined as "an uprush of subliminal faculty," and the rapt absorption of a Newton, the waking dream of a Raphael, the inward audition of a Mozart, do but represent the same process occurring in different regions of thought and emotion. The mystic claims a like inspiration; but since we have no canons by which to test the validity of the message which he brings us, we do well for the most part to set mystic messages aside altogether. But nevertheless just as Faraday, by making many provably true divinations in the physical universe, secured mankind's attention for

certain divinations which he could not prove; so also may a great poet, by manifestly fruitful inspirations in his own special art, claim our attention for alleged inspirations in a field where our critical tests can no longer follow him. The fact that fools have rushed in is not in itself a reason for angels to fear to tread. High art is based upon unprovable intuitions; and of all arts, it is Poetry whose intuitions take the brightest glow, and best illumine the mystery without us from the mystery within.

Few poets, indeed, in any age have thus deserved the name of prophet; to fewer still ought we to grant it in such an age as our own. For we shall need to be assured that the prophet's convictions come neither from tradition nor from temperament; that he is not buoyed up by mere personal gladness, nor heedless of the stern rejoinders which Science has made to many a facile hope. It is well that Tennyson should have shown at every stage his readiness for stern self-questioning, for the facing of naked truth; it is well that the "empyrean heights of thought" of "In Memoriam," xiv., should have been followed by the grim alternatives of cxix.—"I trust I have not wasted breath"—that the mystical glory of "The Voice and the Peak" should have left him still capable of shuddering with the nightmare of a godless world in his incomparable "Despair." For thus we discern him as a spirit which has scaled from abyss to summit the whole ascension open to incarnate man; one who from deep discouragement, from melancholy isolation, has slowly climbed the "Mount of Vision," and has uttered thence his auguries, meet for the wise to hear.

Well also that, like his own Akbar promulgating "the Divine Faith," he has infused the least possible of the special or the transitory into his appeal for eternal things. For it is in very truth the *desiderium orbis catholici* which our prophet's voice must meet; with some such authoritative inauguration and prophetic heralding as has ushered in each great successive expansion of the conceptions and ideals of men.

I know not how soon Science may sanction the prophet's hope—Science which after her first flush of all-conquering achievement begins to realize anew that "A thousand things are hidden still, And

* "The Mechanism of Genius," *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* (Trübner), part xxii.

not a hundred known." But in an epoch of transition and bewilderment great souls make the surest harborage; and even as for the storm-tossed philosopher early in this century the best haven lay in the poems of Wordsworth, so now in the poems of Tennyson lies the best haven for men far more numerous and in far worse straits, at our troubled century's close.

I have placed Wordsworth and Tennyson together as realizing with extraordinary intuition, promulgating with commanding genius, the interpenetration of the spiritual and the material worlds. But between Wordsworth's poems and the more significant of Tennyson's Darwin had given "the holding turn" to man's growing belief in the Law of Evolution. And it was the influence, however indirect, of this *third* law of the Cosmos which enabled the later Laureate to enrich and deepen his predecessor's conception of the *fourth*. To Wordsworth the sense of the soul in Nature was in itself an all-sufficing joy. He felt it, and he was at peace. But with Tennyson the fourth law at once completes the third, and is confirmed by it. For with the affirmation of a spiritual universe he links a claim for moral evolution.

The one conception, of course, does not necessarily imply the other. If worlds interpenetrate they do not interpenetrate for the special benefit of man. Their interaction must be a great structural fact in the Cosmos, a fundamental reality reaching backward throughout an immeasurable past. Existing before man was thought of, it may exist now with no thought for man.

But, on the other hand, here we have a new possibility which alone will explain the perturbations and complete the lacunæ of the older generalization. If man is now interacting with a spiritual world, he may act and advance in that world, for aught we know, forever; and in that case Evolution may be no longer a partial and truncated, but a universal and endless law. "What hurts it us here if planets arise and die?" What need we care for the shrinking sun, the squandered energy, the omen of the moon's frozen peace? If man's soul grow forever, it matters no more how many solar systems she wears out than how many coats.

Nevertheless, to correspond with this expansion without us, there must be an

expansion within. If man is to march with the Cosmos, it must be progress and not joy which is his goal. Thus alone can we rally to the standard of Life all that is bravest and most generous, as well as all that is most native and ineradicable in the human heart.

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,

Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—

Glory of virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—

Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she:

Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of virtue be dust,

Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?

She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seat of the just,

To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:

Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

Σάλπιγξ δ' αὐτῇ πάντ' ἐκεῖν' ἐπέφλεγεν.

This cry is the trumpet-call of man's true salvation; the summons to no houri-haunted paradise, no passionless contemplation, no monotony of prayer and praise; but to endless advance by endless effort, and, if need be, by endless pain. Still shall be asked, amid vaster alternatives, the stern question of Cato:—

utrumne secundis

An magis adversis staret Romana propago?

Still shall cause produce effect; still shall all that is be transmuted and not destroyed. Let no man trust to an instant deliverance, nor dream of an age-long peace. For thus our modern thought has risen at last to the height of the solitary Plotinus; who, when he was told that the shade of Hercules in the meadow of asphodel rejoiced in the great deeds that he had done, replied that the shade of Hercules might boast thus to shades; but that the true Hercules accounted all past deeds as nought, "being transported into a more sacred place, and strenuously engaging, even above his strength, in those contests in which the wise engage."

Is not this, at last and undoubtedly, the true hope and ideal of man? Is not all well, if to this end the cosmic laws be working, and Fate's tangled web be spun? Prospects vast as these cannot be provable, nay, cannot be truly definable nor clearly imaginable by man. But that,

which for us is the vital point,—the actual fact of the interaction of material and spiritual worlds,—this surely, as I have already hinted, ought to be ultimately capable of demonstration. The human end to the chain can at least be investigated, the human sensitivity tested, the human testimony weighed. On this topic I shall not here dwell at length. It may suffice to say that there are those who, however imperfectly, are endeavoring to perform this plain duty ; and that to these men Lord Tennyson, almost from the inception of their task, gave the support of his name. Neither shall I attempt to assemble the passages, some of them quoted in my previous article, from which the grounds of this sympathy may be more or less plainly inferred. But I will remind the reader that for any estimation of Tennyson's final opinions, the later poems are, of course, the most significant. In his last years there was inequality of poetic merit—an inequality which admitted nevertheless of more than one masterpiece—but there was no decline in intellectual grasp and power. Nay, I think that all will some day recognize that there was even a lifelong gain in wisdom ; a lifelong maintenance of that position, in sympathy with and yet in advance of his time, which was first manifest when "In Memoriam"—now so intelligible and so orthodox—perplexed as well as charmed the reading public of its earlier day.

From "The Ancient Sage," which (with the fully concordant "Akbar's Dream") approaches perhaps as nearly as any of the poet's works to a personal creed or testament, comes the passage which I have prefixed as motto to this paper ; and also this other passage, treating of the possible development of powers as yet unrecognized in man :—

My son, the world is dark with griefs and graves,
So dark, that men cry out against the Heavens.

Who knows but that the darkness is in man ?
The doors of Night may be the gates of Light ;
For wert thou born or blind or deaf, and then
Suddenly healed, how wouldst thou glory in all

The splendors and the voices of the world !
And we, the poor earth's dying race, and yet
No phantoms, watching from a phantom shore,

Await the last and largest sense, to make
The phantom walls of this illusion fade,
And show us that the world is wholly fair.

The volumes, called *Demeter and other Poems* and *The Death of Ænone*, published since my former paper, contain some very definite indications of the poet's later views. We must remember that it was his habit to scatter pregnant sayings in unexpected places ; and that his sincerity and scrupulosity of style allow us to dwell with confidence on his briefest expressions. Compare, then, with a well-known passage in "Aylmer's Field," these lines from "Demeter" :—

Last as the likeness of a dying man,
Without his knowledge, from him dits to warn
A far-off friendship that he comes no more.

And observe, in "Happy," the poet's anticipation of the full evolution of this faculty of direct communication in the spiritual world :—

When we shall stand transfigured, like
Christ on Hermon hill,
And moving each to music, soul in soul and
light in light,
Shall flash thro' one another in a moment
as we will.

Consider, too, all that is implied in the following passage from "The Ring ;" a poem quasi-dramatic in form, but in which the principal speaker, apart from the actual story, seems a mere vehicle for reflections not obviously other than Tennyson's own :—

The Ghost in Man, the Ghost that once was
Man,

But cannot wholly free itself from Man,
Are calling to each other thro' a dawn
Stranger than earth has ever seen : the veil
Is rending, and the Voices of the day
Are heard across the Voices of the dark.
No sudden heaven, nor sudden hell, for man,
But thro' the Will of One who knows and
rules—

And utter knowledge is but utter love—
Æonian Evolution, swift or slow,
Thro' all the Spheres—an ever opening height,
An ever lessening earth.

The conception of endless progress with which this passage concludes is resumed in a form characteristic enough of the bard's personality in the lines "By an Evolutionist" :—

The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul
of a man,

And the man said, "Am I your debtor ?"
And the Lord—"Not yet : but make it as
clean as you can,
And then I will let you a better."

* * * * *

I have climbed to the snows of Age, and I
gaze at a field in the Past,

Where I sank with the body at times in the
sloughs of a low desire,
But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the Man
is quiet at last
As he stands on the heights of his life with
a glimpse of a height that is higher.

Here surely is the answer to that despair of man's moral vitality which "weeps that no loves endure;" to that *gran rifiuto* of Life and Progress which craves only "the sleep eternal in an eternal night." "Eld and Death" have not hushed at least this song; but from the great old age of this grave and meditative man his trumpet-call sounds ever more solemnly triumphant; and Death, whose "truer name is Onward," is discerned auspicious and anear. The lesson of Evolution, as this Evolutionist delivers it to us, is "Lay hold on Life! For Life the Universe is making; help thou that Life to be!" The final purpose, indeed, which we may thus subserve, lies far beyond the grasp of men. But while we still subserve it—through stress, perchance, and strenuous pain—how easily may those ancient longings of the human spirit find their fulfilment by the way! That joy of the poet of Nature, that exultation in the stormy or shining universe; where is its limit now? And as for the heart's deeper needs, all that the "idle singer" sang in our empty day—shall not the lovers learn, in Plato's words, "what it was that they had so long been desiring," and perceive why through earth's close caresses those loved ones seemed still so far, and their impalpable tokens of amity were more thrilling than any cruder joy? Shall they not recognize that no terrene Matter or Energy, but Love itself is the imperishable of that higher world—so that earth's brief encounter with some spirit, quickly dear, may be the precursory omen of a far-off espousal, or the unconscious recognition of fond long-severed souls? Shall they not find that the lifelong loyalty to the touch of a vanished hand has been no vain or one-sided offering of the heart; but that the affection has been established by an unseen companionship, and that the Beloved has answered all? *Id cinerem et Manis credo curare sepultos.*

And what of "the Nameless" of the hundred names"? Does our conception of infinite interpenetration, infinite evolution, infinite unity, raise us to clearer vision of that "whole world-self and all-in-all"?

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns? . . .

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet. . . .

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
But if he could see and hear, this Vision—were it not He?

In every age the Poet has looked round him on the universe, and spokesmen of our race have set down in solemn language the impress left upon the soul. First of all come Homer's lines, majestic, unsurpassable; forging the very art of poetry with the same Titan strokes as Achilles' shield:—

*Ἐν μὲν γαῖαν ἔτευξ', ἐν δ' οὐρανὸν, ἐν δὲ θάλασσαν,
Ἡελίου ἀκάμαντα σέληνιν τε πλῆθυσαντ'—*

But these lines and those that follow have no philosophy behind them. They are a naked triumphant inventory of "the whole world and creatures of God."

And then, as the Ionian youth begins to decline into questioning sadness, we have that catalogue of the disenchanted Menander—Menander, who held that man most blessed of all,

*Ὅστις θεωρήσας ἀλύπως, Παρμένων,
τὰ σμῆν' αὐτ', ἀπῆλθεν, ὅθεν ἦλθεν, ταχύ—*

who having looked once upon these glorious objects, this spectacle of sun and night and sea, should then pass satisfied and swiftly from a life which had nought else so reverend to show.

And next comes Virgil's monumental enumeration:—

*Principio cælum ac terras camposque liquen-
tis,
Lucentemque globum Lunsæ, Titaniaque as-
tra,—*

and those succeeding lines which have become the Roman charter of a spiritual world, the epigraph writ across the heavens to testify that there is a Mind in the universe, a Soul within the sum of things. And, lastly, we have Tennyson penetrating to a still profounder identification; to the sense that what we have held far off and future, that verily is here and now; and that what is in truth the Nameless,

that is our world and we ; " for we here are in God's bosom, a land unknown."

All men mourn the poet. But those of us who cling to the spiritual aspect of the universe have more than a great poet to mourn. We have lost our head and our chief ; the one man, surely, in all the world to-day, who from a towering eminence which none could question affirmed the realities which to us are all. For him we may repeat Lucretius' homage to the sage and poet whom that other island " bore within her three-cornered shores ;" that Sicily,

*Quæ cum magna modis multis miranda videtur
Gentibus humanis regio, visendaque fertur,
Rebus opima bonis, multa munita virum vi,—
Nil tamen hoc habuisse viro præclarius in se,
Nec sanctum magis et mirum earumque videtur.*

Our island too " in many ways is marvellous, and such as folk come far to see ; laden she is with riches and guarded with great force of men ; yet seems she to have held within her borders nothing than this man more glorious, nothing more holy, wonderful, and dear."—*Nineteenth Century.*

COMMON THINGS.

BY C. L. M.

GIVE me, dear Lord, thy magic common things,
Which all can see, which all may share,
Sunlight and dewdrops, grass and stars and sea,
Nothing unique or new, and nothing rare.

Just daisies, knapweed, wind among the thorns :
Some clouds to cross the blue old sky above :
Rain, winter fires, a useful hand, a heart,
The common glory of a woman's love.

Then, when my feet no longer tread old paths
(Keep them from fouling sweet things anywhere),
Write one old epitaph in grace-lit words :
" Such things look fairer that he sojourned here."

—*Spectator.*

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

BY MARY NEGREPONTE.

WHITTIER belongs essentially to the sympathetic order of poets. From his earliest years his heart brimmed over with sympathy for his fellow-creatures, and lowly as was his birth, few as were his opportunities for active benevolence, he is said to have gained the reputation of Christ-like saintliness at an age when other lads occupy their leisure in stoning cats and bird-nesting.

If Spenser was responsible for the magnificent poetry of Keats, Burns was Whittier's literary godfather. An itinerant pedlar, a Scotchman, and himself a bit of a poet, bartered a copy of the Ayrshire ploughman's works, together with a miscellaneous lot of fancy articles, to the

Whittier family, and the young John Greenleaf dated his earliest inspiration from that fortunate purchase.

He was born on a Massachusetts farm, and the same natural beauties and simple sights which had charmed the peasant-poet greeted the eyes of his New England successor. Whittier, however, never attained the breadth and height of Burns' poetic genius. He was inferior to him in a certain farcical and virile sense of humor which has always been supposed to be characteristic of the Scotch mind, and also, gentle-hearted as he ever showed himself to his fellow-creatures, he had not the exquisite sympathy with the animal race which distinguished his predecessor.

Once, and once only, did Whittier give transcendent proof of the possession of these qualities, and that was in his famous poem, *Skipper Ireson's Ride*: the curt suggestiveness, the strength and weird imagery of this piece give it a unique place in its author's repertory. Perfect also from a metrical standpoint, it is destined to survive with *Barbara Frietchie* in the anthology of the New World.

Patriotism is not always easily idealized in verse: it has been the stock theme for many generations of poets and penmen in divers lands; but Whittier contrives in his lyric to invest the subject with fresh interest. The courage and ready self-sacrifice of a very old woman is, indeed, remarkable. Old men are proverbially timid; the blood once ardent grows sluggish with the years; the muscles soften, and the natural combativeness of the male gives place to a longing for inaction. If this be the case with old men, how much more strongly does it apply to their feminine contemporaries, whose veins have never throbbed to the war-trumpet, who have never known the fighting instincts that slumber in the heart of every well-constituted youth; that aged women should give proof of bravery is almost unheard of, therefore Whittier had a splendid theme to begin with, to which, be it said, he has done full justice:

"Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Uprose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her four-score years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Halt! the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
Fire! out blazed the rifle-blast;

It shivered the window-pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

'Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag,' she said." . . .

Was ever a noble action more nobly expressed; terseness and strength are not

the predominant qualities of this poet's genius, but in the two pieces quoted he shows that he possesses both to a high degree.

Where are we going, Rubee? and other verse, written on behalf of the enslaved race, attest to his intense sympathy with the "darkies."

Perhaps Quakerism, which has so curiously survived among the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, with its gentle and quaint attendance of sobriety, even-mindedness and unostentation, is not foreign to Whittier's genius. It was partly owing to the Quaker element in his character that made him acknowledge at the outset the rights of the oppressed race to enfranchisement and joy; it was owing to the tincture of his mind with Quaker doctrines that influenced him in his choice of subject-matter.

Indeed, "whatever was of good report," and elevating to the soul, he gladly dilated on, but tabooed equivocal themes, as also the mighty domain of natural science and philosophy. He does not either set about dissecting Will, the mainspring of human man Action, gives us no disquisitions in verse upon the Ideal and the Actual. His intellect touched the positive on all sides, and it was not of the mystic order of that of his countrymen Poe and Hawthorne.

Whatever his limitations—and what poet, except one or two of the greatest, is universal in his conception of the Universe?—whatever his literary artlessness, his gifts and activity were always expended in a noble cause.

Mankind requires to be reminded occasionally that two and two make four, and the bard who knows how to teach such truths warily, will have more chance of being read and admired by his contemporaries than the author of the most abstractly beautiful and abstruse soul-epic that ever was written.

When the conventional enthusiasm has subsided, which constrains every dilettante of letters to fall metaphorically upon his knees before the bust of Browning, the student will be able to judge of that bard's true place in the literature of his time. As eruditely schoiastic as Erasmus, as darkly prophetic as John Huss, Browning's genius is hardly to be explained by the compiler of handbooks.

Of what a different order is the intellect

of Whittier. His views are everybody's views—that is, every decent-minded person's; but he possesses in addition the power to clothe them in appropriate words.

A dozen years Longfellow's junior, he draws his inspiration from similar sources, Hebraic or rather Biblical, humanitarian and historical. Like most poets, Whittier loves the past: the Indian past of the Americans; the picturesque past of Catholicism; the Puritan past of the faith of New England charm him equally.

He resembles Longfellow also greatly in his love of simple things, but had not his constructive faculty, his mastery of versification—as exemplified in *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha*—his puissant command of epithets and adverb; his picturesqueness, in short; but he shared all his softer qualities, and was his equal, to be just, in the ballad.

No American poet has surpassed these two in the lilt and vivacity of their ballads. The mystic genius of E. A. Poe found little outlet in this form of song; Oliver Wendell Holmes and Russell Lowell have rarely attempted it, the former because of his partiality for the didactic as opposed to the simply descriptive order of lyrics, the latter because he was essentially a humorist, and the conduct of mankind ever appealed to him from the contemplative or non-dramatic standpoint. This explains the subjective irony which is the great charm of the *Biglow Papers*. Walt Whitman, on the other hand, was too preoccupied with vast nebulous projects for the regeneration of humanity, with the construction of novel metrical forms, with philosophical concepts, to set about recounting martial incidents exactly as they occurred, and with the simple directness which the ballad demands.

Some of Whittier's short pieces remind us of the *Twice-told Tales*; they are vignettes in verse. *Andrew Rykman's Prayer* and *The Two Rabbis* are an illustration of this similarity, but the poet has rarely attained the poetic excellence of the prose writer's exquisite allegory, *The Great Stone Face*.

We must not claim for Whittier even the slight measure of intellectuality which constitutes the baggage of most poets of his eminence; he was unintellectual in his spontaneity, unintellectual in his mode of looking at life and its appanage of triumphs and pain, unintellectual even in his

literary style, which rarely presents any technical subtleties.

He was certainly well acquainted with foreign masterpieces, as his poems are full of quotations and allusions to extraneous topics; but he had not the vivid assimilative power which renders the poet compatriot for the time being with the poets of all time.

It is surely the strong accent of sincerity running through Whittier's poetry which has brought him so prominently to the fore, for high-class magazine poetry at the present day is often superior as regards literary excellence. We may safely aver that artificiality, however cultured, may never under any circumstances take the place of genuine inspiration. Whittier has become a leading American poet, in spite of his literary deficiencies and the artlessness of his versification and style. Let the would-be rhymester read, mark, and inwardly digest this passage:

"Close study and taste for letters have never yet made a poet, who is born with the divine afflatus and its attendant concomitants of enthusiasm and simplicity."

A certain analogy might be traced, if one were so disposed, between the *Sigurd* of Mr. William Morris and *King Volmar and Elsie*, Whittier's spirited legend from the Danish, only, as usual, the New Englander uses epithets and metaphors ready to his hand, while the English poet delves deeply into the rock of phraseology, and produces therefrom bizarre and beautiful turns of expression and fresh similes. He gives proof also of a profounder and wider comprehension of the Scandinavian race-type and mythus than his fellow-bard.

Now the artistic and literary training of the group of pre-Raphaelites, to which Mr. Morris formerly belonged, was as perfect as any sublunary training could be. These youths were saturated with the spirit as well as the letter of the past; and it must be remembered that the composite influences of the high-art traditions were lacking in the education of the farm-bred Massachusetts lad. So striking, however, is the resemblance between these two poems that we subjoin a verse from each.

The following lines are from Mr. Morris's *Sigurd*:

"And to me the least and the youngest what
gift for the slaying of ease,
Save the grief that remembers the past and
the fear that the future sees.

And the hammer and fashioning-iron and
the living coal of fire ;
And the craft that createth a semblance and
fails of the heart's desire," etc.

And these from Whittier :

"Where our heathen doom rings and gray
stones of the Horg,
In its little Christian city stands the Church
of Vordingborg ;
In merry mood King Volmar sat, forgetful
of his power,
As idle as the Goose of Gold that brooded
on his tower."

Whittier's hymns are also deservedly
admired. Of these, the one beginning :

"And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar.
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore."

is as fine in its way as Tennyson's *Cross-
ing the Bar*.

"And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee."

Dr. Watts' hymns, and even those of
Miss Ridley Havergal, seem to smack respec-
tively of unction and pious hysteria

beside this heartfelt and eminently natural
outburst. We feel, as we read this hymn,
that its author was a true Christian, after
the manner of the fisher-disciples, whose
humility almost equalled that of the Gali-
lean.

Whittier rarely gives himself the trouble
to search for original metaphors ; he seems
rather to prefer those that have been con-
secrated by immemorial use. Hear the
climax of the *Wish of To-Day*, another
of this poet's beautiful hymns :

"Though oft like letters traced on sand
My weak resolves have passed away,
In mercy lend Thy helping hand
Unto my prayer to-day."

In conclusion, we will cite *Thy Will Be
Done*, which recalls the seventeenth and
eighteenth century hymnology. Surely
there is an echo of Bishop Herbert's ten-
der devotional feeling in the following
lines :

"We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done."

—*Westminster Review*.

RE-VOLUTION.

WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. RUDYARD KIPLING AND PROFESSOR GARNER.

BY E. H. T.

"To-day the American professor, Mr. R. L. Garner, leaves Liverpool in Messrs. Elder, Dempster & Co.'s steamer *Matadi* for Gaboon, South-West Africa, for the purpose of studying the language of the forests, though chiefly that of the monkey species. Professor Garner has the special patronage of ex President Grover Cleveland and Mr. T. A. Edison in his unique undertaking, and claims to have recorded and reduced the voices of nearly all the monkeys on the American continent. He is going to Africa to reduce the sounds of the monkeys' voices out there, and to do the same with the lower tribes of mankind. The professor says he is confident that he can find the means of intelligent intercourse with the man-like apes, and to show that they possess the faculty of speech. Among the articles which Professor Garner is taking out is a steel cage intended for his accommodation in the forests, and to prevent him being molested by any wild animals. The cage is portable, and can with facility be erected. It is merely frames with corrugated steel wire, and in this the professor hopes to remain secure. He is entirely alone in his venture, which he is undertaking for the advancement of science."—*Yorkshire Post*.

THIS is the wonderful story
Told when the twilight fails,
And the monkeys chatter together,
And nibble each other's tails.

One day, in the forest primeval,
Where monkeys and pigmies abound,
In the drowsy height of the noonday
Arose on the silence a sound.

In the silent hush of the noonday,
When all honest monkeys are napping,
In the depths of the ancient forest
Was heard a mysterious tapping.

Our grandmother, peacefully sleeping,
Had told us the story again
Of the farmers who captured our fathers,
And made them the things they call men.

She awoke with a start from her slumbers,
And, bending her ear to the ground,
Cried she, "'Tis a terrible farmer!"—
Then, gaining a branch with a bound,

She called to her slumbering children,
And bidding them hold by her tail,
She led us to where, from safe quarters,
We saw what made each of us quail.

Far down in the twilight beneath us,
In a prison of twisted wire,
Was a creature whose *pitiful* aspect
Could only our *pity* inspire.

Haggard and shaven and helpless,
Without e'en the *stump* of a tail,
We recognized one of our kindred,
And set up a heartrending wail.

With a leap as the leap of a leopard,
He uttered an answering yell;
And the sound that broke forth from his quivering lips
Was a word that was known to us well.

Our grandmother heard it with rapture,
And, in spite of her ven'erable age,
She shook her tail free of her offspring,
And flung herself down on the cage.

"'Tis my baby, my long, long lost darling!"
She whimpered, in accents of joy;
"He remembers the speech that I loved so to teach
Him when only a toddling boy!"

Come hither, ye tribes of the forest,
To rescue your wandering brother,
Whose trembling feet and yearning heart
Have turned to his sorrowing mother."

With a rush as the roar of the tempest,
They came at their ancestress' call;
And the joy thus expressed in her face and her voice
Was reflected and echoed by all.

We surrounded the wire-twisted fortress,
And, stretching forth welcoming paws,
We seized on the bars of his prison
And wrenched them asunder like straws.

With eager and loving caresses
 We drew forth our trembling brother ;
 And as he crept out, midst a deafening shout,
 He was clasped in the arms of his mother !

How she cuddled and fondled her darling,
 How she wept o'er his features so pale ;
 How she bathed him in koko to strengthen his hair,
 How she sewed on a *beautiful tail*,

It boots not to tell, but, as seasons rolled on,
 And he drank in his pure native air,
 His speech it returned and his hair it grew long,
 And our food he delighted to share.

And now through the forest he springs with his kin,
 Having wedded our chieftain's daughter ;
 For one of our poets wrote ages ago
 That "Bluid is aye thicker than water."

Now this is the wonderful story
 Told when the twilight fails,
 As our brother and we sit up in a tree,
 Or swing by each other's tails.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE INADEQUACY OF "NATURAL SELECTION."

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

STUDENTS of psychology are familiar with the experiments of Weber on the sense of touch. He found that different parts of the surface differ widely in their ability to give information concerning the things touched. Some parts, which yielded vivid sensations, yielded little or no knowledge of the size or form of the thing exciting it: whereas other parts, from which there came sensations much less acute, furnished clear impressions respecting tangible characters, even of relatively small objects. These unlikenesses of tactual discriminativeness he ingeniously expressed by actual measurements. Taking a pair of compasses, he found that if they were closed so nearly that the points were less than one-twelfth of an inch apart, the end of the forefinger could not perceive that there were two points: the two points seemed one. But when the compasses were opened so that the points were one-twelfth of an inch apart, then the end of the forefinger distinguished the two points. On the other hand, he found that the compasses must be opened to the extent of two and a half inches be-

fore the middle of the back could distinguish between two points and one. That is to say, as thus measured, the end of the forefinger has thirty times the tactual discriminativeness which the middle of the back has.

Between these extremes he found gradations. The inner surfaces of the second joints of the fingers can distinguish separateness of positions only half as well as the tip of the forefinger. The innermost joints are still less discriminating, but have a power of discrimination equal to that of the tip of the nose. The end of the great toe, the palm of the hand, and the cheek have alike one-fifth of the perceptiveness which the tip of the forefinger has; and the lower part of the forehead has but one-half that possessed by the cheek. The back of the hand and the crown of the head are nearly alike in having but a fourteenth or a fifteenth of the ability to perceive positions as distinct, which is possessed by the finger-end. The thigh, near the knee, has rather less, and the breast less still; so that the compasses must be more than an inch and a half

apart before the breast distinguishes the two points from one another.

What is the meaning of these differences? How, in the course of evolution, have they been established? If "natural selection" or survival of the fittest is the assigned cause, then it is required to show in what way each of these degrees of endowment has advantaged the possessor to such extent that not infrequently life has been directly or indirectly preserved by it. We might reasonably assume that in the absence of some differentiating process, all parts of the surface would have like powers of perceiving relative positions. They cannot have become widely unlike in perceptiveness without some cause. And if the cause alleged is natural selection, then it is necessary to show that the greater degree of the power possessed by this part than by that, has not only conduced to the maintenance of life, but has conduced so much that an individual in whom a variation has produced better adjustment to needs, thereby maintained life when some others lost it; and that among the descendants inheriting this variation, there was a derived advantage such as enabled them to multiply more than the descendants of individuals not possessing it. Can this, or anything like this, be shown?

That the superior perceptiveness of the forefinger-tip has thus arisen, might be contended with some apparent reason. Such perceptiveness is an important aid to manipulation, and may have sometimes given a life-saving advantage. In making arrows or fish-hooks, a savage possessing some extra amount of it may have been thereby enabled to get food where another failed. In civilized life, too, a seamstress with well-endowed finger-ends might be expected to gain a better livelihood than one with finger-ends which were obtuse; though this advantage would not be so great as appears. I have found that two ladies whose finger-ends were covered with glove-tips, reducing their sensitiveness from one-twelfth of an inch between compass points to one-seventh, lost nothing appreciable of their quickness and goodness in sewing. An experience of my own here comes in evidence. Toward the close of my salmon-fishing days, I used to observe what a bungler I had become in putting on and taking off artificial flies. As the tactual discriminativeness of my

finger-ends, recently tested, comes up to the standard specified by Weber, it is clear that this decrease of manipulative power, accompanying increase of age, was due to decrease in the delicacy of muscular co-ordination and sense of pressure—not to decrease of tactual discriminativeness. But not making much of these criticisms, let us admit the conclusion that this high perceptive power possessed by the forefinger-end may have arisen by survival of the fittest; and let us limit the argument to the other differences.

How about the back of the trunk and its face? Is any advantage derived from possession of greater tactual discriminativeness by the last than by the first? The tip of the nose has more than three times the power of distinguishing relative positions which the lower part of the forehead has. Can this greater power be shown to have any advantage? The back of the hand has scarcely more discriminative ability than the crown of the head, and has only one-fourteenth of that which the finger-tip has. Why is this? Advantage might occasionally be derived if the back of the hand could tell us more than it does about the shapes of the surfaces touched. Why should the thigh near the knee be twice as perceptive as the middle of the thigh? And, last of all, why should the middle of the forearm, middle of the thigh, middle of the back of the neck, and middle of the back, all stand on the lowest level, as having but one-thirtieth of the perceptive power which the tip of the forefinger has? To prove that these differences have arisen by natural selection, it has to be shown that such small variation in one of the parts as might occur in a generation—say one-tenth extra amount—has yielded an appreciably greater power of self-preservation, and that those inheriting it have continued to be so far advantaged as to multiply more than those who, in other respects equal, were less endowed with this trait. Does any one think he can show this?

But if this distribution of tactual perceptiveness cannot be explained by survival of the fittest, how can it be explained? The reply is that, if there has been in operation a cause which it is now the fashion among biologists to ignore or deny, these various differences are at once accounted for. This cause is the inherit-

ance of acquired characters. As a preliminary to setting forth the argument showing this, I have made some experiments.

It is a current belief that the fingers of the blind, more practised in tactual exploration than the fingers of those who can see, acquire greater discriminativeness: especially the fingers of those blind who have been taught to read from raised letters. Not wishing to trust to this current belief, I recently tested two youths, one of fifteen and the other younger, at the School for the Blind in Upper Avenue Road, and found the belief to be correct. Instead of being unable to distinguish between points of the compasses until they were opened to one-twelfth of an inch apart, I found that both of them could distinguish between points when only one-fourteenth of an inch apart. They had thick and coarse skins; and doubtless, had this intervening obstacle so produced been less, the discriminative power would have been greater. It afterward occurred to me that a better test would be furnished by those whose finger-ends are exercised in tactual perceptions, not occasionally, as by the blind in reading, but all day long in pursuit of their occupations. The facts answered expectation. Two skilled compositors, on whom I experimented, were both able to distinguish between points when they were only one-seventeenth of an inch apart. Thus we have clear proof that constant exercise of the tactual nervous structures leads to further development.*

* Let me here note in passing a highly significant implication. The development of nervous structures which in such cases takes place, cannot be limited to the finger-ends. If we figure to ourselves the separate sensitive areas which severally yield independent feelings, as constituting a network (not, indeed, a network sharply marked out, but probably one such that the ultimate fibrils in each area intrude more or less into adjacent areas, so that the separations are indefinite), it is manifest that when, with exercise, the structure has become further elaborated, and the meshes of the network smaller, there must be a multiplication of fibres communicating with the central nervous system. If two adjacent areas were supplied by branches of one fibre, the touching of either would yield to consciousness the same sensation; there could be no discrimination between points touching the two. That there may be discrimination, there must be a distinct connection between each area and the tract of gray matter which re-

Now if acquired structural traits are inheritable, the various contrasts above set down are obvious consequences; for the gradations in tactual perceptiveness correspond with the gradations in the tactual exercises of the parts. Save by contact with clothes, which present only broad surfaces having but slight and indefinite contrasts, the trunk has but little converse with external bodies, and it has but small discriminative power; but what discriminative power it has is greater on its face than on its back, corresponding to the fact that the chest and abdomen are much more frequently explored by the hands: this difference being probably in part inherited from inferior creatures, for, as we may see in dogs and cats, the belly is far more accessible to feet and tongue than the back. No less obtuse than the back are the middle of the back of the neck, the middle of the forearm, and the middle of the thigh; and these parts have but rare experiences of irregular foreign bodies. The crown of the head is occasionally felt by the fingers, as also the back of one hand by the fingers of the other; but neither of these surfaces, which are only twice as perceptive as the back, is used with any frequency for touching objects, much less for examining them. The lower part of the forehead, though more perceptive than the crown of the head, in correspondence with a somewhat greater converse with the hands, is less than one-third as perceptive as the tip of the nose; and manifestly, both in virtue of its relative prominence, in virtue of its contacts with things smelt at, and in virtue of its frequent acquaintance with the handkerchief, the tip of the nose has far greater tactual experience. Passing to the inner surfaces of the hands, which, taken as wholes, are more constantly occupied in touching than are the back, breast, thigh, forearm, forehead, or back of the

ceives the impressions. Nay more, there must be, in this central recipient-tract, an added number of the separate elements which, by their excitement, yield separate feelings. So that this increased power of tactual discrimination implies a peripheral development, a multiplication of fibres in the trunk-nerve, and a complication of the nerve-centre. It can scarcely be doubted that analogous changes occur under analogous conditions throughout all parts of the nervous system—not in its sensory appliances only, but in all its higher co-ordinating appliances up to the highest.

hand, Weber's scale shows that they are much more perceptive, and that the degrees of perceptiveness of different parts correspond with their tactual activities. The palms have but one-fifth the perceptiveness possessed by the forefinger-ends; the inner surfaces of the finger-joints next the palms have but one-third, while the inner surfaces of the second joints have but one-half. These abilities correspond with the facts that whereas the inner parts of the hand are used only in grasping things, the tips of the fingers come into play not only when things are grasped, but when such things, as well as smaller things, are felt at or manipulated. It needs but to observe the relative actions of these parts in writing, in sewing, in judging textures, etc., to see that above all other parts the finger-ends, and especially the forefinger-ends, have the most multiplied experiences. If, then, it be that the extra perceptiveness acquired from extra tactual activities, as in a compositor, is inheritable, these gradations of tactual perceptiveness are explained.

Doubtless some of those who remember Weber's results, have had on the tip of the tongue the argument derived from the tip of the tongue. This part exceeds all other parts in power of tactual discrimination: doubling, in that respect, the power of the forefinger-tip. It can distinguish points that are only one-twenty-fourth of an inch apart. Why this unparalleled perceptiveness? If survival of the fittest be the ascribed cause, then it has to be shown what the advantages achieved have been; and, further, that those advantages have been sufficiently great to have had effects on the maintenance of life.

Besides tasting, there are two functions conducive to life, which the tongue performs. It enables us to move about food during mastication, and it enables us to make many of the articulations constituting speech. But how does the extreme discriminativeness of the tongue-tip aid these functions? The food is moved about, not by the tongue-tip, but by the body of the tongue; and even were the tip largely employed in this process, it would still have to be shown that its ability to distinguish between points one-twenty-fourth of an inch apart, is of service to that end, which cannot be shown. It may, indeed, be said that the tactual perceptiveness of the tongue tip serves for detection of for-

eign bodies in the food, as plum-stones or as fish-bones. But such extreme perceptiveness is needless for the purpose—a perceptiveness equal to that of the finger-ends would suffice; and further, even were such extreme perceptiveness useful, it could not have caused survival of individuals who possessed it in slightly higher degrees than others. It needs but to observe a dog crunching small bones, and swallowing with impunity the sharp angled pieces, to see that but a very small amount of mortality would be prevented.

But what about speech? Well, neither here can there be shown any advantage derived from this extreme perceptiveness. For making the *s* and *z*, the tongue has to be partially applied to a portion of the palate next the teeth. Not only, however, must the contact be incomplete, but its place is indefinite—may be half an inch further back. To make the *sh* and *zh*, the contact has to be made, not with the tip, but with the upper surface of the tongue; and must be an incomplete contact. Though, for making the liquids, the tip of the tongue and the sides of the tongue are used, yet the requisite is not any exact adjustment of the tip, but an imperfect contact with the palate. For the *th*, the tip is used along with the edges of the tongue; but no perfect adjustment is required, either to the edges of the teeth, or to the junction of the teeth with the palate, where the sound may equally well be made. Though for the *t* and *d* complete contact of the tip and edges of the tongue with the palate is required, yet the place of contact is not definite, and the tip takes no more important share in the action than the sides.

Any one who observes the movements of his tongue in speaking, will find that there occur no cases in which the adjustments must have an exactness corresponding to the extreme power of discrimination which the tip possesses: for speech, this endowment is useless. Even were it useful, it could not be shown that it has been developed by survival of the fittest; for though perfect articulation is useful, yet imperfect articulation has rarely such an effect as to impede a man in the maintenance of his life. If he is a good workman, a German's interchanges of *b*'s and *p*'s do not disadvantage him. A Frenchman who, in place of the sound of *th*, always makes the sound of *z*, succeeds as a

teacher of music or dancing, no less than if he achieved the English pronunciation. Nay, even such an imperfection of speech as that which arises from cleft palate, does not prevent a man from getting on if he is capable. True, it may go against him as a candidate for Parliament, or as an "orator" of the unemployed (mostly not worth employing). But in the struggle for life he is not hindered by the effect to the extent of being less able than others to maintain himself and his offspring. Clearly, then, even if this unparalleled perceptiveness of the tongue-tip is required for perfect speech, this use is not sufficiently important to have been developed by natural selection.

How, then, is this remarkable trait of the tongue-tip to be accounted for? Without difficulty, if there is inheritance of acquired characters. For the tongue-tip has, above all other parts of the body, unceasing experiences of small irregularities of surface. It is in contact with the teeth, and either consciously or unconsciously is continually exploring them. There is hardly a moment in which impressions of adjacent but different positions are not being yielded to it by either the surfaces of the teeth or their edges; and it is continually being moved about from some of them to others. No advantage is gained. It is simply that the tongue's position renders perpetual exploration almost inevitable; and by perpetual exploration is developed this unique power of discrimination. Thus the law holds throughout, from this highest degree of perceptiveness of the tongue-tip to its lowest degree on the back of the trunk; and no other explanation of the facts seems possible.

"Yes, there is another explanation," I hear some one say: "they may be explained by *panmixia*." Well, in the first place, as the explanation by *panmixia* implies that these gradations of perceptiveness have been arrived at by the dwindling of nervous structures, there lies at the basis of the explanation an unproved and improbable assumption; and, even were there no such difficulty, it may with certainty be denied that *panmixia* can furnish an explanation. Let us look at its pretensions.

It was not without good reason that Bentham protested against metaphors.

Figures of speech in general, valuable as they are in poetry and rhetoric, cannot be used without danger in science and philosophy. The title of Mr. Darwin's great work furnishes us with an instance of the misleading effects produced by them. It runs:—"The Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection, or the preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life." Here are two figures of speech which conspire to produce an impression more or less erroneous. The expression "natural selection" was chosen as serving to indicate some parallelism with artificial selection—the selection exercised by breeders. Now selection connotes volition, and thus gives to the thoughts of readers a wrong bias. Some increase of this bias is produced by the words in the second title, "favored races;" for anything which is favored implies the existence of some agent conferring a favor. I do not mean that Mr. Darwin himself failed to recognize the misleading connotations of his words, or that he did not avoid being misled by them. In chapter iv. of the "Origin of Species" he says that, considered literally, "natural selection is a false term," and that the personification of Nature is objectionable; but he thinks that readers, and those who adopt his views, will soon learn to guard themselves against the wrong implications. Here I venture to think that he was mistaken. For thinking this there is the reason that even his disciple, Mr. Wallace—no, not his disciple, but his co-discoverer, ever to be honored—has apparently been influenced by them. When for example, in combating a view of mine, he says that "the very thing said to be impossible by variation and natural selection has been again and again effected by variation and artificial selection;" he seems clearly to imply that the processes are analogous and operate in the same way. Now this is untrue. They are analogous only within certain narrow limits; and, in the great majority of cases, natural selection is utterly incapable of doing that which artificial selection does.

To see this it needs only to de-personalize Nature, and to remember that, as Mr. Darwin says, Nature is "only the aggregate action and product of many natural laws [forces]." Observe its relative shortcomings. Artificial selection can pick out a particular trait, and, regardless of other traits of the individuals displaying it, can

increase it by selective breeding in successive generations. For, to the breeder or fancier, it matters little whether such individuals are otherwise well constituted. They may be in this or that way so unfit for carrying on the struggle for life, that, were they without human care, they would disappear forthwith. On the other hand, if we regard Nature as that which it is, an assemblage of various forces, inorganic and organic, some favorable to the maintenance of life and many at variance with its maintenance—forces which operate blindly—we see that there is no such selection of this or that trait, but that there is a selection only of individuals which are, by the aggregate of their traits, best fitted for living. And here I may note an advantage possessed by the expression "survival of the fittest;" since this does not tend to raise the thought of any one character which, more than others, is to be maintained or increased; but tends rather to raise the thought of a general adaptation for all purposes. It implies the process which Nature can alone carry on—the leaving alive of those which are best able to utilize surrounding aids to life, and best able to combat or avoid surrounding dangers. And while this phrase covers the great mass of cases in which there are preserved well-constituted individuals, it also covers those special cases which are suggested by the phrase "natural selection," in which individuals succeed beyond others in the struggle for life by the help of particular characters which conduce in important ways to prosperity and multiplication. For now observe the fact which here chiefly concerns us, that survival of the fittest can increase any serviceable trait only if that trait conduces to prosperity of the individual, or of posterity, or of both, *in an important degree*. There can be no increase of any structure by natural selection unless, amid all the slightly varying structures constituting the organism, increase of this particular one is so advantageous as to cause greater multiplication of the family in which it arises than of other families. Variations which, though advantageous, fail to do this, must disappear again. Let us take a case.

Keeness of scent in a deer, by giving early notice of approaching enemies, subserves life so greatly that, other things equal, an individual having it in an unusual degree is more likely than others to

survive, and, among descendants, to leave some similarly endowed or more endowed, who again transmit the variation with, in some cases, increase. Clearly this highly useful power may be developed by natural selection. So also, for like reasons, may quickness of vision and delicacy of hearing. Though it may be remarked in passing that since this extra sense-endowment, serving to give early alarm, profits the herd as a whole, which takes the alarm from one individual, selection of it is not so easy, unless it occurs in a conquering stag. But now suppose that one member of the herd—perhaps because of more efficient teeth, perhaps by greater muscularity of stomach, perhaps by secretion of more appropriate gastric juices—is enabled to eat and digest a not uncommon plant which the others refuse. This peculiarity may, if food is scarce, conduce to better self-maintenance, and better fostering of young, if the individual is a hind. But unless this plant is abundant, and the advantage consequently great, the advantages which other members of the herd gain from other slight variations may be equivalent. This one has unusual agility and leaps a chasm which others balk at. That one develops longer hair in winter, and resists the cold better. Another has a skin less irritated by flies, and can graze without so much interruption. Here is one which has an unusual power of detecting food under the snow; and there is one which shows extra sagacity in the choice of a shelter from wind and rain. That the variation giving the ability to eat a plant before unutilized, may become a trait of the herd, and eventually of a variety, it is needful that the individual in which it occurs shall have more descendants, or better descendants, or both, than have the various other individuals severally having their small superiorities. If these other individuals severally profit by their small superiorities, and transmit them to equally large numbers of offspring, no increase of the variation in question can take place: it must soon be cancelled. Whether in the "Origin of Species" Mr. Darwin has recognized this fact, I do not remember, but he has certainly done it by implication in his "Animals and Plants under Domestication." Speaking of variations in domestic animals, he there says that, "Any particular variation would generally be lost by cross-

ing, reversion, and the accidental destruction of the varying individuals, unless carefully preserved by man" (vol. ii. 292). That which survival of the fittest does in cases like the one I have instanced is to keep all faculties up to the mark, by destroying such as have faculties in some respect below the mark; and it can produce development of some one faculty only if that faculty is predominantly important. It seems to me that many naturalists have practically lost sight of this, and assume that natural selection will increase *any* advantageous trait. Certainly a view now widely accepted assumes as much.

The consideration of this view, to which the foregoing paragraph is introductory, may now be entered upon. This view concerns, not direct selection, but what has been called, in questionable logic, "reversed selection"—the selection which effects, not increase of an organ, but decrease of it. For as, under some conditions, it is of advantage to an individual and its descendants to have some structure of larger size, it may be, under other conditions—namely, when the organ becomes useless—of advantage to have it of smaller size; since, even if it is not in the way, its weight and the cost of its nutrition are injurious taxes on the organism. But now comes the truth to be emphasized. Just as direct selection can increase an organ only in certain cases, so can reversed selection decrease it only in certain cases. Like the increase produced by a variation, the decrease produced by one must be such as will sensibly conduce to preservation and multiplication. It is, for instance, conceivable that were the long and massive tail of the kangaroo to become useless (say by the forcing of the species into a mountainous and rocky habitat filled with brushwood), a variation which considerably reduced the tail might sensibly profit the individual in which it occurred; and, in seasons when food was scarce, might cause survival when individuals with large tails died. But the economy of nutrition must be considerable before any such result could occur. Suppose that in this new habitat the kangaroo had no enemies; and suppose that, consequently, quickness of hearing not being called for, large ears gave no greater advantage than small ones. Would an individual with smaller ears than usual survive and propagate better than other individuals in con-

sequence of the economy of nutrition achieved? To suppose this is to suppose that the saving of a grain or two of protein per day would determine the kangaroo's fate.

Long ago I discussed this matter in the "Principles of Biology" (§ 166), taking as an instance the decrease of the jaw implied by the crowding of the teeth, and now proved by measurement to have taken place. Here is the passage:—

"No functional superiority possessed by a small jaw over a large jaw, in civilized life, can be named as having caused the more frequent survival of small-jawed individuals. The only advantage which smallness of jaw might be supposed to give, is the advantage of economized nutrition; and this could not be great enough to further the preservation of men possessing it. The decrease of weight in the jaw and co operative parts that has arisen in the course of many thousands of years, does not amount to more than a few ounces. This decrease has to be divided among the many generations that have lived and died in the interval. Let us admit that the weight of these parts diminished to the extent of an ounce in a single generation (which is a large admission); it still cannot be contended that the having to carry an ounce less in weight, or the having to keep in repair an ounce less of tissue, could sensibly affect any man's fate. And if it never did this—nay, if it did not cause a frequent survival of small-jawed individuals where large-jawed individuals died, natural selection could neither cause nor aid diminution of the jaw and its appendages."

When writing this passage in 1864, I never dreamed that a quarter of a century later, the supposable cause of degeneration here examined and excluded as impossible, would be enunciated as not only a cause, but *the* cause, and the sole cause. This, however, has happened. Weismann's theory of degeneration by *panmixia*, is that when an organ previously maintained of the needful size by natural selection, is no longer maintained at that size, because it has become useless (or because a smaller size is equally useful), it results that among the variations in the size, which take place from generation to generation, the smaller will be preserved continually, and that so the part will decrease. And this is concluded without asking whether the economy in nutrition achieved by the smaller variation, will sensibly affect the survival of the individual, and the multiplication of its stirp. To make clear his hypothesis, and to prepare the way for criticism, let me quote the

example he himself gives when contrasting the alleged efficiency of dwindling by *panmixia* with the alleged inefficiency of dwindling from disuse. This example is furnished him by the *Proteus*.

Concerning the "blind fish and amphibia" found in dark places, which have but rudimentary eyes "hidden under the skin," he argues that "it is difficult to reconcile the facts of the case with the ordinary theory that the eyes of these animals have simply degenerated through disuse." After giving instances of rapid degeneration of disused organs, he argues that if "the effects of disuse are so striking in a single life, we should certainly expect, if such effects can be transmitted, that all traces of an eye would soon disappear from a species which lives in the dark." Doubtless this is a reasonable conclusion. To explain the facts on the hypothesis that acquired characters are inheritable seems very difficult. One possible explanation may indeed be named. It appears to be a general law of organization that structures are stable in proportion to their antiquity; that while organs of relatively modern origin have but a comparatively superficial root in the constitution, and readily disappear if the conditions do not favor their maintenance, organs of ancient origin have deep-seated roots in the constitution, and do not readily disappear. Having been early elements in the type, and having continued to be reproduced as parts of it during a period extending throughout many geological epochs, they are comparatively persistent. Now the eye answers to this description as being a very early organ.* But waiving possible interpretations, let us admit that

* While the proof of this article is in hand, I learn that the *Proteus* is not quite blind, and that its eyes have a use. It seems that when the underground streams it inhabits are unusually swollen, some individuals of the species are carried out of the caverns into the open (being then sometimes captured). It is also said that the creature shuns the light; this trait being, I presume, observed when it is in captivity. Now obviously, among individuals carried out into the open, those which remain visible are apt to be carried off by enemies; whereas, those which, appreciating the difference between light and darkness, shelter themselves in dark places, survive. Hence the tendency of natural selection is to prevent the decrease of the eyes beyond that point at which they can distinguish between light and darkness. Thus the apparent anomaly is explained.

here is a difficulty—a difficulty like countless others which the phenomena of evolution present, as, for instance, the acquirement of such a habit as that of the *Vanessa* larva, hanging itself up by the tail and then changing into a chrysalis which usurps its place—a difficulty which, along with multitudes, has to await future solution, if any can be found. Let it be granted, I say, that here is a serious obstacle in the way of the hypothesis; and now let us turn to the alternative hypothesis, and observe whether it is not met by difficulties which are much more serious. Weissmann writes:—

"The caverns in Caraiola and Carinthia, in which the blind *Proteus* and so many other blind animals live, belong geologically to the Jurassic formation; and although we do not exactly know when, for example, the *Proteus* first entered them, the low organization of this amphibian certainly indicates that it has been sheltered there for a very long period of time, and that thousands of generations of this species have succeeded one another in the caves.

"Hence there is no reason to wonder at the extent to which the degeneration of the eye has been already carried in the *Proteus*, even if we assume that it is merely due to the cessation of the conserving influence of natural selection.

"But it is unnecessary to depend upon this assumption alone, for when a useless organ degenerates, there are also other factors which demand consideration—namely, the higher development of other organs which compensate for the loss of the degenerating structure, or the increase in size of adjacent parts. If these newer developments are of advantage to the species, they finally come to take the place of the organ which natural selection has failed to preserve at its point of highest perfection."*

On these paragraphs let me first remark that one cause is multiplied into two. The cause is stated in the abstract, and it is then re-stated in the concrete, as though it were another cause. Manifestly, if by decrease of the eye an economy of nutriment is achieved, it is implied that the economized nutriment is turned to some advantageous purpose or other; and to specify that the nutriment is used for the further development of compensating organs, simply changes the indefinite statement of advantage into a definite statement of advantage. There are not two causes in operation, though the matter is presented as though there were.

* "Essays upon Heredity," p. 87.

But passing over this, let us now represent to ourselves in detail this process which Professor Weissmann thinks will, in thousands of generations, effect the observed reduction of the eyes: the process being that at each successive stage in the decrease, there must take place variations in the size of the eye, some larger, some smaller, than the size previously reached, and that in virtue of the economy, those having the smaller will continually survive and propagate, instead of those having the larger. Properly to appreciate this supposition, we must use figures. To give it every advantage we will assume that there have been only two thousand generations, and we will assume that, instead of being reduced to a rudiment, the eye has disappeared altogether. What amounts of variation shall we suppose? If the idea is that the process has operated uniformly on each generation, the implication is that some advantage has been gained by the individuals having the eyes $\frac{1}{2000}$ th less in weight; and this will hardly be contended. Not to put the hypothesis at this disadvantage, let us then imagine that there take place, at long intervals, decreasing variations considerable in amount—say $\frac{1}{100}$ th, once in a hundred generations. This is an interval almost too long to be assumed; but yet if we assume the successive decrements to occur more frequently, and therefore to be smaller, the amount of each becomes too insignificant. If, seeing the small head, we assume that the eyes of the *Proteus* originally weighed some ten grains each, this would give us, as the amount of the decrement of $\frac{1}{100}$ th, occurring once in a hundred generations, one grain. Suppose that this eel shaped amphibian, about a foot long and more than half an inch in diameter, weighs three ounces—a very moderate estimate. In such case the decrement would amount to $\frac{1}{14400}$ th of the creature's weight; or, for convenience, let us say that it amounted to $\frac{1}{10000}$ th, which would allow of the eyes being taken at some fourteen grains each.* To this

* I find that the eye of a small smelt (the only appropriate small fish obtainable here, St. Leonards) is about $\frac{1}{100}$ th of its weight; and since in young fish the eyes are disproportionately large, in the full grown smelt the eye would be probably not more than $\frac{1}{100}$ th of the creature's weight. On turning to highly-finished plates, published by the Bibliographisches Institut of Leipzig, of this perenni branchiate *Proteus*, and other amphi-

bians, I find that in the nearest ally there represented, the caducibranchiate axolotl, the diameter of the eye, less than half that of the smelt, bears a much smaller ratio to the length of the body: the proportion in the smelt being $\frac{1}{100}$ th of the length, and in the axolotl about $\frac{1}{200}$ th (the body being also more bulky than that of the smelt). If, then, we take the linear ratio of the eye to body in this amphibian as one half the ratio which the fish presents, it results that the ratio of the mass of the eye to the mass of the body will be but one-eighth. So that the weight of the eye of the amphibian will be but $\frac{1}{10000}$ th of that of the body. It is a liberal estimate, therefore, to suppose that its original weight in the *Proteus* was 1000th of that of the body. I may add that any one who glances at the representation of the axolotl, will see that, were the eye to disappear entirely by a single variation, the economy achieved could not have any appreciable physiological effect on the organism.

extent, then, each occasional decrement would profit the organism. The economy in weight to a creature having nearly the same specific gravity as its medium, would be infinitesimal. The economy in nutrition of a rudimentary organ, consisting of passive tissues, would also be but nominal. The only appreciable economy would be in the original building up of the creature's structures; and the hypothesis of Weissmann implies that the economy of this thousandth part of its weight, by decrease of the eyes, would so benefit the rest of the creature's organization as to give it an appreciably greater chance of survival, and an appreciably greater multiplication of descendants. Does any one accept this inference?

Of course the quantifications of data above set down can be only approximate; but I think no reasonable changes of them can alter the general result. If, instead of supposing the eyes to have disappeared wholly, we recognize them as being in fact rudimentary, the case is made worse. If, instead of 2000 generations, we assume 10,000 generations, which, considering the probably great age of the caverns, would be a far more reasonable assumption than the other, the case is made still worse. And if we assume larger variations—say decreases of one-fourth—to occur only at intervals of many hundreds or thousands of generations, which is not a very reasonable assumption, the implied conclusion would still remain indefensible. For an economy of $\frac{1}{10000}$ th part of the creature's weight could not appreciably affect

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its survival and the increase of its posterity.

Is it not then, as said above, that the use of the expression, "natural selection" has had seriously perverting effects? Must we not infer that there has been produced in the minds of naturalists, the tacit assumption that it can do what artificial selection does—can pick out and select any small advantageous trait; while it can, in fact, pick out no traits, but can only further the development of traits

which, *in marked ways*, increase the general fitness for the conditions of existence? And is it not inferable that, failing to bear in mind the limiting condition, that to become established an advantageous variation must be such as will, other things remaining equal, add to the prosperity of the stirp, many naturalists have been unawares led to espouse an untenable hypothesis? —*Contemporary Review*.

(To be concluded.)

A DEFEATED TRANSCENDENTALIST.

BY G. DUNN.

I.

WHEN Evelyn Markham alighted in the evening at the little station of A—on the Highland Railway, she found that the snowstorm which had been raging all day had increased in violence; and the low sullen overcharged sky appeared to threaten its continuance. She had a drive of six or seven miles before her ere she reached Glenfoyle House, the residence of her friend Lady Nisbet, with whom she was going to spend a fortnight. She found a closed carriage drawn by a pair of handsome grays standing just outside the station; and she recognized Alistair Macalpine, Lady Nisbet's coachman, who was seated on the box with his habitual air of monumental dignity. A porter conveyed her luggage to the carriage, and she stood for a moment to exchange a few words with Alistair. After a friendly greeting and inquiries about Lady Nisbet's health, she asked what was the condition of the roads.

"It will be very bad, matam—oh, very bad indeed; and I'll no' be so sure that we'll win through. There is wreaths and wreaths here and there; but we'll chust trust in Providence. Now, matam, if you please, we'll be going as fast as ever we can."

The road was fairly clear in the neighborhood of the station, for the wind swept across it and kept the snow from accumulating to any considerable extent; but as they pursued their journey, the difficulty of progression became aggravated. It was also exceedingly cold, and Evelyn

huddled herself into a corner of the vehicle, tucking her mantle more closely round her. The dusk deepened rapidly, and soon she could only see the white snow scurrying past. Once or twice they encountered wreaths which were only surmounted with difficulty, and with much floundering and plunging of the horses, whose panting and snorting testified their excitement and the violence of their exertions. Alistair's guttural exclamations and objurgations in Gaelic also were not reassuring, for he was usually a very undemonstrative driver, and rarely compromised his dignity by intemperate language. To be sure, he seemed perfectly sober when they started, thought Evelyn; but it was very cold, and who knows whether he had not fortified himself with an occasional dram from some private receptacle? Then might he not in the darkness stray from the road, which was possibly almost obliterated by the snow, and precipitate her over a bank or into a ravine? She sat and shivered, partly with cold and partly with apprehension. At times, when one side of the carriage was tilted up at an angle perilously near 45°, Evelyn had to brace her feet against the opposite seat, expecting every moment to find the vehicle capsized. When, as she judged, about half the journey had been accomplished, she perceived that the road began to descend, and the added gloom appeared to indicate that there were high banks or rocks on either side. She peered out, but could discern nothing in the impenetrable mass of gloom. All at once the carriage stopped abruptly, and Alistair's voice

could be heard raised in seemingly anxious and angry ejaculations. Evelyn pulled down the sash behind the driver's seat, and asked what was the matter.

"It will be a snow-wreath—stand still, ye swine!—and the beasts is up to their girths, and a trace is broke."

"Oh, what shall we do, Alistair?" cried Evelyn, in a quavering voice.

"There's a bit hoosie here, by the side of the road,—a queer body lives in't, no' that wise, I'm thinking; and if the beasts would stand still, I would get down, and see if he would help us. Hi, there! Mr. Casanove."

Just then a light appeared flickering about, and Evelyn heard a man's voice in refined accents exchanging some remarks with the driver. She looked out and saw a tall man with a stable lantern in his hand, standing by the side of the road; but the carriage-lamps seemed only to make the darkness visible, and she could not distinguish his features. Finally, he came crunching through the snow to the door of the carriage.

"Young lady, further progress is impossible," he said. "There is a deep wreath in front of my cottage, and it appears that one of the traces is broken. I think your driver should unyoke the horses, get on the back of one of them, and try to reach Lady Nisbet's. If she has a sledge, it is just conceivable that it might teach you here; but in the meantime I would beg of you to accept my hospitality, such as it is."

"I suppose there is no alternative," remarked Evelyn, ruefully.

"None whatever, madam, I am sorry to say."

So saying, he opened the door of the carriage. She rose from her seat, and he lowered the step, on which she stood for a moment, surveying with a bewildered look the wreath in which he stood up to the knees.

"Allow me," he said, coolly, and before she could realize the situation, she felt herself lifted bodily by a pair of powerful arms and carried to the door of the cottage, where she was gently deposited. Though at heart vexed and irritated by the unceremonious though friendly act, she suppressed her annoyance, and thanked him with only a shade of cold irony in her tone.

"Literally and figuratively we cannot,

in such circumstances, stand upon stepping-stones," he remarked, answering her unspoken protest. "And now, let me help our Highland friend."

She stood in the doorway and watched the proceedings. The horses were detached from the carriage and extricated from the snow-wreath; one of them was relieved of part of its harness, a rug was thrown over its loins, and Alistair clambered upon its back.

"Maybe you will be having a drop of whiskey," he said, insinuatingly.

"The exercise will warm you, my friend," was the cool reply. "You will need all your sober wits to reach Lady Nisbet's, and every moment is precious."

Alistair grunted something in Gaelic, presumably of an uncomplimentary character, for the stranger replied sternly in the same language, whereupon Alistair muttered a deprecatory reply in a comically discomfited tone, and rode off without further parley. The stranger now returned to his cottage door, and invited Evelyn to enter with an air of deferential courtesy. A huge Newfoundland dog rose from the fireside as she stepped into the cottage, and advanced to meet her with dignified scrutiny.

"What a magnificent dog!" she exclaimed, patting its noble head.

The stately animal slowly waved its tail once or twice in token of amity, and then returned to its resting-place.

"Cæsar evidently approves of you," remarked the stranger with a smile; "but Cæsar, Cæsar, you forget the door!"

Whereupon the Newfoundland rose again with a curiously abashed and conscious look, and advancing to the door, slammed it to with its powerful paws, to Evelyn's amusement.

The apartment which she had entered was tolerably roomy, and seemed to be a kind of compromise between kitchen and sitting-room. The floor was hard and firm and composed of some cement-like substance, while one or two rugs and deer-skins supplied the place of a carpet, and gave to the apartment a comfortable look. A dresser stood opposite the fireplace; and a framework of plain wooden shelves filled with books occupied a corner. A deal table was placed in the middle of the floor, and the stranger had evidently been writing, for a brass-mounted mahogany desk was lying open upon it. The roof was

low, and, like the walls, was whitewashed. A couple of chairs, one of them an arm-chair, flanked the fireplace, in which a peat-fire was smouldering, with the pungent odor of which the atmosphere was impregnated. A cavalry-sabre was suspended over the bookcase, on the top of which lay a flute and a bundle of music.

The stranger drew the arm-chair nearer to the fire and invited Evelyn to seat herself, which she did after divesting herself of her heavy fur-lined mantle.

"Had you not better remove your hat?" he suggested. "You will feel more comfortable."

She silently acquiesced, though she inwardly resented somewhat his aggressive hospitality, as she considered it. Then she hastily and almost pettishly pulled off her gloves, and held out her hands toward the fire; and where he stood he could see the sullen glow gleaming through the pink flesh on each side of her outspread fingers. Beautiful hands they were; and the rings she wore—one of them an engagement-ring—flashed and shimmered prettily in the light of the fire. The tall and handsome bronze lamp standing on the table behind her irradiated her shapely head; and her host, contemplating her for a brief instant, thought that a very charming *genre* picture might be made of such materials and such a scene. She for her part was both embarrassed and perplexed. The heteroclit character of the furniture and domestic arrangements, with their blending of the common and the refined, puzzled her greatly, and uneasy speculations began to course through her brain. Was he quite sane? Was there nobody else in the cottage?

As if he had divined the current of her ideas, he said quietly, "My housekeeper (I use the word in a very elastic sense) is just now milking the cow, I think, but she will be in presently. She is a Highland woman, and speaks fluently only Gaelic, but she is intelligent and kindly, so it will not be difficult to make her understand your requirements."

"Thank you very much, but I require nothing," replied Evelyn, considerably relieved. "And I hope I shall not trespass unduly on your kindness."

He shook his head slightly, but made no comment. She shot a swift and comprehensive glance at him. He was a tall and handsome man, rather lean, but evi-

dently robust and vigorous. His face had little regularity of feature, but wore a high-bred and intelligent look; his keen gray eyes peered out from beneath bushy eyebrows running in a straight line along a prominent frontal ridge. The forehead was full and broad, and the chin slightly projecting. His hands were long and sinewy, and a white scar ran obliquely across the back of the right hand.

"I suppose," said he, smiling, "I had better introduce myself as Mr. Austin Casanove. May I beg the favor—"

"I am Evelyn Markham," she replied. "You know that I am paying a visit to my old friend Lady Nisbet; and oh! what will she say about this?"

He shrugged his shoulders as a Frenchman might, and then remarked—

"I am one of her tenants; and when she knows that you are here, she will have no further anxiety. But what about food? I am but ill provided for a lady's visit. Perhaps, however, you won't object to a little porridge-and-milk?"

"Nothing could be better," said Evelyn, who was dying for a cup of tea.

"But I bethink me," he added, thoughtfully, "you ladies like tea. I wonder if there is any tea in the house. Permit me to explain that I don't take tea."

"Nor coffee?"

"Nor coffee."

"May I ask why?"

"It is a dangerous thing to begin to catechize a doctrinaire. Well, because I do not believe in any nerve-stimulants except fresh air and exercise."

"Then you don't take alcoholic beverages, I presume?"

"No; though not to take whiskey in the Highlands is to be a kind of tree-frog or flying-fish."

"I venture to assume also that you don't smoke."

"I see you have an inductive turn of mind, Miss Markham. Well, you are right. I don't."

"Nor snuff?"

"Nor snuff. Nor *chew*."

She laughed merrily.

"But why don't you believe in nerve-stimulants? Why, the juice of butcher-meat is one; and doctors say persons in a certain state might get drunk on a beef-steak."

"I don't take butcher-meat."

And he smiled at her look of discomfiture.

"Nor fowls?"

"Nor fowls, nor game. Though I confess to a little aberration or inconsistency here, for I eat eggs. That involves a point of gastronomic casuistry."

"You are in fact a vegetarian?"

"Well, yes; if you wish to label me."

"And is Cæsar a vegetarian too?"

"Cæsar does his best to imitate his master, but has lapses from virtue. You like a bone, don't you, Cæsar?"

The Newfoundland raised his head, and the corners of his large black chaps began to quiver with such evident imaginary enjoyment that Evelyn could not help laughing. After a sniff or two and a hollow moan he laid down his head again upon the rug, and blinked solemnly, perhaps reproachfully, at his master.

Meanwhile Casanove had risen and proceeded to make the porridge. Evelyn watched his operations—it was evidently a familiar process—with inward amusement, but with a grave and attentive face. While he was thus engaged, chatting the while about the storm, Evelyn heard the sound of footsteps; presently a side-door opened, and an elderly woman entered the apartment. She had a pleasing homely countenance, and despite the prominence of her cheek-bones must have been a very comely person when she was young. On seeing Evelyn she smiled and curtsied. Casanove addressed to her a few words in Gaelic; and she nodded energetically, and having disappeared for a few minutes returned with a glazed earthenware teapot of a deep and matured color, which had evidently often stood by the fire in a brown study. She then proceeded to infuse tea.

"Flora likes both tea and toddy," remarked Casanove, smiling; and Flora gave a low laugh, and again nodded emphatically. "Every doctrinaire, Miss Markham," he continued, as he slowly stirred the porridge, which was now beginning to throb and sputter lazily, "is apt to be a benevolent tyrant; and I have to guard against that. And therefore, as freedom is better even than temperance, I like to see Flora taking her tea. It is her *à pur si muove*, her protest against my infallibility. I conceive that society has most to fear from the twin forces of the Radicals and the Fadicals; for both of

these classes are tyrants. But perhaps you are a Radical, Miss Markham; many ladies are such nowadays, I believe."

"Well, I don't much believe in government by means of Policeman X."

"And you would have questions in Parliament every time Colin Clout gets a blow from a baton—*tant de bruit pour une pomme de terre*."

"Well, Colin Clout's cranium is of great importance to him."

"Let Colin keep his invaluable brains out of the range of batons; he knows very well where they flourish and are flourished. But I beg your pardon for talking politics. And it is not usual with me; for, though a vegetarian, I observe the Pythagorean maxim to abstain from beans—that is, from voting and all the rest of it."

Meanwhile Flora had by this time set the table for the evening meal. Evelyn got her cup of tea—very good it was—and took a little porridge-and-milk, in honor of her host. Flora had seated herself on a stool and proceeded to knit industriously.

"I grant you," said Casanove, balancing his spoon meditatively on his forefinger, "that this is not a concise kind of feeding. It is, so to speak, voluminous. But why should we be in a hurry? Nature isn't. And what a comfort to reflect that if you only give this preparation time, it is sure to be digested." With more artificial dishes, there is always a dread Perhaps that they won't be assimilated, as they call it, though I confess I don't see how a lobster salad or a *pâté de foie gras* can appeal to me. My system refuses to recognize them."

"Well, your food will do I suppose well enough for a student and a recluse," said Evelyn; "but I fear it would be insufficient for a man who undergoes severe physical exertion."

"Pardon me, I roam about these hills all day long on the strength of bread and cheese and milk."

She was silent for a few moments, and then said bluntly—

"Will you pardon me, if I ask what you really are, Mr. Casanove, for you are a perfect enigma to me."

"I am a kind of practical mineralogist," he replied, with a smile. "I wander over all this region in search of the various kinds of rock that are found here, and I

sell the specimens to the people who make up geological collections and museums. It is rather an interesting occupation, for I make microscopical sections, test with the blow-pipe and with chemical reactions, and so forth. The remuneration is far from princely, but it helps, and then I have my little croft, and grow potatoes and other vegetables. In a word, I live comfortably—that is, I have all I want. I used to fish in a loch hard by, but I have given that up: the game is not worth the candle, for fish is not nourishing in proportion to its bulk; and why should I disturb the trout? I don't wish to annoy even my humblest neighbors. I don't think man will ever shake off his primeval barbarism till he sits down to a 'guiltless feast.'"

"But I always understood these things were created for the good of man."

"People say so; but remember that the animals have never been consulted on the question. And observe that our finer feelings are at variance with our practice. Conceive the absurdity of this: the poet in a lyric mood goes forth on a fair May morn and sits him down, and makes a dainty little canzonet about the lambkins frisking on the mead; then he goes home and dines on roast lamb and mint sauce. I wonder he is not ashamed to look the poor creatures in the face. Would you eat a fowl if you had to wring its neck?"

"I suppose not."

"Well, but if you eat it, you are *particeps criminis*."

"But a case might arise when you must either kill or be killed. What if you met a tiger in the jungle?"

"I might be attacked by a robber, and have to kill or disable him to preserve my own life. It does not follow that I am to run amuck among my fellow-creatures."

"Well, but why should you kill dangerous animals any more than domesticated ones? Nature made them so. After all, a tiger, 'burning bright in the forest of the night,' is as much entitled to respect as a lamb."

"It is a hard question; but I will give you my answer in the form of an apologue, as the divine Plato used to do." He paused, and a whimsical but pleasant smile lit up his features. "Once upon a time Cybele, the ancient mother, was roaming through the woods of Thrace

drawn in a chariot by her two tigers, for she loved her fierce children and the sombre woods, the home of slaughter and swift death, and she drank most gladly of the Hebrus when its waters were dyed with blood. But lo! in the midst of the path she came upon a naked Boy, who stood and gazed fearlessly upon her, and took the tigers by the mane and held them undismayed. And the Dread Mother descended from her chariot slowly and with half-sorrowful half-glad resignation, for she knew that her reign was over; and coming to the Boy she laid her hand upon his arching brow, and said in low and faltering tones, and the winds from Rhodope sighed as she spoke, and the tigers growled sullenly like the sound of departing thunder: 'Thou art come at last, bright offspring of the Dawn, a nobler Phœbus. 'Tis thine to wield the power I have used and abused. This superfluity and rank overgrowth of life has been an incessant care to me, and ravening tooth and claw, pestilence and famine, coupled like my tigers here, have been my only remedies. But I grow old and am weary of slaughter. Here in thy fair brow resides a power greater than tooth and claw, and pestilence and famine. Use it well, for Reason can never be cruel. Destroy the relics of my former sway, slay the slayer, defeat organic death, chase the lion to its lair, the viper to its hole. I appoint you keeper of my wide domains; check this hot poison of life, and keep it within bounds. Let the mouth keep pace with the blades of grass. For if thou slay, as I have ever slain since the mists cleared off the face of chaos, then thou art not the Deliverer, and a mightier than thou, mightier because more merciful, One foreshadowed in every peaceful sunset, in every stillly dawn, in cloudless sky and waveless sea, shall come and supplant thee, as the dragons of the old weltering world have been supplanted.' So saying, she took off her towered diadem, and put it on his head and kissed him with her wrinkled lips. Then mounting her chariot anew and lashing her cowering and chap-fallen tigers with her bloody whip, all intertwined with piercing claws and jagged teeth, disappeared in the ancient wood, never more to return."

Evelyn had listened to him with parted lips and a deep intent look of boundless interest; and when he had ceased she

sighed softly, and passed her hand across her brow.

Then after a pause she said, "It was worth my while to be storm-stayed to listen to all this."

He gave a low laugh, and slightly waved his hand.

"I must see if the storm abates," he said, and going to the door opened it. The wind charged with snow came whirling in. In this somewhat sheltered situation the roar of the storm was subdued, but the blast could be heard trumpeting amid the distant hills.

"Your conveyance, Miss Markham, is quite buried in the snow," he said. "You need not look for deliverance to-night."

"Well, well," she replied, "*à la guerre comme à la guerre*. And I shall be very comfortable in this arm-chair."

"Oh, but you shall have Flora's room. It will be a pleasure for her to do this slight service, for she has all a Highland woman's respect for gentlefolks."

"Pray don't inconvenience her or yourself. I—could doze quite comfortably in this chair. I am not fastidious."

She took out a tiny watch and looked at it.

"Oh, it is not very late yet," she said, cheerfully. "Only half-past eight."

"Would you like a book? I have a fair supply as you see, but in fiction only the divine Walter and '*Les Misérables*,' the prose epic of this century."

"I would rather listen to you, Mr. Casanove," she replied, smiling.

"Ah, I would bore you. All heretics are bores. That is why they have so often been put to death. I am, as you have perceived, a rank heretic, only I don't want to convert any one."

"You would easily convert me to greater simplicity of life. Indeed women are seldom fastidious about their food, and are very glad when the gentlemen dine out."

"It is a singular reflection that cooking is the main occupation of most households," he remarked. "No sooner has the lady of the house got up than the shades of her prison-house begin to gather round her. The freshness and hopefulness and inspiration of the morning are expunged by the thought—What is to be for dinner to-day? Say, shall it be beef or mutton, and how transmuted, gar-

nished, bedevilled? *Pièces de résistance* indeed! Let us steadfastly resist them, Miss Markham. I protest woman gets cooked and very much overdone in this broiling atmosphere. And then when she has been simmered away into a gelatinous state, her husband finds that she is not intellectual enough for him. Rest assured no heavenly irradiation can penetrate this greasy steam."

Evelyn laughed gayly, and then rising she walked across the apartment to the bookcase with a simplicity and, as it were, domestic ease that inwardly charmed Casanove.

"You permit me?" she said, as she ran her eyes over the backs of the volumes.

"By all means."

"Much of this is too learned for me," she remarked, with a slight shrug.

"And for me too, unless in my more strenuous moods. But it is well to have books that embody an aspiration and remind you of your vows. Plato, for example—I don't often read him, but his presence rebukes my meaner thoughts."

"You are a philosopher, Mr. Casanove. As for me," she said, with a tinge of sadness, "I am a creature of convention without any faith in convention. All my paper boats have gone down the stream."

She walked slowly back to her seat, and seemed to sink into a somewhat melancholy reverie. After a short while she shook her head impatiently and looked at her host.

"Have you lived here long? Do you intend to live here all your life? Why have you forsaken society? But perhaps these are impertinent questions."

"Given a certain degree of friendship—and friendship may grow rapidly—they are most pertinent."

"You have been in the army," she remarked, glancing at the sabre over the bookcase.

"Yes, in the French army. I served as a volunteer under General Faidherbe during the Franco-Prussian war."

"What! you fought for democratic France? the country of plebiscites, of universal suffrage, tempered by revolution and directed by political boulevardism?"

"Well, I am a descendant of a Huguenot family, for one thing. And I don't like the latter-day Goths, the scientific Orsons of modern Europe."

"And you killed a few Orsons, I suppose."

"Oh, we were beaten, but we did our best, Miss Markham. I give you warning that I am not a benevolent being. Benevolence is often a kind of lazy purring in the sun. I wish people well—out of the world, if need be. Fair-play first and philanthropy afterward! No, I don't regret my campaigning. I have seen noble deaths and soul-satisfying extinctions."

"I wonder how long it would take to understand you, Mr. Casanove," remarked Evelyn with a smile.

"Perhaps we wish too much to understand each other. Perhaps we should go on revealing ourselves to the very end, and leave the world with unguessed potentialities. Curiosity is not necessarily love of knowledge. I feel as if the globe would not be quite so interesting if the North Pole were discovered. Well, now, *donnant donnant*, pray tell me something about yourself."

"Oh, I have been a mere lichen growing on a wall. But it has been a pleasant wall; for the house where I was born is very old, very quaint, and very beautiful. Then my ancestors have left a bit of their character in it, and so modified my character and tastes. One was a musician, and so he constructed an organ-chamber; another was a Nimrod, and the spoils of the chase adorn many a corner; another was a book-lover, and compassed sea and land to make a proselyte of a first edition, and so we have a library which contains many rarities; another collected paintings and engravings, and so forth. Oh yes, dear old Daventry Hall has been my Academe, my college, my shrine and sanctuary."

She leaned back in the chair and meditatively clasped her hands behind her head, manifestly quite unconscious of the graceful and charming attitude.

"I perceive," said Austin, after a while, "that you have made a fetich of your family abode. I quite understand your feelings; but you should, I think, resist them. We should sit loosely to our surroundings. We are pilgrims, and should have as little scrip and scrippage as possible. To be too much attached to any person is bad; to be anchored to a house is worse. We should grow on the surface, and not have to be pulled up shrieking like mandrakes."

"How long have you been here, Mr. Casanove?"

"Two years; and I think it is nearly time to change my horizon. I detect a sameness in my thoughts and feelings which is ominous. As for family associations, they are very pleasant and interesting, but we have got to live our own life, and our own experiences are more valuable to us than all these mouldy records. Let us get rid of lumber, inherited lumber particularly. Why should a thing be respectable because it is old? unless it be old because it is respectable. Happy is the man who has no grandfather, because he does not feel bound to pay him deference. But if your grandfather was a Quaker or a Papist, or an indurated Tory or a vaporous Radical, you are apt to have a leaning that way. It is hard enough to get the grandfather out of our blood without binding him upon our back. Don't let us cast our nativity backward. Orion shines for me as it did for Meno or Ptolemy. Why bind the sweet influences of the Pleiads? Life was meant to be for you and me a perpetual discovery."

"Well, for a groping and tottering child like me it is pleasant to have my shadowy ancestors leading me by the hand. Apropos of music, I see you play on the flute. Will you not play a little?"

"With pleasure, though I am but an indifferent player. Still, I love the flute. It is a business-like instrument, without *arrière-pensée*, while your violin is a moody *enfant du siècle*, an impassioned pessimist, if the paradox is not too glaring, even in its gayest humor full of overtones of sadness. The flute, on the other hand, is as brisk and cheerful as a morning breeze, or if plaintive, never morbid; it is sweet without being luscious, lively without hysterics, an instrument for alert pedestrians, not for lotus-eaters. It has even an air of grotesqueness and latent humor which is diverting. The very triviality of screwing it together and blowing through it excludes artifice and affectation, whereas the tuning of a violin is a serious, indeed almost a solemn act."

Evelyn laughed gayly at the whimsical description, and he smiled responsively.

"Well, I shall play you Beethoven's arrangement, with variations, of *Kind, willst du ruhig schlafen*. May it prove a happy presage. You know German, I suppose?"

"All but the genders," was the smiling reply, "but I like the language."

"Yes, it will be very nice when it gets a literature," remarked Casanove, so gravely that Evelyn laughed again. When had she felt so happy? She listened to his playing, which, without being masterly, was expert and pleasant; and there were intervals of conversation gay or thoughtful, till she felt a little tired and sleepy, and he left her to arrange with Flora about her quarters for the night. The bedroom was small, but delightfully clean and tidy, and she had hardly laid her head on her pillow when she sank into a dreamless sleep.

When she woke next morning she had the blissful sensation of having enjoyed a sleep so profound and so refreshing that it transcended mere physical repose, and was a kind of fresh reconciliation with life. Her feeling of tranquillity had been supreme, and the howling of the wind had only lulled her senses and deepened her content. How delightful, she thought, to waken with the flesh cool and the heart warm! Innocence is justified by the freshness of every dawn. She dressed herself leisurely, and came down the little creaking wooden stair. When she entered the kitchen-parlor she found Mr. Casanove reading aloud to Flora, who was bending over the fire, preparing a simple breakfast. What he read seemed to be Gaelic from its wealth of gutturals. He greeted Evelyn with calm and gentle cordiality, and placed a chair for her.

"The storm is over," he said; "I think your imprisonment draws to an end. I have dug your conveyance out of the snow, and cleared a portion of the road, so you will be able to get a little walking exercise."

"How very kind and thoughtful of you!" she said, gratefully.

"My motives were mixed," he replied; "I need a good deal of exercise in the open air. And now for breakfast."

The three people took their places at the table. Flora closed her eyes and folded her hands, and seemed to be repeating inwardly a grace, which Casanove respected by his attitude of silent gravity. The meal despatched, Evelyn proposed to go out, and she hastily put on some wraps. Issuing into the open air, she found the carriage standing clear of the snow which had enveloped it. The air was still keen

though no longer harsh, and the wind had fallen dead. Side by side with Casanove, she paced to and fro the track which he had cleared in the snow.

They chatted together like old friends, and Evelyn was probably more expansive than her companion; for his manner was consistently shaded with an air of respectful aloofness and reserve, which indicated how he interpreted his duties as a host brought into unconventional relations with a lady guest. It was astonishing how much they found to talk about. Even the social themes that she touched upon at times seemed to interest him, though he generally referred them to vast and, as it were, cosmic principles, and his line of comment took a parabolic sweep into ethereal regions haunted by Platonic ideas and prototypes.

Once, after a long pause, Evelyn remarked, half timidly—

"You indicated last night that you did not intend to remain much longer here. If you come as far south as London, my father and I shall be very pleased to see you. Daventry Hall is quite near Guildford."

"I am extremely obliged; but it is not likely that we shall meet again," he replied calmly, but with a wistful look.

She was conscious of quite a sudden pang of disappointment.

"I am sorry to hear that," she said, lightly. "My father is highly cultivated as a man of letters; he held a diplomatic post at one time; and you would find his conversation very agreeable. Both indeed would be gainers, and I would sit in a corner and follow the strange evolutions of a talk between an accomplished man of the world and an idealist."

"I, too, was once a man of the world," he rejoined, gravely. "Perhaps I am but a half-converted hermit after all. Let us, however, be satisfied with the short and pleasant meeting which the gods have conspired to grant us, and which I am not likely soon to forget, for such planets seldom swim into my ken. I shall think most of you when you have become a myth to me. Take comfort, if you need it: you shall be planted like Berenice in the heavens, and I shall see your tresses now and then when my sky is clear."

She remained silent for a while, mechanically twisting her engagement-ring round her finger.

"You say you won't see me again," she resumed, looking suddenly up, with a shade of reproach in her hazel eyes.

"'Won't' is too personal, too full of *velléité*. Still the probability exists that we shall not meet again. Erelong I go to Brittany. I am studying the Celtic tongues. You see I am originally a Celt myself."

"Pray excuse me again, but women can't help being curious. Why should you condemn yourself to this voluntary poverty? With your talents you could easily—"

"Pardon me, Miss Markham, but I happen to be ridiculously rich. My only justification, indeed, for possessing so much wealth, is my ability to do without it. But you were going to tell me something, if I do not mistake."

"Yes. You call me Berenice, not that I know who she was; but you will suppose that Berenice is speaking. You must know that she was betrothed to her cousin Hector. He was an orphan, her father's ward, and he and she were brought up together like brother and sister. He was an amiable and charming youth, handsome, high-bred, generous; and Berenice had a warm and sisterly affection for him. He became a soldier. But, alas! he went too often to the Olympic games, and staked his money heavily. How sorry she was, and how she pled with him! He, too, was full of remorse and contrition, but still he returned to his fatal habits, till his patrimony was sadly diminished. Now Berenice was very grieved, and wondered if it were wise to marry him; for if he as a lover was so forgetful of himself and of her, what would he be as a husband? How could she be happy, if she could not trust her husband? Now what do you say to that?"

"Did Hector love Berenice?" he asked with a quaint smile.

"What did Berenice know of love?" she replied, impetuously.

He was silent for a while.

"I think she should have married him," he said, seriously. "A betrothal is a sacred thing. No happiness was ever built upon a broken vow. And if duty brings pain, it is an exquisite pain, not to be bartered for happiness. I have felt, for example, a wild delight as I roamed over the hills in stormy weather with a shrivelled and tingling skin, but a warm and bounding heart, and thoughts as merry as

morris-dancers in my brain. We have no right to grieve for anything save our own misdoing. Never weep for anything save a lost ideal."

"How selfish and individual that is!" she exclaimed, almost bitterly. "I am not so detached, and hope I may never be so."

"It is our only refuge," he replied, almost sadly. "And after all we are only anticipating the effect of time. A few months console us for death and disappointment. And nature is incessantly preaching peace and comfort."

Ob er heilig, ob er böse
Jammert sie der Unglücksmann.

You see me, how I am, and yet I have felt a misery which made life for a time a mere burden. And now I am contented and heart-whole, I sleep well, I eat well, I play my flute, I read my favorite books. Grief is a bad habit. If it was natural, nature would be contracted in one brow of woe, for death and disaster are universal."

"Well, I take you at your word," she said, almost defiantly. "Berenice marries Hector, and so ends the myth."

Soon after they heard the trampling of horses and the jingle of bells, and going to the door they found Alistair holding in a pair of horses harnessed to a handsome sledge.

"Ah! everything comes to an end," said Evelyn, lightly. "I must leave you now, Mr. Casanove."

While she went to put on her wraps, Casanove talked with Alistair, and ascertained that the road, though bad enough here and there, was quite practicable. He then assisted Evelyn into the sledge, and wrapped the rugs carefully round her. She was pale and silent. Flora, with whom she had exchanged a farewell greeting in the cottage, stood at the door and gazed smilingly at her.

"Good-by, Mr. Casanove," said Evelyn, holding out her hand. "And many thanks for all your kindness. Think of me now and then when you are in Brittany."

He smiled, bowed, and stood looking after the sledge till it disappeared at a turn of the road.

II.

Two years passed away. Evelyn had married her cousin and found him an affec-

tionate husband, though there was in his nature an ineradicable fibre of boyish irresponsibility and wilfulness that caused her much anxiety and frequent distress. Their married life, however, came to an abrupt termination. Poor Hector perished in the Egyptian war, leaving Evelyn a childless widow. She grieved sincerely for him, yet not as deeply as she would have wished to do. Her father, on the other hand, did not affect a concern which he did not really feel. His ward had been a source of constant vexation to him; and he had never concealed his conviction that his brilliant and high-minded daughter was far too good for the thoughtless and pleasure-loving youth. Besides, Hector's death gave him back his daughter, for she broke up her house and returned to Daventry Hall. She was deeply touched by the eager joy with which the dignified and usually reserved gentleman had hailed this arrangement. He took her in his arms, kissed her fondly, and said somewhat huskily: "You should never have left it, darling; but all's well that ends well." Every one, indeed, seemed delighted at her return. Even Harrison, the old butler, who was very tenacious of his dignity, welcomed her with an odd blending of almost paternal affection and episcopal unction; while the housekeeper, who was a Scotswoman and much given to the study of apocalyptic literature, so far forgot herself as to burst into tears when she saw the grave sweet face of her former mistress. And so the days slipped peacefully and pleasantly away, till in the following summer Colonel Markham proposed a tour on the Continent. Evelyn, he said, was looking pale, she studied too much, ate too little, showed an aversion to innocent claret that was singularly ominous, and evidently needed a change of air and scene. Even the music she played was sombre. Beethoven was no doubt classical, but there was too much *weltschmerz* about him. For his part, he was tired of those solemn strains in dreadfully flatted keys, that made one think of one's early follies and unpaid bills, and the heart-breaking disasters of Liberal Governments. So reasoned the Colonel with a whimsical smile, but with looks of tender anxiety. For he had become more than ever attached to his daughter now that he realized what her absence meant. Besides, the state of her health, her persist-

ent sadness, which she evidently tried to throw off so as not to disquiet and distress him, her frequent fits of self-absorption, her increased devotion to her religious duties, which seemed to him a gloomy presage,—all had the effect of rousing him from the unconsciously selfish acceptance of her filial attentions which had characterized him in the past. Once when he gently asked her as to the cause of her sadness she said: "I have not been true to my higher self; I should not have married my cousin; and yet, I am ashamed and disappointed that the mistake has not proved irreparable."

This was a psychological paradox that was absolutely unintelligible to the clear-headed man of the world; and he inquired no further.

They went to Brittany by Evelyn's desire, and travelled leisurely from place to place, enjoying in a sober way the austere beauty of that corner of France, and pleased with the simple, sincere, and antique manners of the people, who have never yet lost their alien look and speech, and who are stamped with that air of vague melancholy which accompanies a suppressed and isolated nationality.

Reaching the little village of Polrac on the northern coast, they were so much attracted by its quaint and old-world beauty that they resolved to stay a short while there, and they obtained comfortable quarters at the *Cerf d'Or*, the only *auberge* that it possessed. On Sunday they went to the little church, where their presence excited no small interest and curiosity. The Curé was an elderly man with snowy hair and pale emaciated features, lit up by a pair of soft blue eyes limpid and innocent as a child's. In the evening he called at the *auberge*, and was ushered into the sitting-room with every mark of reverential respect on the part of the *aubergiste's* wife. It evidently never occurred to her that any formal preliminaries were requisite. The Curé had his *entrée* everywhere, *quoi!* He was cordially received, and in the course of conversation offered his services in showing the strangers the curiosities of the place and neighborhood. He had apparently a wide knowledge of antiquities, and spoke with much zest about *dolmens* and *cromlechs*, of which there were several interesting specimens within easy distance. The result was that they made several excursions together, and

were soon thoroughly good friends. He possessed that *naïveté* of the heart, that perfect simplicity and unaffected humility combined with culture and unconscious dignity, that lent a rare charm to his companionship. He knew the entire lore of the district; his uncle, indeed, had been Curé of the parish before him, and had witnessed many of the horrors and shared in the dangers of the revolutionary epoch.

One evening about a fortnight after their arrival he supped with them, and seemed strangely preoccupied and depressed. He made mechanical and sometimes irrelevant replies to their remarks, till at last, becoming conscious of his seeming want of courtesy, he begged them to excuse him.

"The fact is, a dear friend of mine is extremely ill—dying, I fear, of typhoid fever. He is an Englishman, though he fought for France in our period of disaster. He is not indeed a Catholic," he added, with a sigh, "but I fervently believe, notwithstanding, that he is *in bona fide*. I wish all Catholics were like my dear heretic—kind, compassionate, charitable, simple and pure in his life—"

A tear twinkled in his eye, and he took a pinch of snuff with an agitated look and manner.

"Indeed he has lived too ascetically," he resumed, after a pause. "One would have thought that he wished to mortify the flesh, as if he had much to mortify!" he added, with a quaint smile. "Once when I wished him to share with me an excellent capon which my good Brigitte had prepared with special success, he said, '*Mon père*, I do not owe a cock to *Esculapius*.' However, he did take a little, only he said it was fortunate I could grant him absolution."

Evelyn had grown extremely pale during this guileless talk, her features had become tense, while there was an excited sparkle in her eyes.

"He has been a delightful companion," the Curé went on, sadly. "When I think of him I am reminded of that fine saying of Goethe's which he once quoted to me: The golden age is indeed past, but good men bring it back. Oh, a good man! And with so gay a humor at times. And to see him now!"

"What does the doctor say?" asked Evelyn, in a low voice.

He speaks despondently, says that my

friend has lived too much like an anchorite, even declares that he got the typhoid fever by drinking water or milk instead of honest wine. Dr. Brissot is a good fellow, but a *farceur* at times."

"I think I know the gentleman," said Evelyn, huskily. "Is not his name Austin Casanove?"

"That is indeed his name," replied the Curé, with an astonished look.

He was too well-bred to ask questions, but his look was significant enough. He relapsed into a fit of profound abstraction. Suddenly a gleam of intuition flashed across his face.

"*Tiens!* I understand. You must be the lady, madam, of whom he spoke to me one day."

"Did he speak about me?" exclaimed Evelyn, blushing keenly.

"He seemed, if I am not indiscreet, to have for you a veritable *culte*. That is, if you are the lady whom he once entertained in his cottage, when you were overtaken by a snowstorm."

"Yes, I am the same person."

"My daughter was much impressed by him," remarked Colonel Markham.

"And all I have heard of him is greatly to his credit. Well, let us hope for the best. He has led a very sober, well-regulated life, and that is favorable to ultimate recovery."

"God grant it; but he is very weak. However, he is no longer delirious. Now, perhaps you will permit me to retire. I must visit my patient."

"If you will allow me, *Monsieur le Curé*, I shall accompany you," said Evelyn, quietly but firmly.

"My dear child!" exclaimed Colonel Markham, "the thing is absurd. Think of the infection—"

"I don't think typhoid fever is recognized as infectious. I must see him once more," she added, pleadingly.

Her father shrugged his shoulders with a resigned air. He knew that when the tiny vertical furrow appeared on her forehead, expostulation was useless.

When they had left the *auberge*, the Curé said—

"Pardon me, madam, but I understood my friend to say that you had married *monsieur* your cousin."

"Yes, I did; but he perished in the Egyptian war. We wished him to leave the army, but he refused. He said that

he wished to be of some use before he left the world, for he had a presentiment that he would never return."

They then proceeded in silence along the village street till they reached at its farthest extremity a little cottage with small arched bay-windows, and standing back from a small garden filled with flowers, which now exhibited the disarray of the declining year. The westering sun shone on the windows and illumined them with a roseate flush. On the right a sombre moor, covered with heath and dry and stunted furze, stretched onward to the rugged cliffs that overlooked the sea. A soft evening breeze, impregnated with saline flavors and the odor of sea-weed, brought with it the deep murmur of the ocean. Far to the left the dreary *lande*, out of which emerged mossy bowlders and angular masses of granite, extended bleak and bare till it reached a low line of hills, crested here and there with dark clumps of firs.

The door of the cottage was opened by an elderly woman, apparently the *femme du ménage*, clad in the mediæval costume of Breton *paysannes*, and wearing on her head a monumental *coiffe*. Her features were harsh and rugged, but the eyes were soft, and bore traces of weeping. She greeted the Curé and his companion in low tones, and with the accent of one to whom French is a foreign tongue. Then, "effacing herself," she allowed the two to enter the cottage. The Curé led the way into his friend's bedroom. It was paved with brick and very plainly furnished. The tears came to Evelyn's eyes when she recognized the cavalry-sabre hanging above the empty fireplace. Casanove was lying on a low curtained bed, perfectly inert, and apparently in a state of coma. His face was strangely attenuated, and the long sinewy arm resting on the coverlet seemed denuded of flesh, and showed the corded muscles with the grim precision of an anatomical preparation.

Evelyn was seized with a fit of trembling, so convulsive that she sank into a chair placed at the side of the bed, and buried her face in the curtains.

The Curé poured a little brandy into a spoon, and tried to introduce it into Casanove's mouth. He swallowed the liquid with a painful grimace, and awoke.

"Ah, my good friend," he said in a

faint voice, and with a long drawn sigh, "you do not forget me."

"How are you now, *mon enfant*?" asked the Curé with a stifled voice.

"*Je me meurs, je crois*," was the quiet reply.

"Do you wish the last rites of Mother Church?"

"As you please, *mon père*," Casanove replied. Then he went on in a solemn monotone, "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity. Will not God Himself say, Let him rest in peace?"

The Curé handed him an ivory crucifix, which Casanove pressed to his lips.

"Oh miracle of self-sacrifice! oh divine example of resignation!" he murmured, feebly. "Give me of Thy magnanimity. Alas! Thou wert born centuries too soon; we have not yet learned of Thee. But all those who have denied themselves and abjured the world are Thy humble brethren. *Que Ta grandeur soit miséricordieuse pour ma petitesse*."

"Amen!" said the Curé, and made a sign of the cross upon Casanove's forehead.

Evelyn rose from her seat, and bending over the bed gently grasped Casanove's hand, and pressed it to her lips, while the tears streamed silently down her pallid cheeks.

The effect was electrical. A smile of intense incredulous joy illumined his features.

"Are you really Evelyn Markham?" he whispered, with a smile. "*En chair et en os*? You are not the reflection of my dream?"

She pressed his hand, and bending over him whispered in his ear—

"Do not die and leave me, Austin. I have loved you ever since I first saw you."

"Hold me, Evelyn," he said, hoarsely; "I seem to be falling into abysses; keep me back! oh, keep me back!"

Then the surging blackness of the limbo of life and death swelled up and engulfed him. He sank back, and lay inanimate, while Evelyn, sick with dread, sat trembling in every limb, but still retaining a grasp of his hand. When she had sufficiently recovered her self-possession, she intimated to the Curé her intention of watching by the bedside, and desired him to inform her father of this intention.

It was a dreary vigil, interrupted only

by the occasional entrance of the Breton *femme du ménage*, and by a visit of Dr. Brissot, a stout thick-set man with a massive leonine head, who evidently had some difficulty in controlling his quick petulant movements. He fixed his keen and piercing eyes on Evelyn with such an imperiously inquiring look that Evelyn was constrained to say, "An old friend, monsieur."

He nodded brusquely, and proceeded to examine his patient with a deft and delicate touch. He then gave Evelyn instructions as to the requisite treatment, assuming in his rapid intuitive way that she purposed to nurse the invalid during the night.

"He is no worse," he remarked, "indeed rather better; but then an ebbing tide does not retreat from the shore all at once, there is influx and reflux. Still, for the present he is *un tantinet mieux*. The man has lived a hermit's life and impoverished his blood. A pest on all moral pedants. Which is worse, mademoiselle: to disbelieve in your body or your soul? I shall return in the early morning. Adieu, mademoiselle."

And he bustled noiselessly out of the room, if such a paradox may be permitted.

Casanove woke up again after a couple of hours' profound stupor. He looked vaguely about him for a time, till he realized Evelyn's presence, and then his look brightened.

"My head, *ma chérie*" (Evelyn's heart thrilled at the endearing tone), "my head is as full of noises as a decaying house. Did a door slam just now?"

"No, dear Austin, the stillness has been awful."

"Then let us suppose it was the gates of Hades closing. You have kept me back. Ah! it is a reversal of the old myth. Eurydice has gone down to the nether world to bring back Orpheus. Give me time, Eurydice; I follow the flutter of your garment."

He showed a febrile eagerness to speak, but Evelyn placed her fingers on his mouth. He kissed them and fell asleep again.

* * * * *

Casanove recovered, but his convalescence was slow and protracted. His ascetic habits had unquestionably reduced his physical powers; and even yet he was inclined to rebel against the generous diet provided for him. But Evelyn was implacable. He too got to know what the furrow in her fair forehead meant. The consciousness of her unlimited sway over his heart made her at times a little wilful and sportive—a charming trait in one who had been habitually grave.

"And what shall I do with my money, Evelyn?" he asked one day.

"Have no anxiety on that score," she rejoined, with a demure smile. "I shall help you to spend it."

In a word, though he remained much of the idealist he had been for so many years, he abandoned that Levitical scrupulosity in meat and drink which Evelyn maintained to be only a kind of sublimated self-conceit—for in a married man that is how originality is apt to be designated. He had, however, his compensations; his wife provided him with new ideals.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THE American Episcopal Church has sustained a severe loss, which will scarcely be less felt throughout the whole Anglican Communion on this side of the Atlantic. Dr. Phillips Brooks, who was seized with a sudden and fatal illness a few days ago, was only in his fifty-eighth year, and had a powerful physique and an energetic manner which seemed to promise many years of usefulness. It is but six months since he was attracting crowds of eager hearers at Westminster Abbey, and hold-

ing them in breathless suspense, while with rapid utterance, and an almost kingly dignity, he discoursed to them on the weightiest truths. It would be misleading to describe him as a pulpit-orator. He had no tricks of rhetoric, none of what Carlyle calls "predetermined pathos," not one of the artifices by which sentences are gracefully rounded off to gratify the ear. Nor was he in any sense the apostle of a new doctrine; or, indeed, the exponent of what is called doctrinal truth in

any form. There was no sacerdotal claims, no insistence on the divine efficacy of sacraments, or on the mechanism of religion, or the material adjuncts of churches, to be found in his printed sermons. Though warmly attached to the Episcopal Church, he always protested against the assumption by that communion of the title "The American Church," and thought it not inconsistent with a loyal fidelity to his own Church to preach occasionally in the pulpits of other denominations. Yet the breadth and force of his teaching attracted so large a following that in effect he strengthened and increased the influence of the Episcopal community in America much more effectually than if he had carried on an active propaganda on its behalf. Till within recent times, the one Christian body which held the foremost rank in Boston for social and intellectual distinction was the Unitarian; but the influence of Dr. Brooks, especially on the more thoughtful of the young men of that city, effected a great change. Those who heard him preach at Boston, and watched the earnest and intelligent looks of his hearers, cannot wonder that Trinity Church became the centre of some of the most vigorous Christian effort in the New World. Dr. Brooks was one of the preachers at Harvard University, and his addresses were always listened to by crowds of students with keen attention. The young people are necessarily connected with different religious organizations, and the preachers are not all of the same section of the Christian Church, but are selected, from time to time, solely on the ground of their intellectual eminence and spiritual force. There was nothing in this arrangement which was alien either to the spirit of American institutions, or to the conception of duty which Phillips Brooks had formed for himself. Yet his tolerance was not that of one indifferent to the truths for which the Christian communities severally contend, but the larger toleration of one profoundly sensible of the need of common effort and wider sympathy among the members of all those communities.

In nothing are the priceless volumes of sermons which he leaves behind more remarkable than in the skill with which the Bible narratives, and especially those of the Gospels, are used to enforce practical lessons respecting man's duty and charac-

ter and the true nature of human ambition and effort. Here, for example, is a reference to the life of Saul, and to the touching statement, "An evil spirit from the Lord troubled him:" the pictured contrast between early promise and eventual failure is full of significance as addressed to young and hopeful yet serious men:—

"Saul's life, as it is told to us in the first Book of Samuel, is the perfection of a tragedy. If it were not the story of a real man who lived in the Jewish tribe of Benjamin, it might be the most sublime allegory that ever was written of human life in the tragical aspect of it, which is always suggesting itself, and sometimes presses itself upon us so urgently, that we can see no other. There is one chapter, the tenth chapter of the first Book of Samuel, which is as fresh as a spring morning. A farmer's boy, light-hearted, innocent, and strong, striding away over the hills to find a flock of asses that had wandered from his father's fields. He talks with his servants; he questions the group of girls whom he meets at a town gate. At last he meets a venerable prophet, who tells him what fills his young frank eyes with wonder, and makes his heart leap with the mysterious birth of noble ambitions,—that he is to be the first King of the new Kingdom of Israel. It is all as fresh and bright as innocence and hope can make it. Then there is another chapter, the twenty-eighth of the same Book, which is like the bleakest, bitterest day when the year is dying in December. The same Saul, grown old and wretched, with his country all in confusion, with his conscience tortured by memories, the subject of insane fits of melancholy and frenzy."

In the remarkable discourse from the text, "How many loaves have ye?" he traces out with curious subtlety and clearness,—in its relation to the intellectual, the spiritual, and the practical life of man,—the great truth, that in the divine economy, help and guidance are offered to us only on condition that we first count the resources we possess, and make the most of them. From the narrative of Peter's vision and the text: "Behold, three men seek thee," he traces out the connection between the vision as seen in solitude on the house-top and the practical life when men call on us for instruction and help; and seeks to show the true relation between visions and tasks, between thought and action:—

"If you look back to the men who have taught you most, and in the fuller light where you now stand, study their character, you will surely find that the real secret of their power lay here, in the harmonious blending of the knowing and the loving powers in their

nature ; in the opening of their nature on both sides, so that truth entered in freely here and you entered in freely there, and you and truth met, as it were, familiarly in the hospitality of their great characters. The man who has only the knowing power active, lets truth in, but it finds no man to feed. The man who has only the loving power active, lets man in, but he finds no truth to feed on. The real teacher welcomes both."

The great Bishop's force was in no sense restricted to the pulpit, or to his diocesan and pastoral work. His influence on the best of the social and intellectual movements of Massachusetts, and of the States of the Union generally, was profound and far reaching. One example of this must suffice here. The great organization of "reading circles," of which the summer assembly at Chautauqua is the centre, and which, with its 150,000 members, is exercising so remarkable an influence on the mental activity and life of the middle and industrial classes throughout the country, has had in him from the first strong sympathy and effective help. These were inspiring words which he addressed to about 6,000 students gathered together at the summer meeting in the Chautauqua woods, for study and mutual improvement :—

"I see busy households where the daily care has been lightened and inspired by the few moments caught every day for earnest study. I see chambers which a single open book fills with light like a burning candle. I see workshops where the toil is all the more faithful because of the higher ambition which fills the toiler's heart. I see parents

and children drawn closer to one another in their common pursuit of the same truth, their common delight in the same ideas. I see hearts, young and old, kindling with deepened insights into life, and broadening with enlarged outlooks over the richness of history and the beauty of the world. Happy fellowships in study, self-conquests, self-discoveries, brave resolutions, faithful devotions to ideals and hopes—all these I see as I look abroad upon this multitude of faces of the students of the great College of Chautauqua."

Those in England who were accustomed to look forward to his too rare appearance in London pulpits, as to a sort of golden opportunity for new thought and fresh inspiration, will sympathize deeply with American Christians who have suffered this great bereavement. They will forget the foolish and undignified controversy which was associated with his name when the Cowley Fathers, in alarm at what they thought to be latitudinarianism, withdrew one of their own number from fellowship with him. And they will remember only the strength, purity, and nobleness of his teaching, his scholarly and chastened eloquence, his deep insight into character, and his extraordinary power of lifting up every subject he discussed into a higher region than that of the theological discussion,—the region in which conscience and the voice of God are clearly audible, in which the small interests of life seem smaller, and the great ones greater, because both are seen in the light of dearly bought spiritual experience, of profound faith, and of boundless hope.—*Spectator*.

MEMORY.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

WHEN the dead in their cold graves are lying
Asleep, to wake never again,
When past are their smiles and their sighing,
Oh ! why should their memories remain ?

Though sunshine and spring may have lightened
The wild flowers that blow on their graves ;
Though summer their tombstones have brightened,
And autumn have pall'd them with leaves ;

Though winter have wildly bewailed them
With her dirge wind, as sad as a knell ;
Though the shroud of her snow-wreath have veiled them,
Still, how deep in our bosoms they dwell !

The shadow and sun-sparkle vanish,
 The cloud and the light fleet away ;
 But man from his heart may not banish
 Ev'n thoughts that are torment to stay.

The reflection departs from the river,
 When the tree that hung o'er is cut down ;
 But on Memory's calm current forever
 The shade, without substance, is thrown.

When quenched in the glow of the ember,
 When the life-fire ceases to burn,
 Oh ! why should the spirit remember ?
 Oh ! why should the parted return ?

Because that the fire is *still* shining,
 Because that the lamp is still bright ;
 While the body in dust is reclining,
 The soul lives in glory and light.

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE REVIVAL OF WITCHCRAFT.

BY ERNEST HART.

IN the by-ways of science, as on the scenes of a theatre and in the pages of fiction, an *alias* is often found to serve a very convenient purpose. But it is always a little disappointing, to those in search of a veritable novelty, to find in place of it only a discredited piece of antiquity, though varnished, polished, and faced with a new color ; and it is not inspiriting, even to the *dilettante* of the drama or of fiction, to be put off with old and worn-out characters, masquerading under new names, with fantastic costumes and modern effects, however ingenious and startling.

The modern Athenians, who dignify themselves with the title of psychical researchers, have for some time been inviting us to the investigation of what they have led us to believe were altogether new departures into the domain of mental philosophy. A new horizon was opened out before us ; methods of the communication of thought were described which set distance at naught, which dispensed with speech or gesture, touch, sight or smell. Sensation, we were told, was transmissible without material expression ; mental impressions could be conveyed by the unexpressed power of the will, character could be transferred by subtle and invisible channels into those whose morality re-

quired strengthening, or whose self-control needed bracing. All this has been indicated with some confidence, and with a careful and measured approximation to methods of rational inquiry, by some English observers whose competence in literature and some departments of physical research were calculated to invite confidence. But it must be confessed that the results which they had obtained, and the very rudimentary evidence which they had adduced in this country, were far from sufficing to persuade any but a very select band of idealists that there was anything substantial either in their premises or their conclusions. For the last year or two, however, public attention has been invited to a series of phenomena which were seriously alleged to afford positive evidence of the existence of a variety of endowments of the human body, and of marvellous powers of mental action, which realized some of the promised wonders of "the new psychology." France was now, as in the last century, the chosen land of marvel. There appears to be something in the temperament of the Latin race which lends itself easily to neurotic disorder, to hysterical excitement, and to the production of startling displays of mental eccentricity. We have never been celebrated in this country,

even in the middle ages, for our demoniacs, our dancing hysterics, or our miraculous cures. We have nothing to rival the ancient histories of St. Medard and Port Royal, or the modern pilgrimages of Lourdes. But if the modern hypnotists, psychists, and faith-curers are allowed the full play which has recently been given to them, in infecting the public mind with the follies of the "new hypnotism," the "profound hypnosis," the "new mesmerism," the "magnetization of hypnotics," and the "externalization of sensation," which they have been so solemnly propounding and so profusely describing in the pages of our leading newspapers and serials, we may yet see here an abundant harvest of mentally disordered and pathological creatures, such as have now for some years been permanently on show across the Channel; we may expect, also, to find our more solid literature poisoned with this evil influence, as our literature of romance and fiction already has been. From what I hear and know of the attractions which these false phenomena, these dangerous tricks, and this practice of mental subordination to another will, are already exercising on some ladies of the upper class in England, and on some writers of influence, it appears high time that a thorough exposure should be made of the imposture and the self-deception which underlie the performances. Some of them have been rehearsed before eminent British journalists on their visits to Paris, and by them described in good faith, with no small literary power and considerable although imperfect detail, to the readers of the great English journals. The most vivid descriptions of the modern development of the new superstitions appeared in a series of articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* early in last December, and in the *Times* at the end of December and the beginning of the present year. I was induced thereby to devote a fortnight at the end of the year to an investigation of the facts described and the phenomena produced, and to an endeavor to find out how they were produced, and, as is always important in an inquiry of the sort, in what sort of people they took place. As a result I was able briefly to affirm in the columns of the *Times* that I found the whole series of performances to be based upon fraud, and that I had succeeded in reproducing the phenomena without employing

any occult means or invoking any new powers of mind or body. This statement was welcomed by persons whose opinion I value, and by many of whom the articles in question had been read, as Professor Tyndall writes, with "disfavor and indeed dismay." I am urged to lose no time in sweeping away this mass of rubbish, and "the disgusting superstitions" which these letters and publications have tended to promote. This I will attempt to do by stating in some detail precisely what the performances at the Charité are, and removing from them the halo of false science which has rendered them attractive and credible, and has to some extent obscured their demoralizing character. The business of demonstrating the marvels of the new hypnotism has been going on now for upward of twenty years with very mischievous effects. It has culminated in performances of the patients of Dr. Luys in the wards of one of the greatest and most historically celebrated of the Paris hospitals. The Hospital of La Charité is a hospital with great traditions, dignified by great names, and still the seat of sound and able clinical instruction by a staff who must, I am sure, feel humiliated at finding the name of the great institution to which they belong becoming thus notorious throughout Europe for its connection with proceedings which they can but view with extreme disfavor.

In the first place, two patients were presented (who must be among the patients referred to), for they are and have been for some time the main subjects for demonstration at La Charité. One of these is a man named Mervel, an unhappy being of whom Dr. Luys promised to give me the clinical history, and of whom briefly it may be said that he has been all his life a wretched hysteric, subject to fits, to sleep-walking, and to catalepsy. He has passed through all the phases of this form of extreme nerve disorder. If he had been let alone, as he would have been in this country, or treated to a sound course of tonics, cold water (internally and externally), and field labor, he might have lived a more healthy life. He is now a miserable object, trained to all the tricks and the pathological aptitudes for simulation of a highly trained hypnotic, and on him were demonstrated phenomena which might indeed be "marvels" if they were not almost wholly frauds. I will run rap-

idly over a series of this man's performances as they were shown to me in the wards by Dr. Luys in the presence of observers, and I will presently add some of the other performances of other patients and trained subjects of Dr. Luys who have differing aptitudes and a various *répertoire*. The man was brought in from the waiting-room and put in an arm-chair: a finger held up before his eyes sufficed to plunge him into induced sleep. This was clearly not simulated, and in a highly trained subject is exceedingly common. The eyelids were then lifted, and a little performance was gone through, which is described in the programme set out in Dr. Luys' *Leçons Cliniques* as the *prise du regard*. A finger is held before him; he gazes at it, sits bolt upright, and follows it as though fascinated around the room. This is, of course, a very ordinary performance, and is only, so to speak, the *lever de rideau*. He is taken back to his chair, and then begins the second performance. He is shown a magnetic bar, and here the true stage play begins, as it does in so many of these mesmeric performances, with the utterly irrelevant introduction of the apparatus of magnetism. He sees now from one pole of the magnet the "odic" effluvia, the blue flames, which are familiar to the readers of Reichenbach. He is delighted with them; he caresses the bar like a child with a toy; he follows it all over the place, and when the opposite pole of the magnet is presented to him he is struck with horror at the red flames which issue from it, and shows every sign of fear and disgust. There are infinite variations of this marvel. Thus a photograph of the poles of a magnet affect him in a similar way, no matter how old the photograph. On the face of Dr. Luys he sees red flames proceeding from the eyes and nostrils on one side of the face, and blue flames on the other, which is supposed to coincide with the duality of the nerve-centres of the brain and the opposite polarity of the two sides of the body—puerile deductions which bear upon their face ignorant credulity, but which are supposed to derive evidential strength from these heightenings of the visual perception of this individual and the other performers of the same school. For these subjects quickly learn how to pretend to see the same thing; and Colonel de Rochas d'Aiglun, the *administrateur* of the Poly-

technic School in Paris, whom Dr. Luys was good enough to introduce to me, has subjects who have made for him also a considerable series of drawings showing these flames playing about magnets and parts of magnets, surrounding crystals, and irradiating the features of himself and others. One patient has done me the honor of making my portrait with all its magnetic accompaniments. To the heightened visual perception of these ladies and gentlemen it seems that from one side of my face issues a sheet of lambent blue flame, and my eyes dart rays of blue fire; the other side is equally luminous with red flame, while down the middle of my face is a bright streak of yellow. Mervel drew this interesting picture, and the others confirmed it; and as this was done in the wards of a hospital and by a patient in a state of "lucid somnambulism," and of good faith, I suppose I ought to have assumed that "there was no room for fraud or imposture." I ventured, however, to think otherwise. I took with me on the third occasion a magnet, lent to me by Dr. Johnson of London, which had been thoroughly demagnetized by being thrust into the fire, and a series of steel pins which had been variously magnetized in inverse senses, and I found that the heightened senses of Mervel were quite incapable of distinguishing between the inert magnet, the variously magnetized needles, and the true magnet. I even placed the needles and the magnet in the hands of Dr. Luys and asked him to determine what Mervel saw. He saw always, in reply to Dr. Luys' questions, the orthodox thing. I then gently suggested to Dr. Luys that he should try some test experiments and use an electro-magnet, in which he could at will put on and take off the current and try for himself whether the patient did or did not really perceive what he described. I ventured to repeat the same suggestion when Mervel was describing the colored lights he saw around the poles of a faradic machine. My suggestions, however, were not favorably received; and Dr. Luys observed that he must be allowed to make his experiments in his own way. At these sittings, Dr. Sajous, Dr. Lutaud, M. Crémère of St. Petersburg, and others, were present. To end this part of the matter, I should state that I took successively three other subjects of demonstration whom Dr. Luys has

presented to his classes, and tested still more decisively their pretended powers of distinguishing emanations from the north and south poles of the magnet and seeing the colored flames of Reichenbach. These subjects were a person named Jeanne, an accomplished impostor, and the most distinguished and highly trained of M. Luys' subjects, whose portrait occurs repeatedly in the illustrations of his lectures, and who describes herself as his *premier sujet*; a person named Clarice, whose marvellous powers are also much described in the publications of Dr. Luys; and a patient now in the wards named Marguerite. I tested these subjects repeatedly in the presence sometimes of the gentlemen above named, sometimes of Dr. Olivier, of Dr. Meurice, and of others whom I need not at present name. The results were that Mervel, whether sent to sleep by Dr. Luys, or by myself, or by the wardman, was never really asleep to the extent of not being able to gather verbal and visual suggestions as to his course of action, as to what he ought to do and what he ought to see, and that his hysterical or hypnotic slumber did not prevent him from simultaneously carrying on a course of elaborate imposture. When I rapidly displaced the magnetic photographs of Dr. Luys or my own, he blundered over them, but immediately he understood that he was blundering he corrected his mistake and saw what he ought to have seen. He was quite unable to distinguish an inert piece of iron from a true magnet, and unless he were guided by words let fall by the bystanders, or by the adoption of a systematic proceeding to which he was accustomed, he was quite at sea. Clarice and Jeanne, in their lucid somnambulistic state, never knew whether the current was on or off; unless they had a clew to the answers they ought to give they were ludicrously wrong. They saw enormous flames issuing from the powerful magnet which I used. When I told the assistant to put on the current, acting on my previous instructions, he always did exactly the opposite of what I said, and they always fell into the trap. The culminating absurdity of this phase of the performance was the famous show for which this *clinique* has become famous, known as the magnetic skull-cap, with its therapeutic and physical influences. "In this magnetic circlet," said Dr. Luys

(speaking in the presence of his somnambulistic patient, who was supposed not to hear), "are stored up the thoughts and mental characteristics of an individual who suffered from melancholia and hallucinations of persecution. I will now put it on Mervel's head, and you will see what follows;" whereupon Mervel showed dramatic signs of the hallucination of persecution, suffering apparently great pain of mind and body. Possibly it was too cleverly acted to be wholly simulation, but it afforded a good example of the mixture of hysterical readiness to accept any suggestion with unlimited powers of deception; for this took place at the same sitting, and in the same state in which he pretended to see red flames and blue flames at random, accordingly as he supposed the magnet, or the photographs which I showed him, or the prints, or the pins, to be of the north pole or of the south pole. I repeated the experiment, always with the like results. Dr. Olivier, the editor of the *Revue des Sciences Physiques*, writes to me that the exposure was complete.

There was no correspondence between the phenomena manifested by the hypnotized person and the production of the current of magnetization, etc. You repeated the experiments of Dr. Luys and those of M. de Rochas, avoiding all suggestion, whether involuntary or unconscious, capable of vitiating the results, and you were careful to conceal from the subjects of experiment the moment at which the opening or the closing of the current of the magnet took place.

"At any rate, therefore, we may exclude from the positive results which I attained in the presence of many witnesses the possibility of the electrical or magnetic current having any real relation whatever to the phenomena shown, and, as far as the utmost care could go, we may exclude also the influence of suggestion in any occult sense. Where the subjects thought they knew what was expected of them in their state of lucid somnambulism, they did it or saw it, whether I operated or Dr. Luys, or his ward assistant. Where they did not know they tried to guess, and with ludicrous results. Habitually they produced results exactly opposite to those which should have occurred, had the magnetic current had any influence whatever as a causal agent. I will now go further, and will affirm that there never was, any more than there now is, the slightest ground for believing that the

most powerful magnets are capable of exercising any such influence as Dr. Luys and others are in the habit of assuming that they can exert over the animal organism. Opportunely enough, I find in the *New York Medical Journal* of the 31st of December a report of the experiments made by F. Peterson and A. E. Kennelly, with the most powerful magnets in the Edison laboratory, of which Mr. Kennelly is the chief electrician. Very powerful electro-magnets of 2,000 to 5,000 C. G. S. units to the square centimetre were employed. Not only was no visible effect produced in the polarization within the magnetic field of the hæmoglobin of the blood, or in the circulation in the web of the frog's foot, but when a dog was placed for five hours under the influence of a magnetic field with an intensity of from 1,000 to 2,000 C. G. S. units to the square centimetre the dog was in no way affected and was very lively when liberated. A photograph is given of a boy sitting in a cylinder two feet in diameter and seven inches deep, upon which a set of field magnets converged: he was in no way affected. The next experiments were made by introducing the head into the field of a very powerful electro-magnet (2,000 C. G. S. units). The current could be turned on or off the coils of the electro-magnet without the knowledge of the subject. No effect on consciousness, sensation, circulation, respiration, or tendon reflex could be perceived. The subject was quite unable to say when the current was turned on or off. The last series of experiments were made with an electro-magnet in which the current was reversed 280 times a second. No effect whatever was perceived when the head was introduced within the magnetic field of this potent instrument. The authors conclude that the human organism is in nowise appreciably affected by the most powerful magnets known to modern science; that neither direct nor reversed magnetism exerts any perceptible influence upon the iron contained in the blood, upon the circulation, upon ciliary or protoplasmic movements, upon sensory or motor nerves, or upon the brain. The authors further observe that they find it difficult to understand why magnetism appears to have no influence whatever upon the human organism. The experiments of like kind recorded by Sir William Thomson and in

Pflüger's Archiv gave equally negative results.

The complete exposure which the results of my experiments effected of the valuelessness of the so-called magnetic effects on the patients of Dr. Luys tallies with the negative results of Peterson and Kennelly, but it is perhaps too much to hope that it will put an end to the habitual exploitation of magnetic superstitions in this connection.

I come now to another series of phenomena which various eminent journalists have noted as illustrations of what the *Times* correspondent described as a perfectly genuine exhibition, and one which, as he said, in concluding his description of it, "proved that suggestions and impressions can be conveyed from one person to another by mere contact, and even across an intervening space." As he professes to be an impartial and guarded observer, I will quote his report, which, so far as some obvious occurrences are concerned, describes accurately what appears to go on in the extravagant folly which they have described so seriously, known as "L'Envoûtement." This is a title taken from the practices of the Middle Ages, when the magicians of France and Italy exercised (as the magicians of the Far East do now) their powers of sorcery upon a wax image, which, being duly endowed with mystical relationship to a human subject, was pinched, tortured, wasted, or destroyed, with corresponding results to the unhappy individual in whose effigy it was made. Here is the modern counterpart in the new mesmerism of which the modern historian gives the explanation which I have just quoted:

There remains, however, one set of recent experiments, which, from their novel and startling character, deserve special attention. I refer to the transference of sensibility from a hypnotic subject to inanimate objects. I have been fortunate enough to witness some of these experiments, and will describe what I saw. They were not carried out by Dr. Luys, but by an amateur who attends his *clinique*. This gentleman had a roughly-constructed figure, about a foot high, resembling the human form, and made of gutta-percha or some such material, and he experimented with it on a hysterical young woman, one of the hospital patients, and an extremely sensitive subject. She was placed in an arm-chair and hypnotized, and he seated himself immediately opposite in close contact with her, their legs touching, and her hands upon his knees. After some preliminary business of

stroking her arms and so forth, he produced the figure and held it up in front of her, presumably to be charged with her magnetism, for these experiments rest on the magnetic theory. Then he placed it out of her sight and pinched it. Sometimes she appeared to feel it and sometimes she did not, but he was all the time in actual contact with her. Then he held it where she could see it, and this time she obviously suffered acutely whenever he touched the figure and in the place where he touched it, although she did not look at it or seem to observe it. Especially when he touched the sole of the foot, it evidently tickled her beyond endurance. Then the figure was placed aside on a table out of the sight both of the girl and of the operator, while another put one hand on the operator's back and the other on the image. I was in such a position as to see them all, and whenever the second gentleman touched the figure the girl felt it. Then she was told that she was to feel it just the same after being woke up, and an attempt was made to wake her, but she was by this time very profoundly affected, and the statement was only partially successful. In this state—that is, still somnambulist—she stood up and moved from her place, the operator did the same, and, being separated from her by some feet, he turned his back to her and held the figure in such a position that she could not possibly see it. Then he pinched at the back of the neck, and she felt it at the same moment, but at the wrong place. The place where she did feel it caused her some embarrassment, though harmless enough, as she informed him of the locality in a whisper, which I overheard. *I can answer for it that she felt something at the moment when he touched the image, but that she could not see it and was not in contact with him, because I was standing almost between them. But she felt it far more acutely when he pinched his own wrist under the same circumstances. That brought the experiments to a conclusion. They occupied at least half an hour, and included a number of interesting details which I have been obliged to omit.*

Thus his exhibition, which was “perfectly genuine,” proved that suggestions and impressions can be “conveyed across space.” The fact is that it did not prove the one any more than the other; and if the writer had instituted a few control experiments such as those which I forthwith carried out on the same subject, he would have saved himself from having been the medium of introducing thus impressively to the English reading public, through the pages of a great newspaper, a solemn description of what was easily proved to be a common imposture of a vulgar kind, by which the good faith and unquestionable sincerity and honor of the amateur of whom he speaks, and of Dr. Luys, had been surprised. There is no secret about

the name of the amateur, for he has published much about the matter in great detail, with an abundance of highly technical and scientific nomenclature, and the performances had already been described, under his name, in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in this country, and in *La Justice* and *L'Echo de Paris*, and other journals in France. Colonel de Rochas d'Aiglun, who was the operator in this case in the ward of La Charité, gave a similar demonstration for my benefit at the invitation of Dr. Luys in the ward of La Charité in the presence of several witnesses. Subsequently he gave me and Dr. Sajous a like demonstration with fuller developments at the École Polytechnique, of which he is the *administrateur*; and I gave him a counter demonstration in the rooms of Dr. Sajous before leaving Paris. To appreciate all the details of these performances one should read his book, entitled *Les États profonds de l'Hypnose*.*

To the subject, Madame Vix, being plunged into “profound hypnosis,” as it was alleged, was handed a glass of water. To this she transferred by contact her sensitiveness; the atmosphere surrounding her was also similarly charged with her sensibility; she herself becoming anæsthetic. When pinches were made in the air at given distances which were supposed to represent points of contact and lines of cleavage of the atmospheric planes, such pinches at these given points were always felt by her and gave what is above described as “evident pain.” I was shown drawings of these planes. When the water was removed to a distance and the glass was stroked or imaginary pinches made in the air just above the water, or the water itself was touched, she gave similar manifestations. This water, we were told, was charged with her vitality, and terrible consequences might ensue if the water were maltreated, either then or subsequently. Fantastic stories are related by Colonel de Rochas of the terrible effects following from the throwing away of this water and from people stepping on it, or

* *Les États profonds de l'Hypnose*. Par le Lt.-Colonel de Rochas d'Aiglun, Administrateur de l'École Polytechnique. Paris: Chammuel, 29 Rue de Trévise; and G. Carré, 58 Rue St. André des-Arts, 1892. See also *Les Limites de l'Inconnu*, by Georges Vitoux. Chammuel, 29 Rue de Trévise, Paris, 1892; and *Le Figaro*, January 10, 1893, p. 2.

from watering the flowers with it. In one case, where some one incautiously drank the water, the patient fell into a swoon which lasted for a fortnight. The only correct proceeding was to allow the subject herself to drink the water at the close of the *séance*, and thus enable her to protect herself from the sad effects which might follow any careless treatment of it. She herself was supposed to be insensitive while under operation, and her sensibilities were externalized and communicated to others either by "contact" directly to the operator, or in another hypnotized patient who was placed in contact with her, or, as the reporter solemnly describes, "across space." Whenever her magnetizer was touched she felt it in the same place.

Now Madame Vix furnishes *séances* for a fixed consideration. On page 28 of his book on the profound stages of hypnosis, Colonel de Rochas refers to her as being a subject "well known in Paris," "very distinctly polarized," and "who passes with extreme regularity" through all the phases described at length in his first chapter, and, besides, "through some phases of an indeterminate character up to the point of syncope." She presented indeed, "when the left hand was placed on her head instead of the right, general paralysis so closely resembling death in appearance," that he did not dare to continue his experiments. She did the wax-image business, the state of sympathy by contact, and the rest, with such perfection before me under the manipulations of Colonel de Rochas at the Charité and at the Polytechnique School, that I asked her to favor me with some professional sittings, which she readily consented to do. She had an extensive *répertoire*, and on three separate occasions she went through her performances with great precision and completeness in the presence of a variety of witnesses, some of whose names I have already cited. I determined, however, to do everything *en faux*. On the first occasion I solemnly went through all the series of passes and strokings and head pressure with the right hand, which Colonel de Rochas considers so essential, and we had all the correct successive stages of credulity (or *credulité*), of lethargy, catalepsy, again lethargy, somnambulism, lethargy, and *rapport*, and I then tested the statements of Colonel de Rochas. In the first place I found that

in all the phases of the stage of *rapport* the subject perceived other objects and other persons quite as well as the individual, my humble self, who was supposed to be "the magnetizer." When any one pretended to be in contact with me, it had the same effect upon her as if he were really in contact, and it was evident that she guessed at what we were doing. Visions were as easily produced by pressure with the left hand as with the right, and, as to the seeing of colored odic flames from the magnet, she saw them "six yards long;" but, in fact, when proper tests were applied, she was found to be absolutely incapable of distinguishing a true magnet from a false one. She never knew whether the current was on or off my electro-magnet; and her whole performance in this respect, although she was not made aware of it, was so manifest and ludicrous an imposture that the bystanders had great difficulty in retaining their gravity. I tested now the phenomena to which the sham scientific terms of "externalization of sensation," "communication by contact," and "transference across space," are pretentiously applied. Behind a little pile of books on the writing table I concealed a tumbler containing some water. In duly solemn fashion I poured out from a carafe a little water into a similar glass and placed it in her hands. I then quickly substituted, without her perceiving it, the hidden glass of water, which she had neither seen nor touched. We had then a full-dress rehearsal of all the performances which I had previously witnessed. She showed the same "obvious" marks of pleasure or of pain when the water was caressed or pinched as were witnessed by the *Times* correspondent or the *Pall Mall Gazette* reporter. When one of the spectators was placed in imaginary contact with me, she became equally sensible of his actions, she writhed, she smiled, she was tickled, she was hurt, she was pleased, and she was "exhausted" in the orthodox manner. I now introduced the "wax figure." Sceptic as I was, but willing to be convinced, I had purchased two rather pretty little sailor dolls, twin brothers of the navy, at a neighboring toy-shop. One of these she held until it was sufficiently "charged with her sensitiveness" by contact. I then rapidly substituted the twin doll from my pocket, and put away the

sensitized doll for future service. To make the performance quite regular, I cut off a minute lock of her hair and pretended to affix it to the doll. To this proceeding, which I had seen Colonel de Rochas gravely go through, she rather objected in her profound sleep, much to our quiet amusement. "C'est trop, c'est trop," she murmured, apparently thinking that I was taking too much hair for the money. I need not say that I did not affix it to the head of the doll, although I went through the motions of doing so. I have now, and shall preserve, the two little doll "witnesses," and the valuable tress of hair as mementoes of this interesting performance. It may take its place by the side of the famous tress cut from the locks of the spirit form of Katie King. We then produced, with the aid of the untouched doll, just unrolled from the tissue paper of the toy-shop, all the phenomena of the *envoûtement* of the sorcerers, of which so much has been heard lately and which have figured so largely in the pages of the great newspapers of England and France. She felt acutely when its imaginary lock was touched and pulled, whether by myself or by Dr. Sajous, by M. Crémière, or by any one else in the room. She greatly resented its being pricked; she felt all sorts of indescribable and generalized heats and pains when the doll was touched in places of which she could not well make out the locality owing to our backs being turned to her, and she was duly suffocated when we pretended to sit down on the doll. I am ashamed to say that the real doll was lying there all the time, cruelly stabbed by me to the heart with a stout pin, of which she was unconscious. Its maltreatment, which ought theoretically to have been fatal to her, produced no visible effect. These performances she went through three times. On the third occasion Colonel de Rochas was himself present, and assisted to put her into a complete state of hypnosis, for by this time I had become a little indifferent to the stages of preliminary mummary, and, as there were three subjects on hand at the final sitting, I rather abbreviated the proceeding. Colonel de Rochas was a little astonished when I produced my toy-shop doll, clothed in woollen trousers and jacket, for demonstrating the *envoûtement*; but he explained that he was not so surprised as he should have been at an

earlier date, for he had only that week observed that in a classic author, where these magical proceedings were described, it was noted that woollen stuff was a very good conductor; and he quoted a passage from a Latin author—of which I am sorry that I do not retain the exact recollection—in evidence of the fact that the woollen dress might prove an effective medium; otherwise, he observed, he should have been doubtful of securing good results, as the doll was of composition and not of wax. It did prove a very good conductor. In the course of the experiment, however, he sceptically tweaked the nose of the little composition doll face (of the doll which had not been "sensitized"), and we had all of us the satisfaction of observing that the material made no difference to Madame Vix, and that the result was as perfectly satisfactory as if it had been made of real wax, for she immediately exclaimed that somebody was pulling her nose, and resented it accordingly. At the close of this final *séance*, at which I had invited the presence of Colonel de Rochas, I explained to him the extent of the imposture, and showed him the false glass of water and the twin doll, the sham magnet, and the method which we had pursued in working the electro-magnet under a system of contradictory directions. I may venture to repeat that Colonel de Rochas acted in this, as throughout, as a gentleman of the most perfect good faith. He was duly and adequately impressed with this new order of facts. It is of course impossible to say what may be the conclusions at which he will ultimately arrive, but I understood him to incline to the vague belief that "it was all suggestion."

Finally, I must refer to another set of experiments which Dr. Luys conducted before us at La Charité on two of the patients there (on whom I subsequently performed counter-experiments). Having thrown these patients into the state of artificial sleep, he took from his pocket some sealed glass tubes. "This tube," he said, "contains alcohol." He placed the tube in contact with the skin of the patient inside the collar of her dress. After a minute she began to complain of feeling giddy and oppressed. Presently she manifested all the signs of incipient drunkenness—she was gay and disposed to sing. A little later she fell from the chair on to

the floor in a state of complete inebriety, and with a simulation of the various stages of drunkenness so effectively dramatic that I doubt if any woman so uneducated could go through such a performance, except an hysteric of this class, when "sleep-waking" and freed from the restraint of the fully conscious action of the upper brain. It is this mixture of hysteria, partially numbed consciousness, trained automatism, and imposture, which so often takes in either the wholly credulous or ignorantly sceptical spectator. Of the imposture there was, as I shall presently show, *pace* the intelligent reporters, no doubt whatever. Nor do I doubt at any rate that this girl was a thorough-paced hysteric and trained hypnotic, and that she was in an artificially induced and pathological condition when she went through these elaborate and brilliantly-performed antics. She was lifted into the chair and another hypnotized person placed alongside her in another chair. Their hands were clasped together. "We will now see," said Dr. Luys, whether "the vibrations will be communicated from one to the other," and the state of drunkenness transferred. So said, so done; and a similar performance, not, however, so skilfully executed, was gone through by the second and less experienced subject. On the following day we had yet a more picturesque performance. I was told beforehand that this was "the day of the cat," and that I might expect to see a highly-trained subject who usually presented herself at the *clinique* on that day for what was commonly spoken of as "the cat performance." This was a Mlle. V., much described by Dr. Luys in his *Leçons Cliniques sur les Phénomènes de l'Hypnotisme*.

Of her Dr. Luys speaks as follows in his lectures to his pupils, to whom he presents her in set phrase as "an example of the degree of exaltation which memory and imagination may acquire in certain somnambulant subjects when other regions of the brain are in the condition of functional inhibition."

Here is Mlle. V., a professor of foreign languages, who is endowed with exquisite sensibility for hypnotic phenomena. For her, hypnotization has become an actual necessity, like morphine for morphinomaniacs. She is interested in all questions of this kind, for some time she followed punctually all the lectures which I gave here, and, as you will see,

when I ask her if it interests her, she replies that she comes with pleasure, but she understands nothing about it; it is too technical. She only comes, she says, to assist in the experimental part of my lectures, and now when I question her she will tell you that she has not retained anything in her mind; that she has a very bad memory, and that she is incapable of giving the least account of the matter. That is what she is in the normal state, as you see, and you can accept the sincerity of her words. Now I will throw her into somnambulism, and you will see that the picture will change altogether. I say to her: "You are no longer Mlle. V., you are M. Luys, you are at the Charité, in his amphitheatre, and you are going to give his lecture on suggestion in his place." You see, she accepts my words with docility; she incarnates herself in my person; she takes my habits of language and of gesture, and, once started, you see with what facility, although a foreigner, she talks French, and with what correct sequence of ideas her explanations are given. She is never wrong; she finds the correct technical word; she varies her intonations, and presents really the innate qualities of a professor. More than that, you will now see a curious scene. I have a subject brought in and, placed in this arm-chair in front of her, tell her, "Here is a hypnotizable subject, whom you will send to sleep," and you will be surprised to see her repeat point by point the various proceedings for producing hypnosis; she explains to you accurately the symptomatic characters of lethargy, those of catalepsy, of somnambulism, in which state she is herself at this moment actually plunged, the different peculiarities belonging to these various states, details of the habits and manners peculiar to hypnotics, and, if I were not to interrupt her, she would go on talking thus for whole hours, until her strength was completely exhausted, and she would fall back again into lethargy.

This account of this remarkable person, which I had read beforehand, so much interested me that I was desirous to see her, and very sorry that she was not there on the usual day to play the cat. But not to disappoint us, the male patient, of whom I have spoken, was introduced in her place. He was rapidly hypnotized by holding a finger in front of his eyes, and when he had arrived at the proper stage Dr. Luys took out a tube and said: "We will try the valerian on him, but I am not sure it will succeed." The tube was, however, put inside his coat-collar in contact with his skin. Presently he became very uneasy, disturbed in countenance, and moving awkwardly about in the chair. I asked him what was the matter. "He cannot answer you," said Dr. Luys; "he is dumb, he cannot speak; he is transformed; he is no longer a man and

cannot use the speech of men ; he is assuming the nature of a cat." And, sure enough, presently the unhappy creature threw himself on to the ground with every sign of excitement and congestion ; he began scratching about the floor on all fours, and presently mewing like a cat—a disagreeable but striking imitation—and when the valerian tube was taken from his neck and held in front of him he came scratching and spitting along the floor on all fours, as though irresistibly attracted, as a cat might be, to the person who held it. This astonishing gymnastic lasted for some minutes and seemed to fatigue him, as well it might. On the following day I secured the presence in my apartments of Mlle. V. above mentioned. On calling on her with M. Crémière I found her installed as a hypnotizer as well as a hypnotic subject, and with a plate on her door accordingly. We arranged for a *séance* on her usual terms. She insisted, however, on bringing "her subject" with her, for she apparently now finds the passive and performing state rather fatiguing and not sufficiently profitable, and prefers the *double emploi*. When she arrived a very amusing scene followed. Acting Dr. Luys to the life, she proceeded to place her subject before her, and began to give us the magistral demonstration based on his lectures on suggestion, which he describes above as the peculiar endowment of her somnambulist condition, and of which, as he observes artlessly, he believes her to be quite incapable in her waking state, thinking it only possible when her faculties are peculiarly "exalted" by his manipulation. I have no doubt that, as he says, she would have gone on indefinitely and until she was exhausted ; but we were very soon tired of her glib impudence, and stopped the performance after she had shown us how she had trained this new subject in three weeks to a number of the required manifestations. We had the "passional attitudes," "fascination," the *prise du regard*, etc. The eyelids were duly opened by order for further performances, for she intelligently observed :

The eyelids, gentlemen, are the windows of the soul, are they not ? and in order that her heightened faculties may acquire their full perception, the light must penetrate ; but she sees only me, she knows nothing of what goes on around her, she thinks my thoughts, she is *en rapport* with me alone.

Here we stopped her, for we were beginning to be fatigued, although she was not. We now requested herself to become the subject, and duly regretted her absence at the *clinique* of Dr. Luys on the previous day.

Oh (she said), I am very sorry I was not there, but I did not come because it is the off season. At the New Year every one is making holiday ; very few people come to the *clinique*, and there are not many strangers, and so I was told that it was not worth while my coming for the next week or two, and Dr. Luys did not expect me.

She then gave us a long list of her capacities, which run through the whole gamut of the phenomena described in the volumes of the Professor at La Charité. She was duly put to sleep, and then I produced my tube. I had on the mantel-piece a number of tubes which I had taken at random from the laboratory of my brother-in-law, M. Vignal, containing a great variety of crystalline substances. These, however, she had already spied on the mantel-piece on coming in, and she said, "Oh, I must warn you that I am not at all susceptible to dry powders in tubes, only to fluids, and you won't get any effects with those." Respecting her scientific prudery and affected hypnotic exclusiveness, I humored her by immediately sending to the neighboring chemist for some tubes containing alcohol, valerian, cherry-laurel water, distilled water, and solution of burnt sugar. One of the medical frequenters of the Charité was kind enough to go and get them, and he was good enough to see also that all the tubes were incorrectly labelled. A private mark on the corks indicated the true contents, which were duly entered in the notes of the sitting. I now said to him, "Kindly give me the valerian," in a low voice which she was supposed not to hear. This was duly placed in contact with the skin of the neck, the actual contents of the tube being *alcohol*. Then came the cat performance to perfection. I will do Jeanne (the other name under which this lady will be found spoken of in the lectures of Dr. Luys) the justice to say that she was by far the most accomplished performer of the three of his subjects whom I saw go through this performance at my rooms and at the Charité under similar circumstances. She scratched, she mewed to perfection, she washed imaginary whisk-

ers, she spat, she licked her hands, she lapped milk from a saucer; and when you "pressed the button" at her back she sat up rigid as on hind quarters and caressed her face with her paws with a truly feline grace. She came back to her chair, or was supported back, for she was still supposed to be in deep somnambulism, and we brought into use the tube which was labelled cherry-laurel water, but which really contained valerian. Now commenced another performance, which among the trained subjects of the Charité is supposed to be identified with the "effect at a distance" of the fluid described on the label. After a decent period of waiting she fell slowly on her knees, her face assumed the characters of ecstasy, her eyes were fixed on space, and her features composed with great art to an affected expression of pious rapture; the hands were held up imploringly, then her head dropped and her arms folded across her breast as in prayer. Her hands presently were extended and her face upturned as toward a vision of beauty, and she exclaimed in low and broken tones of rapturous emotion, "She comes, she comes; she is all in white!" and as this sacred vision died away her head dropped in solemn resignation, and after a short interval of resignation and grief the play was over, and she was brought back once more to her chair in a state of well-simulated lethargy. This same performance she repeated under similar conditions at the final *séance* at Dr. Sajous' rooms, where I organized a continued representation before a number of spectators by Jeanne, by Madame Vix, and Clarice, in all cases with tubes containing anything else but valerians. Clarice was a third subject who figures largely in the writings of Dr. Luys, and whom I met at his *clinique*. She also was for a long time a patient: she is a thorough hysteric and trained hypnotic, and she goes through some of these performances with even better grace and more seductive accomplishment than Madame Jeanne. We repeated with her twice all these performances, and also some others. For Clarice is now also a "professional;" she is younger and prettier, and charges a higher fee than that of the others; she has hypnotic specialties of her own. She requested that for the final *séance* she might be permitted to bring "her pianiste," for she told us that

what she was particularly celebrated for was the beauty and grace of her *attitudes passionnelles*, which were best performed when the person who hypnotized her could play to her appropriate music, gay or melancholy. Accordingly, on the final occasion, she came with a pianist, who duly made a few of the customary passes, to put her into the somnambulist state, then put her in the middle of the room and began playing suitable music. He supplied her with castanettes, and she danced a gay and lively measure; he rose from the piano and took them from her, and then sad music threw her into attitudes of picturesque despair and delicately acted grief. We had no time to go through the whole performance, or I have no doubt it would have been well worth the money. I need not go through the entire category of proceedings. Professor Luys told us that he had had as many as three of these people at once engaged in their cat performance, "licking their paws, mewing, jumping, and scratching about the place;" as he said, "un véritable Sabbat"—a true witches' Sabbath. He dwelt upon the importance of these manifestations (which he takes quite seriously) as opening up new realms of psychological inquiry. I quote from my notes.

Here (he said) is a new domain for psychical researchers. It will enable us, at any rate, to catch glimpses of the animal mind, and perhaps to learn what they feel and think. I had a patient who in the somnambulist stage was transformed into a cock and entered into the cock nature. I tried to make him remember when he awoke what he had been thinking of when he was thus transformed, by ordering him to do so when still somnambulist. I asked him what he had been doing. He said he had been crowing. I asked him why he crowed; he said he did not know, he crowed because he could not help it. I asked him what he had been thinking of, and his answer was, "Je pensais à mes poules" ("I was thinking of my hens").

This, however, appeared to be as far as we have yet got in this new excursion into psychical research of animals; it is not very instructive or edifying. So far as all these persons went they must be pronounced impudent impostors, and it is difficult to conceive how they can have succeeded in duping "serious people," or how they can be permitted to have carried on the fraud for so many years. So also with the imaginary effects of the various medicinal substances in sealed tubes. I

repeated this performance on every one of these five subjects of M. Luys, on whom he has for years been lecturing, whom he has photographed, and of whose good faith he gives so many assurances. We made notes (sometimes written by myself, sometimes by Dr. Sajous, sometimes by M. Crémière) of the results. The subjects were never once right, even by accident. When Mervel at the hospital supposed the tube to contain mercury although it really contained diabetic sugar, he suffered agonies of the kind which he supposed mercury to produce. He had gnawing pains; his limbs were being eaten away, and he was in dire agony from the worst effects which a prolonged mercurial course used often to produce, and of which the repute is still a tradition in the hospitals. Madame Vix, at my rooms, had another opinion of the effect of mercury, gathered apparently from its use in infantile ailments; for she was a mother. When she thought the tube contained mercury she began to suffer acute pains—"colique d'enfants," she said; and to stop the comedy I had to apply to her neck what was supposed to be a tube of cinnamon water, but which was really charged with bi-sulphide of mercury. This quickly calmed her pains, which were beginning to be indecorous. With Mervel at the hospital, when I had him to myself and hypnotized by the ward attendant, all the effects supposed to be due to valerian were produced with burnt sugar. He was duly and quickly transformed into a cat, and the whole drama was enacted in the ward, but this time under the influence of a tube of sugar-water, with vivid feline effects. Strychnine, of which I was warned that the effects were most dangerous, for, as Dr. Luys observed to me, "You might kill a patient with it through incautiously applying the tube," I used repeatedly and most incautiously without producing any effects, for I was careful never to mention its name. I may emphasize that on this occasion it was not I who hypnotized Mervel, but a person who was well accustomed to do so.

Leaving now the detail of the various scenes of this tragi-comedy, let us consider for a moment the interpretation of it and the lesson it teaches. It was not, I think, always and in all its stages wholly an imposture, although generally it was. Two at least of the subjects, Mervel and Mar-

guerite, and, I think, perhaps Clarice were pronounced hysterics and thoroughly trained hypnotics; they mingled pathological conditions and an artificially induced state of partial automatism with their abundant frauds. They were at once, as Voltaire puts it, speaking of like impostors, "duped and dupers, deceived and deceivers." Jeanne and Vix appeared to me from first to last to be acting a part with full consciousness of all their frauds. They were, moreover, anxious to accomplish them to my satisfaction, and in such a way, as they both openly stated, to procure from me what Jeanne called "*a réclame*" and Vix "the favor of my recommendation." After I was gone Jeanne, the "professor of languages," and "sincere subject" of Dr. Luys' lectures, sent after me the following letter, which I think too interesting a document not to put upon record. I omit the address and the final paragraph, but I preserve the original spelling:—

Monsieur le Docteur,—Ayant eu l'honneur Samedi dernier de servir de Sujet à une Seance d'hypnotisme chez vous, Monsieur le Docteur, j'espère que vous voudrez bien m'excuser, Monsieur le Docteur, la liberté que je prends de vous faire parvenir une petite nomenclature—des expériences et des phénomènes—que Mr. le Dr. Luys obtient, depuis bien tot 7 ans, sur moi.

1. On obtien sur moi tres facilement—
Les trois états classiques,
Léthargie, Catalepsie, Somnambulisme.

En Léthargie

Anesthésie complète.
Tous les différents effets et contracture
—au contacte—des différents Métaux.
Les Contractures Neuro-Musculaires.
Le jeu du Diaphragme.

En Catalepsie

Prise du regard—le point fixe—automatisme—les attitudes—Effets des Couleurs.
Suggestions par gestes.
Effets des Aimants.
Cessation du battement du poux.
Raidleur cadaverique.

Somnambulisme

Tous les phénomènes de l'hyperesthésie de la peau.
Les attractions.
Effets de médicaments à distance.
Suggestion—instantanée et à échéance.
Changement de personnalité.
Mnémonie.
Vision.

Vue absolue à travers tous les corps opaques sans aucun secours des yeux.
Double vue—transmission des pensées.

Voilà Mr. le Docteur les phénomènes qu'on obtient très facilement sur moi—sans jamais les rater. Mr. Le Docteur Luys n'hésitera pas à le confirmer—d'ailleurs j'offre de le prouver—quand on voudra.

Je travail en ce moment comme Sujet (passif) à la Charité avec Mr. le Dr. Louys—et comme Sujet active avec mes sujets—chez moi tous les jours de 2 heures à 6 heures—et dans tous les Salons de la haute Aristocratie Parisienne en soirée hypnotique ou Spirite.

Anciennements Mdlle. . . . que Samedi Mr. le Docteur j'avais aperçue dans votre Salon*—à été employée par moi—pendant 8 mois comme mon sujet. J'ai été forcé de la congédier pour un fait—assez sérieux. Cette petite dont les aptitudes sont absolument aussi nules que le Cabotinage, est grand profité des visites chez moi de quelques toutes jeunes dames du plus grand monde qui dans l'après midi venaient me consulter et naturellement en cachette de moi, pour grossir ces gages de sujet, cette petite fille sans conscience vendait de la morphine au morphinomane et de l'opium aux opiomanes, une de mes cliente, Mme. la Vicomtesse de . . . devenue absolument opiomane par l'opium procurai en secret par . . . a manqué payer cela de sa vie. Par un hasard ayant découvert la vérité j'ai mise . . . immédiatement à la porte. Voilà pourquoi j'ai été désagréablement impressionnée voyant cette triste personne singer avec aplomb dans le salon de Mr. le Docteur tous ce qu'elle m'avait vu faire étant chez moi.

This document is perfect ; its spelling, its jargon, its revelation of the underside of the genuine "marvels" of the new and old mesmerism, will make it historic.

We see here to what excesses this so-called science of hypnotism may lead, and we catch a glimpse, and only a glimpse, of some of its evil connections. The rest remain to be followed out, and ought to be followed out, by the Paris police, and no doubt the administrative council which presides over the hospital system of Paris will take some steps in the matter. It is hardly possible (except under a system of highly concentrated centralization, in which the true central governing body is so far removed from its peripheral members as to take little notice of what is going on there), that such things should happen, or should continue. In any English hospital in which the controlling governors are on the spot, and the staff in habitual communication with them, such proceedings would long before have at-

* This is another favorite subject of the Charité.

tracted inquiry, and would have been controlled. That is by the way. How much harm they can do in some directions, M. Luys knows very well and expresses very clearly, for he says in his lectures :*

From the social point of view these new states of instantaneous loss of consciousness into which hypnotic or merely fascinated subjects may be made to pass deserve to be considered with lively interest. As I shall have to explain to you later, the individual in these novel conditions no longer belongs to himself ; he is surrendered, an inert being, to the enterprise of those who surround him. At one moment in the passive stage in this condition of lethargy or of catalepsy, he is absolutely defenceless and exposed to any criminal attempt on the part of those who surround him. He can be poisoned and mutilated. Where a woman is concerned, she may be violated and even infected with syphilis, of which I have recently observed a painful example in my practice. She may become a mother without any trace existing of a criminal assault, and without the patient having the smallest recollection of what has passed after she has awakened. Sometimes, in the active condition, the state of lucid somnambulism, and even in the condition of simple fascination, the subject may be exposed to the influence of suggestions of the most varied kind on the part of the person directing his actions. He may be induced to become a homicide, an incendiary or suicide, and all these impulses deposited in his brain during sleep become forces stored up silently, which will burst forth at a given moment with the precision, accuracy of performance, and automatic impetuosity of acts performed by the really insane. Gentlemen, hear this well in mind ; all these acts, all these phenomena unconsciously accomplished, are no mere vague apprehensions and vain suppositions ; they are real facts which you may meet with this very day in ordinary life. They are apt to develop, and to appear around you and before you in the most inexplicable manner.

Of course the question will be asked, Are the practical uses or the applications of the artificial sleep (the induction of which is the residuum of this psychological puzzle) of such value as to counterbalance its evils ? As to its surgical uses, which at first sight are the most obvious, Luys himself says :—

At the first appearance of hypnotism, when Braid had shown that hypnotized subjects are insensitive to external stimuli, surgeons conceived the idea of using this method for the performance of certain operations. In fact,

* *Leçons cliniques sur les principaux Phénomènes de l'Hypnotisme dans leurs Rapports avec la Pathologie mentale.* Par J. Luys. Paris : Georges Carré, Editeur, 58 Rue St. André des Arts, 1890.

some among them had the opportunity of testing it with a certain amount of advantage. But since the wonderful discovery of chloroform (and, it might be added, of local anæsthesia by cocaine, the vaporization of ether, etc.) these attempts so far as concern surgical anæsthesia have been justly abandoned. At the present time the application of hypnotism to surgical therapeutics is of absolutely no account, since it concerns only a small number of persons—namely, the class of hypnotizable subjects.*

In the domain of medicine M. Luys is naturally more hopeful and more affirmative, but obviously inspires less confidence than his calmer and more critical colleagues at the Salpêtrière, who have abstained from following him in these new developments and who regard them with disfavor and distrust. To me the so-called medical cures by hypnotism seem to rank in precisely the same class as those of the faith-curer.

The hypnotic *endormeur* is very well able to explain the miracles of faith-cure and pilgrimage by the light of his own experience. They result, as he explains accurately, from the reaction of mind on body, the effects of imagination, of self-suggestion, or of suggestion from without. Those who benefit by them are especially the fervent and the enthusiastic, the vividly imaginative, the mentally dependent, and, above all, the hysterical—male or female. But clearly, the faith-curer may retort upon the hypnotizer that they are brothers in their therapeutic results, if not in their faith and philosophy. The one can work about the same percentage of cures as the other—and no more; and the intervening apparatus, whether of magnets, mirrors, or of grottoes, only serve to affect the imagination, and to supply "the external stimulus" which is necessary.

To this category belong also the long series of thousands of asserted cures of people who wear what they are pleased to call magnetic belts, or who used to wear magnetic rings, who were cured by the Perkins tractors whether of wood or of iron—they are the prey of the quacks of all ages and countries.

One essential part is, however, I conceive, that no new faculty was ever yet developed in any of these hypnotics. The frauds of clairvoyance, of spirit percep-

tions, of gifts of language, of slate-writing, of spirit-writing, of far-sight, of "communication across space," of "transfer of mental impressions," of the development of any new sense or ghost of a new sense, remain now as ever, for the most part, demonstrable frauds or perhaps in a few cases self-deceptions. At the Salpêtrière, at Nancy, wherever the facts have been impartially and critically examined, this has been the result. It results once more now from my test of the subjects of the Charité and the École Polytechnique. It will, I suppose, be too much to expect that we shall hear no more of the "New Mesmerism," but it will be easy for any one thus experimentally to reduce it to its true dimensions.

Finally, as to the practical question, which has perhaps a greater interest for the sociologist than any which have suggested themselves up to this point. Since the hypnotist faith-curer of the hospital ward and the priestly faith-curer of the grotto are in truth utilizing the same human elements and employing cognate resources, although masked by a different outward garb, we may ask ourselves which can approximate to the greater successes and which does the least harm.

So far as I can see, the balance is in favor of the faith-curer of the chapel and the grotto. The results at least are proportionately as numerous, and they are more rapid. Numerically there are, I incline to think, more faith-cures at Lourdes than there are "suggestion-cures" in the Salpêtrière or the Charité. So far as hypnotism is good for anything as a curative agent, its sphere is limited, by Charcot, Féré, Babinski, and all the most trustworthy medical observers of Paris, to the relief of functional disorder and symptoms in hysterical patients. The Nancy school put their pretensions higher; but any one who will analyze for himself, or who will study Babinski's able analysis of the Nancy reputed cases of cure, will easily satisfy himself that such claims are not valid. As to the use of "suggestion" as an anæsthetic substitute of chloroform for operation purposes, that "suggestion" dates back now beyond the ages of Esdaile and of Elliotson. It has been given up and fallen into disuse because of its unreliability and limited application. It is now sagely proposed to use hypnotism for "tooth-drawing," for

* *Applications thérapeutiques de l'Hypnotisme.* Par le Dr. J. Luys. Paris: Imprimerie F. Lève, 17 Rue Cassette, 1889.

the treatment of drunkards and of school-children. The proposition is self-condemned. To enable a dentist to draw a tooth painlessly, the average man or woman is, by a series of sittings, to be reduced to the state of a trained automaton; but happily only a very small proportion can be. The criminal courts have seen enough of hypnotic dentists. As to the "suggestion" cure of drunkards or the "suggestion" treatment of backward or naughty children, systematic and intelligent suggestion is what every clergyman, every doctor, and every schoolmaster tries to carry out in such cases and often does successfully,—and in a better form than the degrading shape of hypnotism. Moreover, for drunkenness it is, so far as my inquiries go, a failure.

If a striking effect is to be produced by an apparatus destined powerfully to affect the imagination, the faith-curer of the grotto has this advantage over the *endor-meur* of the platform or the hospital. He does not intrude his own personality and train his patient to subject his mental *ego* to that of his "operator." The "mesmerizer" seeks to dominate his subject; he weakens the will power, which it is desirable to strengthen. He aims at becoming the master of a slave. I do not need to emphasize the dangers of this practice. I need not even relate them. I have briefly quoted the warnings of one of its apostles, or at least so much of them as it is seemly here to relate.

The faith-curer of the grotto strengthens the weaker individuality. He plays upon the spring of self-suggestion. The patient is told to believe that he will be cured, to wish it fervently, and he shall be cured. So far as he is cured, he re-

turns perhaps a better and a stronger man, and his cure is quite as real and likely to be quite as lasting as if he had become the puppet of a hypnotizer. The experiments of the Salpêtrière have served to enable us to analyze more clearly the nature of faith-cures generally, and they have thrown a ray of light on a series of phenomena of human automatism never before studied so clearly or philosophically, but they have added practically, little, if anything, to our curative resources. It is hardly to be set down to their discredit that they have incidentally favored the reign of the platform hypnotizer or the vagaries of the subjects at La Charité; that is their misfortune rather than their fault, but it is a grave misfortune. But the intervention of authority might at the present, in respect to the latter, cut short these absurdities and put an end to some social mischiefs which have fastened on to them and hang to their skirts. Thus much as to the sociological question. To the student of "psychological phenomena" it has a great interest to note how successive functions may be separately abolished as the brain is partially set to sleep, and in what exaggerated forms the remaining activities may be brought upon the stage when restraining self-consciousness is stilled. The vulgar, too, may find an ignoble amusement in the antics of these drinkers of petroleum and vinegar, in the semi-idiotic postures and proceedings of the hypnotized mannikin, as they do in a *fantocchini* show or a puppet play. But against such philosophic satisfactions and vulgar amusements must be set the avowed and the unconfessed mischiefs, and who can doubt that these outbalance any good result which can be discerned?—*Nineteenth Century*.

A CHAT WITH DR. NANSEN.

BY ETHEL B. TWEEDIE.

DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN is an enthusiast, who speaks of the success of his North Pole Expedition as if it were already an accomplished fact.

Exploration has not always been his profession. Accident has in a great measure forged the various links of the chain in his career. In 1882 he went to the Arctic Seas for the first time; his part in

the expedition was then purely scientific, he himself being a young and ardent zoologist. During that voyage his ship was caught in the ice near the east coast of Greenland, and it was during these ice-bound days and nights that the young doctor was first inspired with the desire to penetrate the unknown interior of Greenland. He was ultimately successful

in this undertaking, which he ably describes in his book, "Across Greenland." Ideas and plans, as well as means for continuing his explorations in these unknown regions, have forced themselves upon him, until he feels it a duty to try if his theories are well based. He is himself absolutely convinced that they are, and that he will ultimately succeed in crossing the North Pole.

In spite of his being so sanguine of success, no Insurance Company in any land will take the risk of the men's lives, or the safety of their ships engaged in such work. This in no way deters him; and given health and strength, the pioneer of this little party stoutly declares that he will return in three or four years with his mission accomplished.

This North Pole Expedition is no journey conceived or commenced in a hurry. Much time and thought have been expended on its preparation, and every known and many possible emergencies have been provided for, and Dr. Nansen has been working continuously at the enormous necessary details ever since his return from Greenland. By the early days of June, 1893, he hopes to start on his adventurous voyage.

Dr. Nansen is quite a young man, being only thirty-one years of age. By birth a Norwegian, with characteristically fair hair, which he wears brushed straight back from his high brow. He has the clear blue Norwegian eye. His small fair mustache surmounts a still smaller imperial. He is well over six feet in height, well knit, and with a figure unusually muscular, which is combined with great lissomeness of movement. His long stride and swinging gait are curiously characteristic; these are rendered even more noticeable by the strange dress and slouching felt hat he always wears. He rarely dons a top coat even in winter; but he often carries one thrown across one shoulder, with its long capes hanging down like a piece of drapery. He is so tall and well-made that, added to his noticeable dress, every one turns round to look at him as he walks through the London streets. He walks quicker than most people with long strides. He is quick in everything, and thoroughly appreciates our English railway travelling; he loves rattling along at sixty miles an hour. "With your speed, and our carriages,

railway travelling would be quite perfect," he says. He likes order, punctuality, and despatch, and looks a man physically capable of standing any hardship. Determination is written on his broad forehead and massive jaw, and altogether he is a fine specimen of the Viking race. He is not easily worried or irritated, and thoroughly enjoys overcoming a difficulty.

He is possessed, also, of a good memory. When he came over lately, he walked into the room and handed me a large parcel: "That is the photograph I promised you seven months ago—I had not forgotten it."

He has health, strength, youth and enthusiasm to help him through his great undertaking.

Although Dr. Nansen warmly declares he dislikes society, and is inclined to be rather cynical on this subject, he has quite the manners of one accustomed to society. He has that pleasant way of feeling at home and setting every one else at their ease, which is usually acquired only by contact with the world. All his sympathies are with family life, and he dislikes what he pleases to call the "mockery of society." "I have no acquaintances," he said one day; "if I do not like people well enough to feel they are my friends, I do not wish to see them again. I could never be a society man even if I would, for I cannot pay a compliment, and society likes these small nothings which to me always appear rudeness. Besides, I fear I am no lady's man. I love home-life. Your family life in England is very pleasant, and I always notice it centres round the fireplace. Every member of the family draws his chair round the hearth. The crackling coals call for confidences and draw people together. The fireplace is delightful socially, but it would not be practicable in Norway. It bakes one side while it freezes the other, and we like our rooms warmer than you, and at more equal temperature. Still, I like your fire, for it looks delightful and has a marvellous power of developing friendliness in a household, and I have made some good friends round your English hearths."

Dr. Nansen has been several times in England, but never for very long at a time.

Shortly after his return from Greenland, Nansen married a daughter of Professor Sars, of Christiania. Professor Sars has been dead for some years; but his mem-

ory is ever green in the minds of Scandinavians, who regard him as their Norwegian Darwin.

Fru Nansen was thoroughly trained as a singer when still a girl, and she is very popular in Norway, where she succeeds in keeping her professional engagements in spite of household calls upon her time. She is a very good-looking, energetic little woman, and several hours of every day she devotes to her professional duties. This fact makes her husband very proud of her, for he believes in women's capabilities and women's work, and hopes soon to see them on an equal footing with men in everything. Nansen is devoted to music, although no performer himself, and good music affects him almost as deeply as it does his great friend and compatriot Björnson. Fru Nansen's rendering of the old Norse songs is delightful, and she makes them her speciality, and most evenings the Nansens spend together alone—he listening and she singing; happy in each other's society, and in the enjoyment of their music.

The Nansens have built a very charming little house a few miles from Christiania on a peninsula of the fjord, where they fish and boat in summer, and skate or ski in winter. The house, as may be expected, is full of Greenland trophies.

Nansen's own particular room is very large. The walls and roof are built in the old Norwegian fashion of interlaced pine trees; the whole trunk of the tree forming the walls, not merely wainscoting planks. Round the walls run bookcases five feet high, well stored with scientific works and books of travel. The top shelf is given over to a heterogeneous collection of things, for instance, a large bust of Nansen's great friend Björnson; the great writer smiles down upon him at his work.

A microscope stands on the shelf beside the model of his ship; animals in pickle and various odds and ends fill the vacant spaces. There is a huge table, with carved legs, covered with a typewriter, MSS., etc. The chairs, in true Norwegian fashion, are hewn out of solid tree trunks, carvings of serpents with their tails in their mouths forming the arms.

Another relic of ancient Norway is the "pies" or fireplace, just dying out since the introduction of stoves. It stands in the corner of the room, raised about a foot from the ground. This raised stone

platform is about five feet square. Loosely thrown logs of sweet-smelling pine wood crackle there in winter. A huge open chimney, built like a canopy over the fire, allows the smoke to escape. A pies is as cheerful an adjunct to a room as our own open fires; but it is doubtful if it warms as certainly as it gives the headache.

It is a workmanlike room, thoroughly comfortable and businesslike, and as characteristic of Norway as a room can well be: its owner is devoted to his fatherland, and is never tired of extolling its charms or showing its productions.

When the young couple were married, shortly after Nansen's return from Greenland, it was suggested that whenever the Polar Expedition was really ready, Dr. Nansen would have to leave his wife for some years. Now that the time is drawing near, however, Fru Nansen naturally realizes the years of anxiety and dreariness before her, if left behind, and is trying to persuade her husband to let her accompany him. She is a very strong woman and an excellent "skiløber" (performer on snow shoes) so that she would not be a burden to the party in that respect, and in many ways might prove a useful addition to it. In fact, speaking about his wife, Dr. Nansen said: "My wife is such a courageous woman that, if I was sure that her health would stand the intense cold we shall experience, I would not pause for a moment in my decision as to the advisability of her accompanying the expedition. My wife goes better on ski than I do myself, and her pluck is marvellous. Should I be away for five or six years, I am often perplexed what her life will be all that time without news of our safety, and what will really be the best for her. For myself, I would of course like her to be with me."

So proficient is Fru Nansen as a skiløber, that she often accompanies her husband on his mountain tours in the winter snows. On these occasions, she wears a regular Lap's dress. This means high reindeer fur mocassins, and trousers with only a short skirt reaching to the knees. It is even more serviceable than the short gray home spun dress usually worn by Norwegian ladies on ski expeditions, or by English women in the Highlands when following the guns. The difficulty in the high Norwegian mountains is to find a

suitable place to spend the night, and on more than one occasion Fru Nansen has managed to sleep out in the snow in one of her husband's wonderful fur-lined sleeping pockets. She is altogether a very enterprising woman.

Dr. Nansen's ship is nearly completed. The ship has been built at the mouth of Christiania fjord by a relation of William Archer's, who is so well known in this country as a translator of Henrik Ibsen. This curious ship was launched and christened in October, 1892, by Fru Nansen, who gave it the name of *Fram* or *Forward*. She is not a large vessel, being only 128 feet long, of about 600 tons displacement, and by no means a fast vessel; but her object is not speed, but to resist ice-pressure. Burning less than three tons of coal in twenty-four hours, she will average about six knots an hour; but as coal will be very precious, it will only be burned on rare occasions. She has three masts, and is schooner-rigged, resembling a whaler in appearance. Under favorable circumstances she ought to sail eight or nine knots an hour.

Nansen is not going to try to sail or steam across the North Pole; as he himself expresses it, he is going to "take a ticket with the ice, and drift with the ice," his ship being his home meanwhile. For her length the ship is particularly broad, one third of the length. Her sides slope gradually round from the bulwarks to the keel. By this rounded build the pressure of the floes will lift her on to the ice instead of crushing her. So rounded is her bottom, her keel is embedded in the ship itself, by which arrangement there will no projection for the ice to nip. Her rudder and screw, by an ingenious arrangement, can be raised and protected from the ice in a kind of well. In appearance she is too much like a tub to be pretty; the sides of the ship are thirty inches thick, and are a solid mass of pitch-pine, oak, and greenheart, joined together by pitch. Besides this extraordinary thickness she is full of beams and stanchions placed everywhere where there is likely to be pressure, and at such angles that the one helps to support the other. All this has been most carefully planned to give her extra strength. She has two decks. In the middle of the ship is a fair-sized saloon surrounded by cabins for the officers and crew. It is quite possible

that during intense cold the cabins may become untenable, the warm moisture freezing on the walls in solid ice, and the very mattresses becoming huge lumps of ice. Under such circumstances Dr. Nansen intends to accept a hint from the Eskimo, and he and his men will all live together in the salon and generate heat among themselves. The saloon walls will be protected by cork and felt, and reindeer skins, and the floor carpeted with bearskin rugs. Such luxuries as are possible for a visit of some years to such northern latitudes will not be forgotten.

The cooking will chiefly be accomplished by means of alcohol, and for heating, petroleum will be used, as it gives light as well.

The *Fram* will only carry about 300 tons of coal, which will have to be saved as much as possible for the engines in case of need. The interior of the vessel is like a puzzle, every hole has its allotted burden. Everything is being made to fit into everything else, so that no space, however small, will be wasted.

Although only a small craft, she has cost nearly £10,000. This of course is only a part of the expense of an expedition of this kind. The Norwegian National Assembly has granted £11,000 toward the expedition. King Oscar himself takes the liveliest interest in the plans and arrangements, all of which Nansen has submitted for his inspection. The Christiania University and some dozen private individuals have volunteered nearly as much more, and the London Geographical Society has offered to pay anything further. So that in the matter of money the expedition is well supported.

Besides the ship, two large boats will be taken. They are equally strong in proportion to their size, which is twenty-nine feet in length. They are flat-bottomed, and if Nansen is unfortunate enough to lose his ship, he intends to rest these two boats side by side on the ice, and live in them while he drifts with the ice. Should they lose one of these boats, the other is big enough to house all the twelve of the party.

His precautions do not end here. He has several smaller boats ready, and tents and sledges also, for he talks quite cheerfully of crossing the Pole in the *Fram*; but if he does not succeed in that and loses all his boats one by one, he will take his

tents and his sledges and start off to walk to Spitzbergen, as happily as he started off to walk across Greenland. He accomplished the one journey, and he has not the slightest doubt he will accomplish the other. Of course ski will be very useful for walking under these circumstances, and canvas for making boats will necessarily be carried and used when they reach an open sea.

It is a treat to hear Dr. Nansen speak of all this. His enthusiasm is contagious, and one feels when talking to him that such wonderful energy and determination must succeed.

Enough food for six years for twelve men is being prepared for the expedition, although the young explorer hopes to be away only half that time. This food will weigh over sixty tons. Everything will be compressed. The milk will be in powder, so will the vegetables and the soups. The butter will be condensed in tins. Tea and coffee will be very sparingly used; but cocoa will be taken in very large quantities, as more nutritious and a creator of greater warmth in the system than tea or coffee. Much of the food is of English manufacture. We have so many colonies that we know how to prepare food to keep well in all climates. Everything in the way of food requires to be specially prepared, and special experiments for the purpose have long been in progress in several European laboratories. The party may be able to get such fresh food as bears, seals, whale, or even fish; but they cannot rely on this, and are sufficiently supplied to be able to do without them, although fresh food will be a great luxury. Dr. Nansen is himself such an excellent shot, that if there is fresh food about, his gun will not fail to supply the larder. The guns taken are English, but the rifles are Norwegian.

Fresh raw blubber, taken from the seal, is excellent eating, much like oyster, the Doctor says. Its oily property is of course invaluable for such expeditions. The under-skin of the whale, when quite fresh and raw, is also very good; but when old or cooked it resembles train oil. To be without oily food in such latitudes is as terrible as to be without water at the equator.

No stimulants will be allowed except medicinally, and smoking is to be prohibited, except perhaps one pipe as a treat on

Sundays. Stimulants and tobacco Nansen considers injurious on such a long and trying expedition. He has himself given up smoking for the last two years, so that he may not miss it when the time to set sail arrives. Strangely enough, he is a very bad sailor, much disliking rough weather, and always feeling upset the first few days at sea. Even in travelling to England, he prefers to come round by Denmark, Germany, and Holland, than to cross the German Ocean.

Among his accomplishments the young explorer is a very good photographer, and he is well armed with all kinds of photographic apparatus. In Greenland he found the negatives were not affected by the cold, and some plates that were not developed for a whole year turned out very well. They were only a little spotted by damp. He easily finds good subjects for photography from his artistic knowledge, which is of no mean order. Indeed, such talent for drawing did he exhibit as a child, that for a long time his parents wished him to become an artist, and the rival attractions of science and art hung balanced for many a day in the scales of his career. He still takes the liveliest interest in everything artistic, and talks familiarly of the artists of various lands; but he considers at the moment that at the Norwegian School is one of the first—if not the very first; more especially does he admire it because it is so unconventional, so unlike any other. Each artist is individual. Nansen's tastes are impressionist.

Dr. Nansen has a rival. A Frenchman contemplates going the whole journey to the North Pole by means of a balloon; but he seems to forget the fog that necessarily accompanies ice. Nansen is taking a captive balloon himself, which he expects will be useful on clear days when searching for open water, game, etc. The compressed hydrogen required to work this little balloon will be kept in steel storage cylinders. It is an English balloon tried by Nansen at Aldershot one very foggy day in November, when he was over here lecturing before the Royal Geographical Society. The balloon, which has cost nearly £3000, is made of raw silk, which when well oiled will not be affected by climate.

Everything has been thought of, as far as human thought can go. Even the dark-

ness of the arctic nights, which means the perpetual darkness of many months, has been prepared for.

The ship is being fitted for the electric light. The engine that works the ship will be utilized for its production. During the time the vessel is laid up in the ice, and the engine at rest, the men will keep up their own circulation by working the engine for the light themselves. Four at a time will continuously walk round and round the deck, helped by the large sails of a windmill, should there prove to be any wind. Light is as necessary to health as heat, and Dr. Nansen is very anxious to do everything possible to procure both. A well-assorted library is provided, Nansen himself being well prepared with scientific works, which he intends studying thoroughly; but among the lighter literature are representative novels from every land. As regards clothing, wool has been chosen for indoors; but huge fur coats, covering everything but the eyes, will be donned for outdoor wear.

It seems strange to an ordinary mind that persons, with the exception of a few enthusiasts, should wish to start on such a long and risky expedition. Nevertheless, there are many such people. Nearly a year before the projected start, Dr. Nansen had received over three hundred applications from all parts of the world to fill the eleven vacant berths. Some of these men have written several times, expressing the keenest desire to join the exploring party, and every day brings fresh applications from every land. Nansen has already secured the services of his fellow-traveller across Greenland, Herr Sverdrup, and of Captain Ingebrigtsen, an experienced Arctic navigator; and of a young officer of the Royal Norwegian Navy, Herr Sigurd Scott-Hansen, who will undertake the astronomical observations. A doctor will of course be included in the party; but he and the other men have not yet been appointed. The eight sailors will be Norwegian and some of them may be Laps, as they are better able to battle with the cold than persons from sunnier climes.

An English gentleman has offered to accompany the expedition in his yacht as far as it is possible. To go with the *Fram* as far as the ice ring. There they must part company; but not before the *Fram* has refilled with coal and supplies, so that she shall enter the ice with her

full complement. The yacht will then leave her, and bring the last news of her and her adventurous little party for many a long and weary month.

Shortly after completing his university career, Nansen was appointed Curator of the Bergen Museum, during which time he contributed several articles on zoology to various Norwegian and German scientific papers. For one of these he received a gold medal. Histology of the nervous system is his speciality and his delight. "It is almost with pain," he said, "that I think of my microscope and my histological work, which I must shortly lay aside for some years, alas!"

We know his capabilities for scientific research, and his success in Greenland gives a very good idea of his powers of organization, both of which gifts, coupled with his able use of the pen, render him well fitted to take the head of such an important scientific expedition.

"What use to the general public will your North Pole Expedition be, do you think?"

"None. It is for purely scientific research. The North Pole can never be a fashionable health resort; but for all scientific purposes, our expedition will be of the liveliest interest. We shall be well employed, and busy, I hope, noting the physical geography, astronomy, wind currents, zoology, atmosphere, temperature, natural history, etc. We shall be gaining knowledge, and knowledge is of inestimable value in whatever branch it lies. Many important scientific questions can never be answered until the regions of the Poles have been explored."

His ideas regarding the means of exploration of the North Pole are as novel as they are interesting. All Arctic expeditions starting from the Greenland coast have always been stopped by an ice ring which refused penetration, and the ships or their crews have gradually drifted back again in a southerly direction. On the other hand, ships going north by the Behring Straits or from the Siberian coast have been drifted by the currents in a northerly direction.

Dr. Nansen can talk for hours on the possibilities of this current; he can bring dozens of arguments to bear on its possibilities and capabilities. Drift-wood from Siberia is continually picked up off the Greenland coast. The ship *Jeannette*,

caught in the Arctic ice off the Siberian coast, drifted for two years in a northerly direction, averaging a couple of miles a day, and was finally crushed and sunk in June, 1881. Fifty-eight articles from that ship were picked up by Eskimo nearly three years afterward on the south-west coast of Greenland.

How did they come there unless they drifted across or near the North Pole? Mud that Nansen collected on the Greenland ice-floes has been examined by a great Swedish geologist, who says he has never seen anything like it except from Northern Siberia. Does this not again prove it drifted with the ice from Siberia by Nansen's current? Twelve species of diatoms (seeds) found in the east of Greenland are the same as those found in the Behring's Sound and nowhere else. How did they come there except by Nansen's current?

He says: "From all these facts, and many more, we are entitled to draw the conclusion that a current is constantly running across the Polar region to the north of Franz Joseph Land from the sea north of Siberia and Behring Straits and into the sea between Spitzbergen and Greenland, and the floe ice is constantly traveling with this current in a fixed route between these seas." In this current Dr. Nansen believes implicitly, and to its powers he will entrust his expedition.

His idea is to start by the Siberian coast at the mouth of the Lena, and finally make for the more solid northerly ice. He will do this during the summer of 1893, so as to get as far north as possible before winter begins, by which time he wishes to get his ship securely nipped into this vast ice ring, and, if all goes well, in a couple of years' time he hopes to be drifted with the ice across the waters of the Pole. Beyond a certain point of the ice-barrier he expects to find fairly open sea. He does not look for solid ice at the very north; but hopes to be able to steam some hundred miles through drift ice across the Pole.

Steam across the North Pole! How many people have tried in vain to reach the North Pole? How many conjectures through all ages have been vouchsafed as to what the North Pole may really be? Suggestions from the little schoolboy, who thinks a pole is to be found sticking up somewhere like a telegraph-post, to

suggestions from the gravest scientific men of all countries, who have various theories of the probability of sea, ice, land, rock, heat, cold; suggestions of every kind in fact. Will Dr. Nansen solve the problem?

After he turns homeward, he must get his ship nipped again into the other side of the ice ring, which he hopes will bear him on again to the Greenland coast. What, if not? If the ship has to be abandoned, they must take to the large boat, and from that to the smaller craft, or even to their sledges and tents. After all, Dr. Nansen crossed the Greenland floes in such manner, and he does not in the least doubt he could do the same in higher latitudes. Living on floes is only inconvenient when the sea is rough, for then the ice breaks up unexpectedly, sometimes even in the middle of a small encampment; but explorers must be ready for any emergency, and, after all, the unexpected enlivens the monotony of such expeditions. To hear this young explorer talk of his expectations is a treat; his eyes sparkle, his whole heart and soul seem in the expedition, and he talks with the fire of enthusiasm. With his great physical strength, and keen blue eyes, which kindle as he talks of his expected success, he is very gentle and is a great lover of children. He speaks quite sadly of the loss of his only child. His love of little people never allows him to be bored by them, and it was strange to hear this great Norseman relate an encounter he had had with a polar bear, again and again, to the intense delight of a small boy of four who sat upon his knee. He never seemed to weary of talking to the child. Of course the small boy wanted to be told the whole story over again, as small people invariably do when they have been much interested, and Dr. Nansen began again and went through all the details with apparently as much delight in telling as the small boy had in hearing them.

Fridtjof Nansen is a thorough Norwegian at heart, as well as in looks. He is much interested in the politics of his country, and a disciple of Bjornsterne Björnson, who is a great personal friend of the Nansens.

Norway and Sweden have one king. But Norway and Sweden are far from being one people. The two countries are represented by one ambassador, but that

ambassador is almost always a Swede, and consequently has Sweden more at heart than her sister-land.

Although Norway has the third largest maritime fleet in the world, she has as yet no voice in the country's administration of foreign affairs. The Radical party, headed by Björnson, resent this, and are having a great fight to get a voice in the matter. The subject is becoming so serious that Norway may ere long throw off the Swedish yoke and declare herself a Republic. This is a subject on which Nansen is keenly interested, for politics are with him quite a hobby.

Dr. Nansen speaks and writes English almost faultlessly. During twenty-eight lectures he delivered in England, in February, 1892, he rarely referred to his notes.

"I have them beside me, because giving the same lectures so often I am apt to forget if I have touched on all the headings. This would be the same in Norwegian. I really do not find it much more difficult to lecture in English than in my own language." Scandinavians are excellent linguists generally.

"Missionary Work among the Eskimo," is the title of the book Nansen is at present seeing through the press. It has not been translated into English yet; but, no doubt, will be ere long. The Eskimo are a race that interest Dr. Nansen intensely. He considers they are nearly related to the North American Indians. Eskimo have no religion, in our sense of the word religion—that is to say, they worship nothing; but they have

strong beliefs in the supernatural, and spirits of the forefathers play a very prominent part in their lives. Missionaries have been so effectually at work among them that they are fast becoming Christianized. It is sad that they should at the same time be thereby losing many of their characteristics and their quaint originality, a fact which Nansen much deplores. Alas! the march of civilization is fast ridding us of all originality of race.

Overpowered with work, beset with suggestions from every side, Nansen is longing to turn his back on Europe, and face the icy barrier before him. He is as ready as it is possible to be ready, for the organization of such an undertaking is like a picture. It is never finished, it can always be altered, re-arranged or modified according to circumstances; and every month brings some new idea, some new suggestion from outside, and so on to the end of time.

A few weeks only, and this little band of twelve explorers will set forth in search of the unknown—set forth in search of knowledge, the insatiable craving for which has cost so many lives, but which has interested and educated many millions of people.

That the Polar Expedition is a dangerous experiment no one denies, nor that it will cause much anxiety to the friends of the explorers. Still, with so clear a head at the helm, and with so much enthusiasm at the prow, there is every probability of Dr. Nansen accomplishing his dangerous task; and one and all must wish him a safe and speedy return.—*Temple Bar.*

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

FATIGUED with fourteen years' editorial responsibility on *Le Livre*, *Le Livre Moderne*, and *L'Art et l'Idée*, and anxious to see the Chicago Exposition, M. Octave Uzanne announces that the last-named periodical will be discontinued for a year, and that its publication will be resumed on January 10th, 1894. The experiment is new and daring.

MESSRS. HINRICHS, of Leipzig, will shortly publish "Beiträge zum albabylonischen Privatrecht," by Dr. Bruno Meissner. The work will contain fifty-five lithographed plates of cuneiform texts, the greater number of which have been copied from the "envelop" or case

tablets in the British Museum; a sign list in which are given the various forms of the Babylonian characters which occur in the texts; short essays on the language and writing of these tablets; a description of the laws which regulated buying and selling, the hiring and purchase of slaves, mortgages, deeds of gift, inheritance of property, etc.; and translations of the texts with explanatory notes.

Two venerable "historical trees" of Switzerland have perished during the present winter. Early in November last the "linden tree" at Villars-le-Moine, under which the leaders of the Swiss Confederates rested on the morn-

ing of the battle of Morat, was torn down in a storm. A second witness to the defeat of Charles the Bold, the immense oak of La Chassagne d'Onnens, is also in a state of utter ruin. As it has been leafless for some years, and was struck by lightning during the summer, it is now about to be rooted up.

ACCORDING to the reports of some German papers, the literary remains of F. von Bodenstedt contain sufficient material to form a third volume of his "Erinnerungen," which would embrace the eventful period from 1850 to 1892. In addition to a number of interesting letters from and to the poet, several of his articles contributed to the English, French, and Russian press are said to have been discovered among his papers.

MADAME RENAN has been left by her husband his literary executrix, he giving her full powers to dispose of his papers at her discretion. M. Renan disapproved of the publication of correspondence, believing that it did not give an accurate view of a writer's opinions, and thought that he had in his own case expressed himself more fully in his books than in his letters. He had, therefore, taken measures to destroy the latter, and none will appear; but an elaborate letter to Père Hyacinthe will be printed, as it is rather a formal treatise than a familiar epistle, and is said to be a notable piece of French prose. M. Psichari, with the aid of some Orientalists, will draw up a catalogue of Renan's library, designed not merely to serve that purpose, but to be a substantial addition to Oriental bibliography.

FOR some years past M. Renan had ceased attempting to keep up with the literature of his special subjects, regarding his task as accomplished, and devoted most of his leisure to the keeping of a journal of his moods and trains of thought, in which he had for many years before made occasional notes. This will very possibly be printed with such notes and elucidations as his widow alone is in a position to supply. For instance, she had a favorite cat which retreated under her bed when it felt itself dying. In the middle of the night it came out and feebly tried to climb on to the bed. Madame Renan helped it up, and found it the next morning lying dead at her feet. This was signified in her husband's journal by "Chat: un quart d'heure de regret."

FOLLOWING their edition of Jane Austen's novels, and produced in a similar style,

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. have just issued Miss Burney's "Evelina" in two volumes, with seven photogravure illustrations, including a reproduction of Edward Burney's portrait of Fanny. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, are the American publishers.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have recently published the Japanese play written by Sir Edwin Arnold during his recent residence in Tokyo. Its title is "Adzuma; or, The Japanese Wife," and it consists of four acts and many scenes, the action taking place at Kyoto, the ancient capital of the empire.

SIR M. E. GRANT DUFF is writing a little book on M. Renan, with whom he had an intimate acquaintance, dating back to 1859.

MR. J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS is passing through the press a new edition of his "Studies of Greek Poets," in two volumes (A. & C. Black). The two series, which are now out of circulation, will be recombined in chronological order, and a chapter on Herondas, with English versions of the Mimiambi, will be added. He hopes also to publish a "Study of Walt Whitman" in a small book dealing with the thinker and writer rather than the man. Mr. J. C. Nimmo has accepted this essay, and it will probably be illustrated with reproductions from photographs of the American poet and his home.

It is said that the largest private collection of books in India, and also the only great free public library in that country, is that which has been formed by a brother of the Gaekwar of Baroda. It contains altogether more than 10,000 volumes, of which about 2000 are in Sanskrit, Gujarathi, and Marathi. The remainder form the English collection, of which a classified catalogue has been printed. It is noteworthy that not only the donor of the library, but also the members of the committee, the author of the catalogue, and the printers, are all alike natives. It is right to say that the catalogue is not compiled on rules that would be approved by the Library Association. First, we have the Oriental collection of books relating primarily to India, arranged under eleven headings. Among these we notice not only all the modern standard works, but also such rare or handsome books as Ovington's "Voyage to Surat" (1696), Daniel's "Oriental Scenery," Forbes's "Oriental Memoirs," etc. The author's name, full title, and date of publication are carefully set out. Then follows the general collection, where

fiction not unjustifiably occupies the largest share. But useful arts are also well represented; for the compiler of the catalogue is also the principal of a successful Technical Institute. The rules for the use of the library are very liberal, being modelled on those of our English institutions. The number of readers and borrowers amounts to some hundreds every week.

MR. LOCKWOOD KIPLING, author of "Beast and Man in India," and the father of the better known Rudyard Kipling, the novelist, has been so ill that he has been obliged to take six months' leave from India, and try the effect of a sea voyage. He is at present in Australia, but hopes to be back at Lahore in the late spring. He is very anxious to finish his important work there before the time for his retirement, which will come in the next year or two.

DANIEL SPITZER, the author of the humorous and satirical "Wiener Spaziergänge," which at the time of their publication enjoyed great popularity in Austria, has just died at Meran in his fifty-eighth year. Latterly his name was but little mentioned, so that German papers apply to him his own pert saying: "Wenn man von einem Schriftsteller sagt, er sei nicht mehr der Alte, so meint man damit, er sei nicht mehr der Junge."

MR. R. L. STEVENSON'S new volume of Polynesian tales, with illustrations by Messrs. Hatherell and Gordon Browne, will be published by Messrs. Cassell about Easter, probably under the general title of "Island Nights' Entertainment," and will consist of three stories, "The Beach of Falesà," "The Bottle-Imp," and "The Isle of Voices." "The Adventures of David Balfour," now running in the pages of *Atalanta*, will be produced by the same publishers in book form in October; and in the mean time Mr. Stevenson reports himself well advanced with another Scottish novel, of which the scene is laid near Edinburgh about the close of the last century, and one of the principal personages is the famous, or infamous, Lord Braxfield.

AN interesting letter in the *Athenæum* gives the following sketch of the late Albert Delpit, who was born under the Stars and Stripes, one of the most distinguished novelists of modern France:

"Born in New Orleans, where so many French creoles have been long established, young Delpit, having quarrelled with his

family, who wished him to settle down to a commercial career, made his way to Paris, when scarcely seventeen years of age, with the fixed idea of making literature his profession. He soon fell into the hands of the great Dumas, who interested himself in him, and made him one of his numerous secretaries and yet more numerous collaborators. During his leisure hours he found time to write a short comedy in one act, which was accepted by the Odéon, and his independent literary labors commenced. But now intervened the war with Germany of 1870. Delpit took his share in its hardships and battles, and returned to Paris when the Commune was in its last agonies. The frank and simple creole had the generosity to look upon Rossel, the Communist chief of the staff, as a misguided patriot, and, in concert with Jules Amigues, did his best to assist the unfortunate Communist leader to escape, although the attempt was futile. Delpit renounced the sword for the pen, and returned to literature, but his combatant instincts and creole impulsiveness often involved him in disputes. One evening he quarrelled with M. de Borda, who severely criticised a drama of Coppée. 'The author is my friend,' said Delpit. 'C'est possible,' replied M. de Borda, 'mais je n'aime pas la pièce.' This was sufficient apparently to require retraction or satisfaction; a duel ensued, when Delpit was wounded, and the adversaries shook hands on the ground. After this little adventure the two became the greatest friends, and Delpit ever afterward sent to M. de Borda a stall at his first nights' representations. At another time, in consequence of an article signed by M. Alphonse Daudet, Delpit sent his seconds to that gentleman, who wounded his arm in the encounter which followed. He declared loudly after this that Daudet was the best fellow in the world.

"After the war Delpit was a regular contributor to the pages of the *Revue des deux Mondes*, in which his romances first appeared. His first novel, 'Le Fils de Coralie,' appeared as a comedy in four acts at the Gymnase, and made his reputation assured. This play was followed by 'Jean-nu-Pieds' at the Vaudeville, 'Le Père de Martial' at the Gymnase, and subsequently by 'Le Message de Scapin' and 'Les Maucreux' at the Comédie Française. His other romances were 'Le Mariage d'Odette' and 'La Marquise,' which last went through a large number of editions. Of his shorter stories, 'Le Duel du Commandant,' 'Ronald et Misette,' 'La Lettre,' 'Le Crime

de Bernardin,' 'Roberte de Bramafam,' and 'Nissa' were, after appearing separately in the *Revue*, published in a collected form under the title of 'Les Amours cruelles.' Of this collection one only, 'Nissa,' has been translated, the English version appearing in the pages of *Maga* in April, 1891. Of course, like all French authors, Albert Delpit expressed some of his ideas in verse, and met with no little success. In poetry, his 'L'Invasion' and 'Les Dieux qu'on brise,' together with 'Le Repentir,' were all 'ouvrages couronnés par l'Académie française.' His last poem was an eloquent tribute to 'Jeanne d'Arc, la bonne Lorraine.' Poor Albert Delpit's own imprudence seems to have hastened his premature death, for he was only forty-three years of age when he died. Nervous in the extreme, he suffered terribly from insomnia, and although by the advice of his doctors he removed from the Rue Taitbout to the Avenue Percier in search of quiet, he could not resist taking hydrate of chloral in increasingly large doses."

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MISCELLANY.

THE RECOVERY OF THE SOUDAN.—The truth is, that the recovery of the Soudan is perfectly feasible without any risk being run by this country, or any loss occasioned to another. Nothing is more desired by the Ministers of his Highness the Khedive than that Egypt should have what is called in the newspaper slang of the day "a free hand." At present, that Government is forbidden by the Government of Great Britain to take any step toward regaining authority over the Soudan.

It must be admitted that past experience justifies an indisposition to see the Soudan again under Egyptian domination. Gordon regarded such a contingency as one to be deprecated and dreaded. He had beheld the extent to which Egyptian pashas abused their power, and he revolted at the spectacle. Hence he wrote in 1879 that "the Government of the Egyptians in these far-off countries is nothing else but one of brigandage of the worst description," and also, "that the Egyptian should never be allowed out of his own country." When this was written the system of government in Egypt itself was a public scandal. The judicial bench was corrupt; injustice could be perpetrated by the rich. Education was a farce. The fellaheen were ground between the upper and nether millstones to pay out of their scanty earnings the cruel demands of foreign bondholders.

Nearly a quarter of a century has passed away since the Egyptians as a ruling class merited the harshest terms which Gordon used. During a part of that time British influence has supplanted that of France, with the result of the judicial bench in Egypt having been purified and its status elevated; of public education being conducted on a plan which more civilized nations regard with approval; of the toiling fellaheen being freed from many of their most crushing burdens, without the public creditor having the slightest cause for complaint. The character of the governing class has been transformed under the pressure of British power, and the Egyptians, of whom Gordon had a painful experience and memory, are the fossil relics of a past which cannot return. If the Egyptians undertook the recovery of their lost provinces in the Soudan, they would be hailed as deliverers by the majority of the inhabitants. Nor would the reinstatement of Egyptian officials imply a recurrence to the old days of tyranny and torture. The former yoke was heavy and intolerable, but at the worst it was a scourging with whips; whereas the same people have been scourged with scorpions since then, and the process does not gratify them. When the Mahdi raised the banner of revolt, thousands flocked to it for protection. Nor would the flag of Egypt would be greeted with acclamation as the symbol of safety against oppression and deliverance from bondage. How, then, should the flag be carried into the Soudan? The question can be briefly answered in this wise: Continue on a larger scale what has been done on a small one. The frontier which has been arbitrarily drawn is not that of a few years ago. Father Ohrwalder first felt himself in safety after his flight from Omdurman when he reached the wells of Murat, which are on the route through the desert to the south of Korosko, and these wells had been occupied by Saleh Bey a few years before on behalf of the Egyptian Government. When Wad en Najumi advanced upon Egypt and found his Waterloo at Toski, his followers occupied Sarras, which is forty miles to the south of the provisional frontier at Wady Halfa. This was in 1889, and then it was decided that Sarras should be taken and held by Egyptian troops. Since then Sarras has become an outpost of Wady Halfa, with which it is connected by rail and telephone. Still farther to the south is Dal, which has been found to be the best place for establishing the works which have been planned with a view to turn the Nile

flood to full account. These public works, which are of paramount importance, cannot be executed unless the Egyptian army guards Dal in the Soudan.

Let what has been done on a small scale without difficulty or protest be continued, and the time is not far distant when the rule of his Highness the Khedive will extend, as that of the founder of his family did, to the equator, where Mehemet Ali fixed the boundary of his country to the south. That is the suggestion. How should it be carried into effect? The first thing necessary is for the Government of Egypt to repeat the word which was spoken to the Israelites by the Lord of hosts through Moses and tell them to "go forward." The road is open and easy. From Wady Halfa to Khartoum a line of railway has been surveyed. A part of it has been constructed; a long stretch of embankment is prepared for rails being laid down. To reach Dongola would be almost child's play, and Dongola, as Father Ohrwalder puts it, is "the key of the Soudan." When Dongola is reached, the extension of the railway to Khartoum would not involve any engineering difficulties. The invaders of the territory which now groans under the yoke of the Khalifa Abdullah would be welcomed and aided as deliverers by the inhabitants, and the disciplined Soudanese and Egyptian soldiers, under the command of English officers in the Khedive's service, would be foes such as the wild savages of the Soudan have not encountered since the Mahdi's death. Those who have taken part in the process of crossing the North American continent by rail would consider the scheme as simple as learning the alphabet. The chances of failure are less than for any scheme which has been proposed. A considerable outlay must be incurred; but nearly two millions sterling are in the Treasury of the Public Debt, and a part of this sum might be devoted to the reconstitution of Egypt.

Supposing the scheme which has been indicated were resolved upon, its execution might be preceded by a simple change which would largely contribute toward its success. At present the Soudanese are like rats in a trap that rend and devour each other. They cannot communicate with the outside world except by stealth; yet despite the prohibitions of the Mahdi's successor, they wish to live, and, if possible, to trade. Their desire to do business in Egypt should be granted. Caravans from the Soudan should be welcomed at Korosko and Wady Halfa, Assouan, and As-

siout. Those who find trade with the Egyptians remunerative will become the bitterest opponents of the prevailing rule in the Soudan.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

GERMAN FINANCES.—That the debt of the German Empire is increasing very rapidly there can be no manner of doubt. Whether the increase could have been, or can be in future, avoided are matters of less certainty. So long as France and Russia continue to develop their naval and military armaments, so long, in the words of the German emperor, is it absolutely necessary for the Germans "to take effective measures for the continued strengthening of the defensive powers of the empire." If there were any doubt before as to the rumored new loan, it exists no longer, and we may expect an imperial issue to be announced at any moment for some £6,000,000 or £7,000,000 sterling. At present the debt of the empire amounts to about 1,671,000,000 marks, or £83,550,000—no very enormous sum for a country with a population of some 50,000,000 inhabitants. But it must be borne in mind that the debts of the States which compose the empire reach a very considerable total—that of Prussia being £300,000,000, that of Saxony £31,600,000, and that of Bavaria £66,650,000, not to mention those of the smaller States of the federation. At the same time, in order not to be unfair, it must be mentioned that the greater part of the individual State debts has a set-off in the railways, the receipts from which—in Prussia, at all events—more than cover the yearly interest and amortisation of the debt. The financial system of Germany is certainly capable of improvement, because while with one hand the imperial exchequer levies federal contributions (*Matricular-Beiträge*) from the States, with the other hand it gives a great part of them back again. It is clear, however, that it will be necessary in 1893-94 to increase the matricular contributions, and it is proposed to raise them to 356,000,000 marks, as against 321,000,000 marks in the present year and 316,000,000 marks in 1890-91. At the present time the rate of interest on the imperial debt of £83,550,000 averages slightly under 3½ per cent. The earlier issues, amounting to 450,000,000 marks, carried 4 per cent, 661,000,000 marks bear 3½ per cent, and the loans of 1890, 1891, and 1892 were made on a 3 per cent basis. We may point out that at the current quotation of German Treasuries the return to an investor is about 3½ per cent.—*Financial News*.

AN APOLOGY FROM AGE TO YOUTH.—I am sadly aware that you can accuse me of growing more solitary, more distant, more self-absorbed, and even more forbidding. Yes, and that has been oppressive to you and very irksome. I know it and feel it every day of my life, and yet have been unable either to end or mend it; though I have thought many a time of my own young days at home, and remember well that it was much the same with my father and his children (when they grew up), as it is with you and me. Much the same but not so bad; on second thoughts not nearly so bad, for he had a very great advantage. In him old age was almost beautiful. At seventy, and even till he died, there was no ravage in his silvery hair, his features gradually fined away like a good blade in the wearing, and there was a very great difference between his eyes and the eyes of a tortoise. Fortunate beyond words is the man, if he loves to be loved, who at seventy years looks and moves as your grandfather did. But it is not the general luck. Most of us, alas and alack! are unbeautiful in decay. Here and there, and there again, we are marked by Time's defacing fingers with the ugliness of age; and whom do those uglinesses not repel? If we are humane we are ashamed of the repugnance, and do our best to sit upon it, to use one of Charles's favorite expressions; but it is as much a natural birth in the breast as any other sentiment, and is never consistently suppressed. Now, speaking among ourselves, I may say we all know that your father has been one of the unfortunates, not conspicuously so, as again we shall agree, I think, but enough; and that one little physical accident is answerable for a great deal. Of course it has had its effects upon you, this repulsion which is so strangely felt as a personal offence; and, father or no father, he would be naught of a philosopher and much of a fool who dropped into self-pitying pathos over that. And then, mark you, it has had its effect upon me also. Again, George, I charge you to bear me out, so far as your remembrances allow. Did I ever put on the airs of a buck, or set any recognizable value on the modest portion of good looks that was mine before the gray days? I think not, and indeed am sure. But now hear me avow that, when those good looks fell away and gave place to different ones, I mourned much as a beauty does when her losses are too great for denial to herself or disguise from others. And why? Because I hated to present myself to you a disagreeable object. I dare say it will

surprise you as much as anything in the world could do to learn that in those times I often came down to breakfast quite unhappy on no other account; but however surprising it is true. And then upon the ugliness of age came some small infirmities, such as a troublesome loss of memory, a trembling hand for a soup-ladle, which made matters worse; and I, being ashamed of them and unwilling to display them, shut myself out more and more from an intercourse which yet I cannot blame myself for being the first to narrow.

But now, according to information imparted to me by Dr. —, there is soon to be an end of all this muddle of small miseries. And that being so, I look forward with no earthly trouble but one, and that is, lest you should think of me after I am gone—or, should I rather say, forget me?—as the morose, self-concentrated, curmudgeonly old man that I doubt not you have thought me, and perhaps even fancied that I delighted to be. There are such old gentlemen, I grant you; so many that they are believed to be a common species. But I have given you my grounds for doubting whether some of these are not in part home-made, and made out of reluctant material; and I beg of you to take me out of the category altogether. Appearances are strong against me, it is true; and yet I do assure you that even now, when, already on the pathway out of the city of this life, I turn to look down on it, I hardly know how these appearances could have been avoided. Even if I could have invited you, six or eight years ago, to a consideration of the laws of our nature, which are so much to blame for the alienation of youth and age, little good would have come of it; and the invitation was an impossible one. But there is no risk in placing that consideration before you in this way, to think of when I am gone, and to make it easier for you to believe that your father's later years were not quite discharged of tenderness which surely you remember in the days when you were little children. Before I had drawn the right deductions from my natural history books, there were times when I thought you most unkind to me. Then I learned to know better than to cherish such thoughts; and now I would have you discard the corresponding idea of me as really and truly a churlish old man, more than content that his affections are ashes, and no longer troublesome. It was never so really and truly. All the four walls of my den could testify to that if they had tongues as well as ears.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.